

PLACES  
PERSONS  
AND  
THINGS

The title is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word 'PLACES' is at the top, followed by 'PERSONS' which is enclosed in a ribbon-like banner. Below this is 'AND' in a smaller, elegant script, and 'THINGS' at the bottom in a large, bold, serif font. The entire title is surrounded by intricate decorative elements, including a central crest featuring a building, a circular medallion with a profile, and various floral and scrollwork motifs. The background is a dark, textured surface with a faint border.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

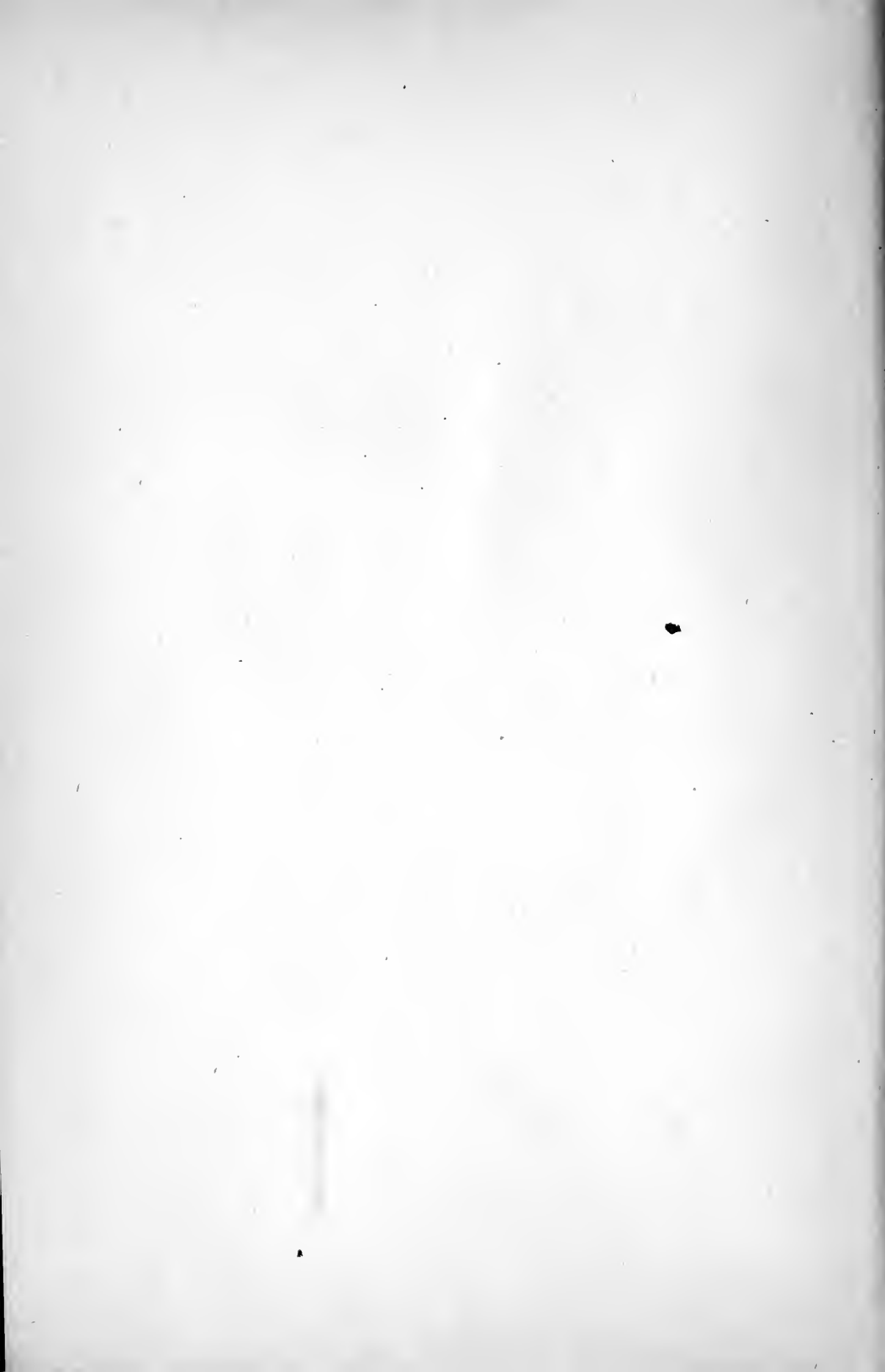
G469

Chap. .... Copyright No. P4

*Shelf* .....

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











# PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS.

EMBRACING A SERIES OF

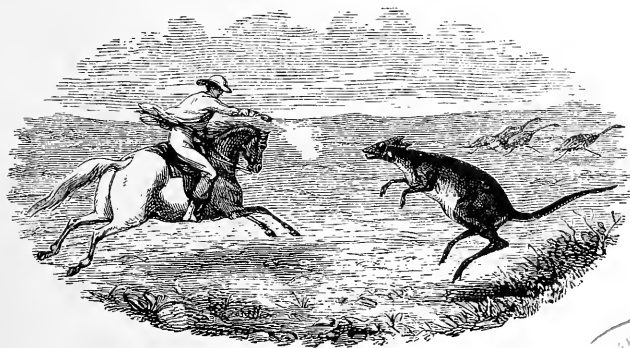
STORIES OF ADVENTURE, SKETCHES OF TRAVEL  
AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES.

BY POPULAR WRITERS.

---

WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

---



PHILADELPHIA  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1878.

π



G469  
.P4

---

COPYRIGHT, 1877,  
*By J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.*

---

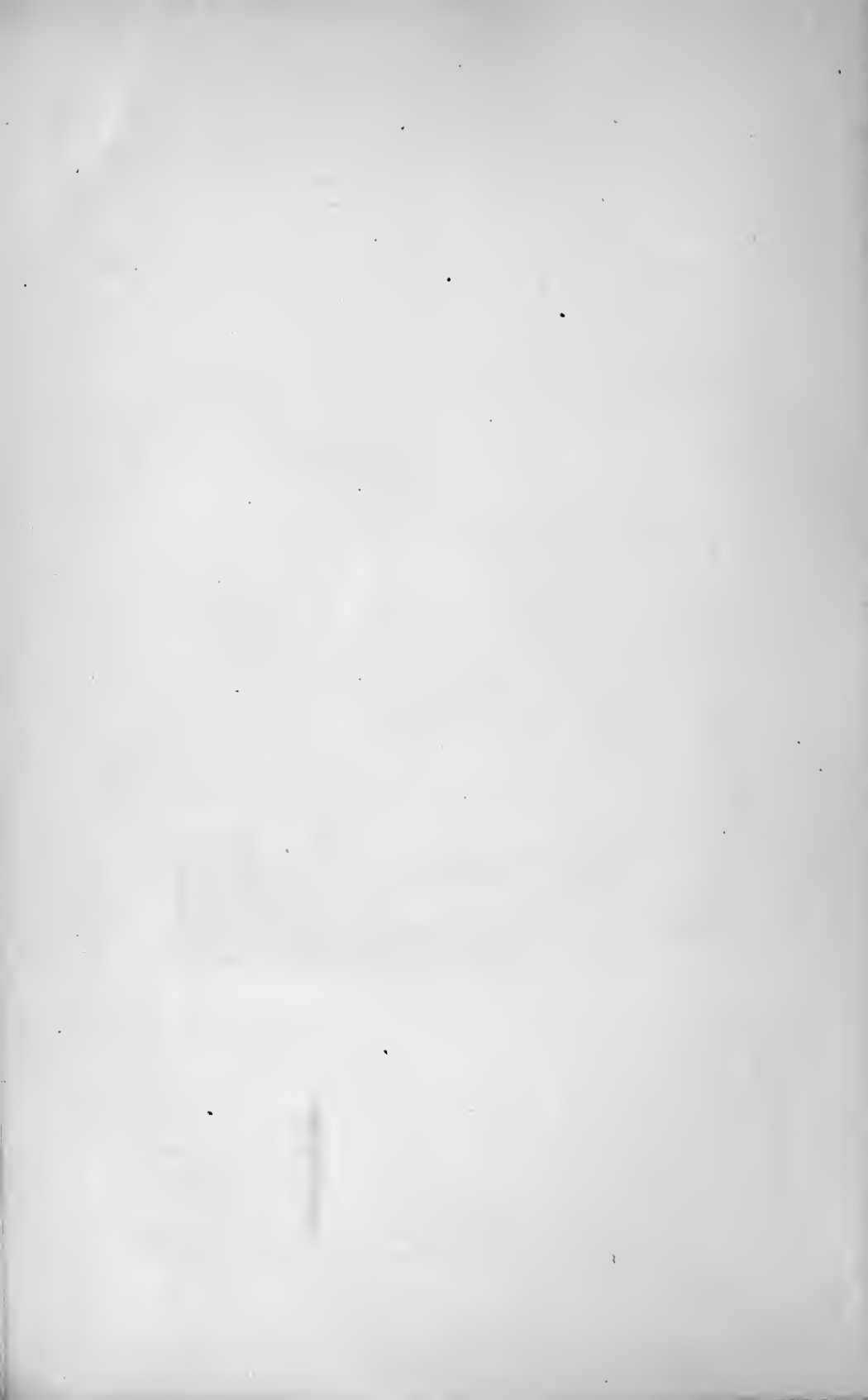
---

LIPPINCOTT'S PRESS,  
*Philada.*

# CONTENTS.

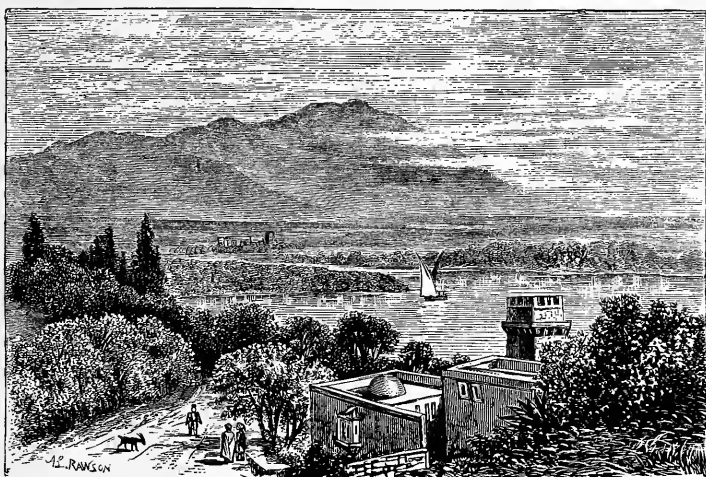
---

	PAGE
WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL. EDWARD C. BRUCE.....	5
WALKS AND VISITS IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY. TWO PARTS. ELLIS YARNALL.....	15
SIX MONTHS AMONG CANNIBALS.....	41
AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.....	49
OUR FLOOR OF FIRE. TWO PARTS. EDWARD C. BRUCE.....	60
AN AFRICAN FAIRHAVEN.....	102
PICTURES FROM SPAIN. TWO PARTS. EDWARD KING.....	113
THE TRIANON PALACES. MARIE HOWLAND.....	145
JOSEPHINE AND MALMAISON. MARIE HOWLAND.....	158
CRUMBS FROM THE RHINELAND. ALICE GRAY.....	168
TRAVELS IN THE AIR. TWO PARTS.....	180
GLIMPSES OF POLYNESIA.....	198
AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.....	206
AUSTRALIAN SCENES AND ADVENTURES. TWO PARTS.....	223
TWO WEEKS IN THE CARLIST COUNTRY. CECIL BUCKLAND.....	249
QUAINT CRAFT. W. L. O. O'GRADY.....	264
THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND HIS EYRIE. W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.....	272



# PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS.

## WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL.



PLAIN OF TROY, FROM TENEDOS.

FROM this our modern upstart land of Atlantis there pass every year to the circling shores of the great Central Sea, in search of knowledge, health or pleasure, more voyagers by far than embarked with Æneas in his twenty ships built from the woods of Phrygian Ida, and saw the last peak of fatherland sink into the eastern shadows of twilight behind Tenedos. They would outnumber, a score or two to one, the little remnant that disembarked with him from one ship

at Latium, and gave to the world the Latin race and the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Rome. Add to them the reinforcements from the ancient edge of the globe, Britain and North-western Europe, and the host of sight-seers will exceed the army that Agamemnon, king of men, marshaled under the walls of Ilium for the long fight that will rage for ever.

Among all these there exists, doubtless, a full share of latent heroism, dor-

mant devotion and capacity for manifestation of the highest qualities of mortals. The "pink parasol by the Pyramids" probably shades as fair a face and as much of "true womanly" in form and heart as did the golden coif of Briseis; and its escort would promptly and gracefully pick up the glaive of Achilles or go with Jason wool-gathering to the Crimea—an exploit the latter, in fact, which Mr. Kinglake and his British readers think a mere bagatelle to the victory of Inkermann. But, for all that, none of them will personify beauty and valor in the eyes of the poet and the painter of thirty centuries hence. They will sink, life and memory, into the mass of what the dyspeptic Carlyle calls seventeen millions of bores, and might as justly, had he chosen to extend the characterization to his own bailiwick, have called seventy millions. Is it that the disproportion between actualities and probabilities is so immense; that gifts and opportunities so seldom come together; that the conditions of the required result are so numerous and involved; that Nature, prodigal and wasteful in the moral and intellectual as in the physical *semina rerum*, refuses to innumerable individuals and long cycles of time their just and normal development, like the immeasurable majority of codfish eggs that never hatch? Or is it that a long list of special elements combines to give to this amphitheatre of the world an attracting and inspiring charm no other region will ever possess?

Volumes have been, and volumes more might be, written on the features which make the Mediterranean a unique field for all human activities. Its axis running with latitude and not with longitude, its climate has still the entire range of the temperate zone. Alpine glaciers overhang its northern rim, while its southern waves lap the tawny sands of the Libyan desert. Its waters reflect the fir and the palm, the ibex and the camel. Tideless and landlocked; with a coastline, counting the islands, equal to that of the Atlantic; its sinuosities presenting harbors to every wind, often but a few hours', and rarely more than two days', sail apart; endowed with a won-

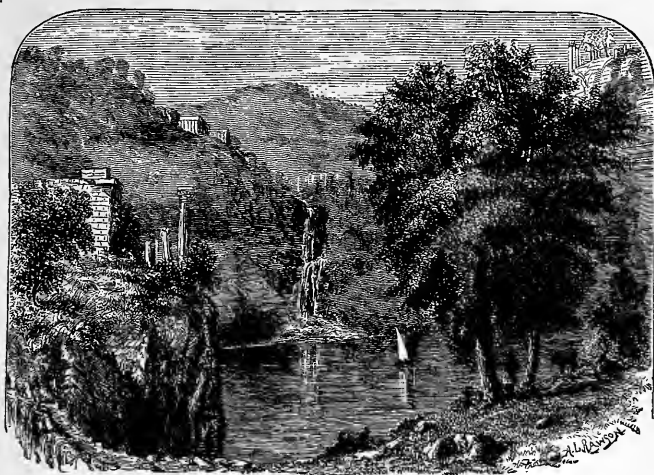
derful variety of commodities of its own, besides those which drift to it by the Don from the Arctic plains, by the Nile from Capricorn, and by the Straits of Hercules from the Main,—it has from all time enjoyed the civilizing influence of commerce. To vessels which seldom lost sight of the stars by night, and could not be driven more than two or three days from land, the compass was not an essential. The three great voyages which have left us their logs—those of Ulysses, Æneas and Paul—were indeed circuitous enough, but from design mainly in the first two cases, while the apostle seems to have been unfortunate in his selection of skip-pers; and it is clear, from his own account, that they ascribed their extraordinarily bad luck to an equally unfortunate choice of a passenger.

From a period undreamed of by Niebuhr or Deucalion—the close of the Glacial period, when the Lapp slid northward with the seal, leaving the hairy elephant to die in Italy, and determine, perhaps, the site of Rome by bequeathing his caput to the Capitol—this vestibule of three continents must have been the life-seat of the nations, the lungs of the globe. From north, east and south, peoples and languages struggled thither. They groped instinctively toward the daylight, as Russia yearns for Constantinople and Prussia for the Scheldt. They found, among the ever-blooming islands and peninsulas of that sunny sea, the seeds of the highest style of man. The insular spirit of mingled enterprise and independence fostered political liberty and free thought. A swarm of little empires sprang up, alike in blood, habits and traditions. Near enough to communicate, but not to be absorbed, their relations ran through an intricate dance of alliance and war, the two conditions equally tending to make common property of the advances in culture of each state. Merchant-ship and war-galley bore fructification from island to island like so many bees, stinging and stingless, transporting pollen from flower to flower. There arose a singular balance of unity in diversity in mental character, art, religion and social and political institutions. We read



of a multitude of lawgivers — Solon, Draco, Lycurgus, Minos, etc., each imposing his rigidly-drawn system for an unchanged duration of centuries on his particular people. Codifiers they should more properly be called, like Justinian and Alfonso; not creating wholly new

and arbitrary schemes of jurisprudence, but collating, pruning and defining for better practical service the customs which had grown up in the ages before them. Some of these men were deified, simply because they seemed to embody the national genius or were convenient



DELOS.

historical starting-points. In those pantheistic days air, land and sea were supersaturated with divinity. It floated on the winds, spoke in the thunder, lurked in the shadows of the woods, sank into the centre of the earth and pervaded the deep. Its manifestations were everywhere, and rested on the humblest objects. Worshipers who ascribed divine attributes to their chimney-pieces and boundary-stones might not unnaturally detect them in their attorneys.

Ancient history, so called, is modern. What are the nine hundred years during which the Spartans boasted of having adhered to the injunctions of their first lawgiver, or the three or four centuries to the back of that since the immortals saw fit to overset the Asian realm and the derelict race of Priam, and Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the ground, to the succession of fossil dominions, here two or three, there five, six, seven deep, revealed to us on these shores by those unpretending and uncritical investigators,

the shovel and the pick? Herculaneum, partly disinterred last century, and mostly re-abandoned to the mould in this, is known to have been one of the most ancient Greek cities in Italy. The tufa that enshrouds it is a duplicate of the tufa on which it stands, and beneath that is a soil full of the clearest traces of tillage which must have been bestowed upon it before the beginning of tradition, since the eruption of A. D. 79 was the first recorded of Vesuvius. Behind the Etruscans, who antedate Rome, and whose language, as inscribed upon their lately-opened tombs, remains uninterpreted, was at least one civilization of as high an order as theirs, represented by numerous remains. And still beyond that, we shall doubtless be soon perusing, or attempting to peruse, new leaves of the buried volume, older and more valuable than the lost books of the Sibyl. Troy herself speaks in this way literally from her ashes, and tells a tale we should not have gathered from all that has been

written of her. In the débris of her citadel, sixty feet deep, not less than six successive and distinct series of occupants are traced, each raised, by the ruin of its predecessor, to a loftier stronghold and a broader view over the rich historic plains.

These strata of pre-historic history carry us to a region through which we have no other guide. As we emerge from it into the mist of myths, the half-light of tradition, or the light, often equally uncertain, of the earlier historians, we get at least names, events, and some dates, more or less confused and contradictory. Hardly so far back as this does Virgil pretend to carry his readers. The poet romances less than the historian, and contents himself with ground where a firmer footing may be had. There he grows quite circumstantial, and throws together statements, obviously the result of long and close research, that have been too unsparingly pooh-poohed by critics possessed of but microscopic fragments of the authorities that guided him.

Hard fact is coming daily to the rescue of the classic annalists in verse and prose from the merciless skepticism dealt out to them in our times. The ground we tread upon is made to testify in their behalf. Witnesses for the dead rise from beneath the feet of the living. A few strokes of the mattock, and we stand in the Scæan gate, on the stones that Hector trod. A few more, and we lift from the smoke-stained ruin of a wall hard by a clump of Priam's treasure, saved from "the red pursuing Greek" by the wreck he had wrought—double-lipped cups, images of the Penates, chains, armlets and other decorations. The débris we throw aside is filled with the bones and armor of dead warriors. If we have not here the exact studies from which Homer drew, we have at least those from which he might have drawn with strictly identical results. If his is a phantom Troy, what is the reality before us? The field of Waterloo is at this day more difficult to identify by those who may have fought there, or by others who depend on contemporary descriptions, if we shut out the Belgian monument, than this mar-

velous photograph, in palpable stone, metal and ashes, of a mythical city and conflict described with the most painstaking minuteness by a mythical poet in writings that have been public property for twenty-five centuries. It may not have been Troy, but it must have been *a* Troy. Homer may be but a collective term for a lot of unknown rhapsodists, who all wrote in the same dialect of the same language, in perfectly sequent style, of a single series of events participated in by the same group of men on the same ground. But the foundation of probabilities so laid is stronger than that sustaining many recognized facts of history.

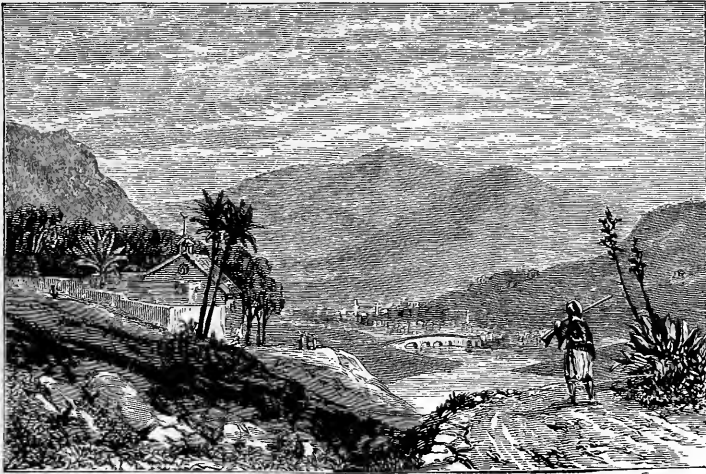
It is noteworthy that, as a rule, each new achievement of the modern explorer adds to the vindication of ancient accuracy. Within the past generation merely, the Pygmies have been detected in the Nyam-Nyams; the sources of the Nile have been found to be as laid down by Ptolemy; "Memnon's statue that at sunrise played" is shown by scientific demonstration to have been actually vocal, without the aid or need of sacerdotal jugglery; that arrant empiric and contemner of induction, Aristotle, has been proved right on certain points in zoology utterly obscure to our naturalists; excavations have dispersed a cloud of Teutonic theories on the original substructures of Rome; the temple of Ephesian Diana has had its pavement and pillars brought to light, and found to correspond like a "working draft" to the dimensions and design handed down to us; and generally it may be said that the light thrown by Pompeii on the domestic life, is not more sharp, clear and awakening than that shed from many other fields of inquiry on the literary conscientiousness, of the Greeks and Romans.

We may, then, yield to the temptation of crediting the Mantuan with a broader and more solid foundation of facts than the critics have allowed him—such a one, perhaps, as that of Scott's historic novels and Shakespeare's historic plays. For his supernatural machinery, it was the fashionable decoration of the day. It does not exceed, in proportion to matter of fact, the same element in *Macbeth*,

nor excel, in either proportion or extravagance, the like embellishment in the *Lusiad* or the *Gerusalemme*. It is notorious that, deft at adornment and illustration, he was not strong in invention. Thoroughly master of the traditions and records bearing on his subject, supplied him by study and travel, these the character of his mind gave him small power of amplifying, even had there been more necessity for it. In fact, there was very little. They were abundant and romantic. They were accepted by everybody around him. They ran back hardly as far as the Heptarchy lies from us, and

the monuments of them were incomparably more various and complete than we have of Saxon times. The language in which they were mostly delivered had remained practically unchanged from a period long prior to the alleged date of the events, and was still vernacular. So with the terminology of men and places.

Compared with Æneas, Arthur, the one hero of pre-Saxon Britain, the central figure in the poetry of him whose place in future literary fame the England of to-day fondly dreams will be far above Virgil, and name-giver to one of Victoria's sons, sinks into the mistiest of shad-



CRETE.

ows. We cannot say that we know any more of him than of the sword wherewith he wrought such miracles of homicide, the Round Table at which he entertained the lovers of his wife, the Holy Graal in the vain pursuit whereof he spent so much valuable time, or the fabulous battles in which he was so regularly beaten.

Unhappy Dido is also quite an historical personage. Her colonizing tour, starting from a point on the same coast, preceded by a few years that of her "pious" deserter. Under her true Phœnico-Hebraic name of Elisa she is handed down to us as a fourth or fifth cousin of our intimate and equally unfortunate

friend Jezebel. Josephus, a standard authority, had access to the Tyrian state-paper office, and found no difficulty in tracing her. The Ethbaal of Scripture, or Ithobalus, father-in-law of Ahab, was, we are told, great-grandfather to Elisa the "beautiful" or the "wanderer"—whichever Dido means. And sensible sister Anna—is it Bluebeard we are referring to?—how homely and familiar the name!

Dismissing the quarrelsome rabble of gods who made all the mischief—even the lovely Venus, *avertens, rosea cervice*—we find our trip with the Trojan refugees, divested of its heavenly and hellish incumbrances, a pleasant, tangible,

every-day circumnavigation of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. A yachtsman of the nineteenth century might follow the Virgilian itinerary with advantage. Thrace, his first land, would not prove particularly attractive, but he would not have to fear the ghost of Polydorus or the police of *acer Lycurgus*. A short stay on this coast served Æneas, and with even diminished drawbacks a still shorter would satisfy his successor.

Striking into the blue bosom of the Cyclades, he lands on rocky Delos, a "fast-anchored isle" now as in the days of Æneas, whatever may have been its turn for locomotion in hoar antiquity, when those foam-born beauties of islets rose from the deep, and are fabled to have floated about for a space in search of good holding-ground. The process of isle-building along those volcanic coasts is still going on in what may be termed a normal and regular, as well as in a cataclysmal, way; at least one island, comparable in size to the Lesser or sacred Delos, having been suddenly erupted not many years since. This one floated, moreover, but only in a disintegrated state, a scum of pumice having been all that remained of it after a few months' existence. Good King Anius will not meet him at the pier, if only because there is no pier. Nor will the oracle be heard from the rock-seated temple of Apollo, where the pedestal of the god's colossal statue, inscribed with the words of dedication, is said still to be visible. But he may fancy, as he recalls the still tremendous power of the Vatican, that the prophecy yet holds good, that the House of Æneas, his sons' sons and their descendants, shall rule over every land.

Among the architectural remains which cover the island, the visitor may stumble over stones laid at least five centuries before Solomon, intermingled with similar contributions from sixty subsequent generations of devotees, for the island lost its sanctity only with the decadence of the old religion. Hadrian, the most tireless of imperial builders, mated the temple of Apollo with others to Neptune and Hercules. Although the standing

prohibition against being born or dying on the island must, one would suppose, have kept its population down, the residents and visitors were numerous enough to require a spacious marble theatre. The Naumachia, two hundred and eighty-nine feet by two hundred, still admits four feet of water—deep enough to float any craft small enough to manœuvre in so confined a space. The religious trade of the island overflowed into the suburb, more capacious, of Great Delos, less noted, but a mass of ruins, among them one hundred and twenty altars, as counted by Tournefort. Numbers of tombs with Phœnician inscriptions attest its antiquity as a resort.

Submissively sharing the blunder\* of his guide, our supposititious voyager follows him to Crete, in search of the wrong ancestor. He will make better time thither, unable though he be to say, *modo Jupiter adsit*. Steam beats Jove, and the three days Virgil considered a fast trip would be dawdling now. Two or three years ago the voyage would have been longer, for the irrepressible Greek spirit was in one of its throes, and the barbarians held the isle of a hundred cities in military and naval quarantine. They have again beaten down the Danaïds—for the time—and will welcome you to the wilderness they call peace. But you will not wait for the plague to drive you away, tired of tracing the vast and unchronicled ruins of old among the contemporary desolation wrought by fanaticism. Taking the chances of foul weather, like that which made Palinurus, unable to discern the sky by day or night, confess himself in a double sense at sea, the tourist steers for the roost of those fouler fowls the Harpies, the buzzards of Olympus, off the west coast of the Morea.

Making the briefest possible stay amid such unsavory recollections, the traveler skirts the "currant islands," as they may most characteristically be styled for their contribution to the national dish of their late protector, John Bull. Giving the domain of "fierce Ulysses" a wide berth, he sails over the wrecks of Actium to do religious service on another sacred isle, consecrated in the old days by a temple

of Apollo and to modern minds by the despair of Sappho. It was from a great white rock that gave the island its name that the poetess tried the final cure-all for an acute case of love-sickness. Virgil reserves his pathos for the next landing. And displayed it is in one of the finest passages of the poem.

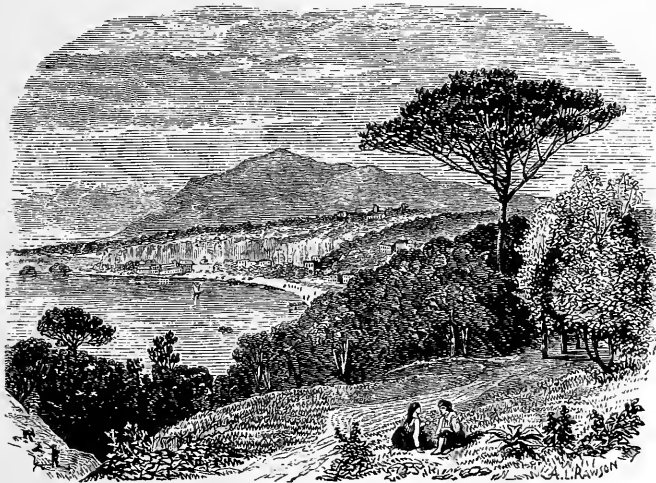
Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?

exclaims the indignant exile to the sad captive still, though the spouse of a Trojan and the sharer of a Greek throne. She disarms him by tears for the lord of her youth and by her declared envy of her dead sister Polyxena, a sacrifice to the fury of Achilles.

The next incident of note is less diffusely and dramatically treated—the death of Anchises. One would have expected the writer or his hero to exhaust upon this scene his utmost powers in elegiac art. But they both dismiss the old gentleman somewhat abruptly. To both he was becoming a cumbrous piece of property—a clog alike on halliards and hexameters. So he is dropped at Drepanum, now Trepani, under the

western promontory of Sicily. Strabo, not hampered in his transportation facilities by verse, carries him all the way, and lands him comfortably—but, we may be allowed to surmise, a little stricken with the rheumatics—in Italy. The present inhabitants of Trepani settle the question by showing his tomb. From this, of course, there can be no appeal. Aphrodite, his widow, we dare say, still keeps the sepulchre decked with wreaths of asphodel, little comfort as she brought him during life.

It is somewhat singular that we are given so slight an explanation of what brought the wanderer to Carthage, the most important intermediate point, historically and poetically, of his voyage. He simply informs Dido that a god brought him to her shores. It was apparently but a bit of maternal design on the part of the professional matchmaker and unmaker of the skies. Venus had an eye on the Phœnician widow as a capital *parti* for her son, so often defeated in his efforts to settle himself. She renovated his storm-beaten form and features, and sent him to court with a



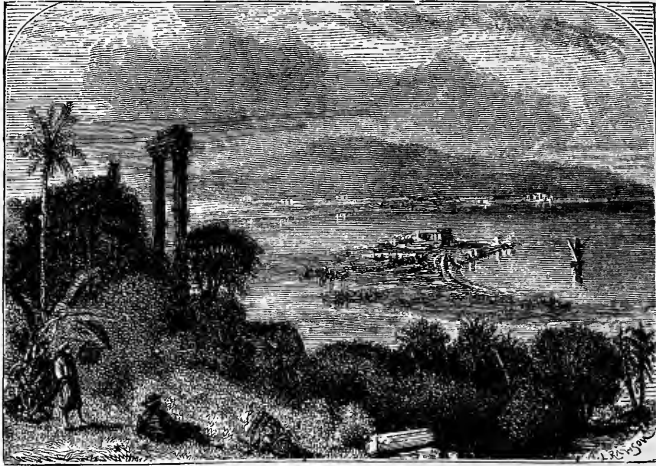
DREPANUM (MODERN TREPANI).

fresh outfit of good looks. She breathed upon him, and lo! his locks were of gold, his complexion the rose, and his eyes aglitter with the light of pride and

joy. Poor Elisa! In this first transaction between the representatives of the two great rival powers, Punic faith was not on the Punic side: the Latins record

their own faithlessness. It is fair to presume that the balance of right inclined the same way on many of the subsequent

occasions where the blame was all thrown on Carthaginian treachery. Two thousand inscriptions, in two forms of the



CARTHAGE.

Phœnician or Hebrew character, lately exhumed upon the spot, against less than a dozen found prior to the last half century, may assist in adjusting the long uneven scales.

Antagonism of maritime interests is not enough to account for the peculiar intensity of the hatred which existed between Carthage and Rome. Difference of race must have had much to do with it. Whatever the cause, from the day when Hannibal took his oath of lifelong warfare with the Romans to that when the Senate pronounced its decree of extermination against his city, the long conflict was marked by a bitterness we do not find in the other wars of either combatant. Carthage was destroyed—that is, the original city was overthrown—and its inhabitants slain or dispersed, but the commercial advantages of the locality were such as to ensure its revival. The attempt of Gracchus, with a colony of six thousand, to rebuild it, was defeated, according to a legend like that connected with the effort to restore the walls of Jerusalem, by supernatural interference. Augustus, however, fired perhaps by the strains of his favorite, renewed

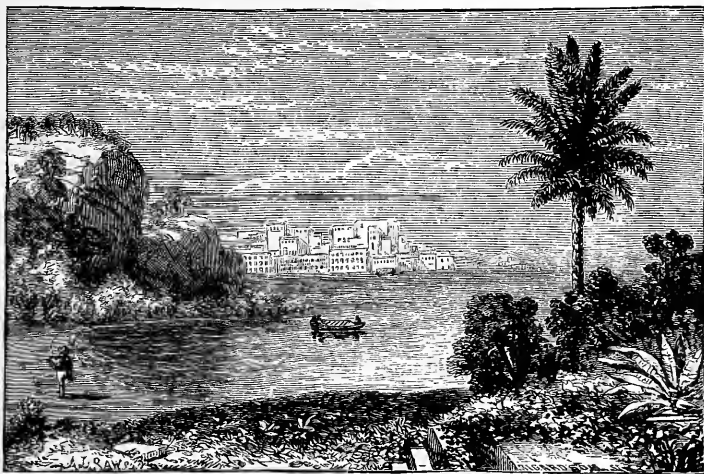
the undertaking with more success—so much, indeed, that within two centuries after its destruction it had risen to be considered the metropolis of Africa. As Africa did not include Egypt, this does not imply that it excelled Alexandria, much less that it had regained its pristine magnificence, with seven hundred thousand inhabitants and an arsenal containing two hundred ships of war. A century later the famous Tertullian ruled the city as Calvin did Geneva. To still unconverted Rome he boasted that Carthage was almost entirely Christian, only the cobwebbed temples being left to mark the decrepit survival of the old religion. But the new creed obviously missed the advantage of outside pressure. It fell into sects and feuds of the wildest description, which were finally wound up in 431 A. D. by Genseric the Wend; a countryman of Bismarck's. This inaugurator of the *blut-und-eisen* system of settling civil and religious misunderstandings left the ancient city in about its present condition.

From the summit of the Byrsa, or citadel—interpreted by Virgil to mean the space enclosed by a bull's hide slit into

shoestrings, according, to the original grant to the Phœnicians, but considered by Hebraists to be identical with Bosra, "a fortified place"—the eye roams over a vast expanse flecked with ruins pretty thoroughly comminuted. Of the aqueduct, which strode fifty miles across the desert, a few arches only remain, sixty or seventy feet high, with massive piers sixteen feet square. Parts of the great cisterns remain, with broken sewers, sculptured blocks, tessellated pavements, etc. Many sculptured gems have been discovered. The explorations, owing to the arid character of the country and its remoteness from the chief highways of men and traffic, have been slight and desultory until now. The Turks and Arabs have scratched the surface, as they do for wheat, but they do not go deep enough for the harvest. Ruin has protected ruin. The inscriptions having generally been placed in the lower parts of the edifices, were preserved by the fall of the upper. The very thoroughness of Scipio's demolition may thus have been the means of handing down to us some of the most valuable, as being the most instructive, parts of the Phœnician

structures. He may thus have provided us with a new reading of the history of the Punic wars, and secured his enemies a fairer hearing by the very steps he took to prevent it. And thus doth the whirligig of time bring round its revenges.

But the gentle bard of Mantua turns from the spectacle of Rome's mightiest foe, not only in the dust, but a part of the dust, with no trace of the bitter feeling that possessed those who had seen Hannibal sweep consular armies from the soil of Italy like summer flies. The same retrospective glance took in a sadder and a newer wreck—the wreck of the republic. The Rome of his own youth, the Rome whose bright and dewy dawn he was limning with the richest tints of poesy, was free Rome. His attachment to his friend and benefactor Augustus never caused him to disown his regrets, however it may have led him to stifle their expression. Recognizing, as nine-tenths of his countrymen had recognized, the inevitableness of the great change, and luxuriating with them in the repose that followed the stormy throes of the dying commonwealth, he had no word of evil for the past. His



CUMÆ.

political sympathies were not with despotism, and he could not, with his brother Horace, have jested over campaign-

ing experiences in the army of Brutus. Had his genius been of the same cast with that of the stern and vehement, if



sometimes extravagant, Lucan, he would have been more apt to join him in exclaiming—

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

As it was, he sought not to fire, but to cheer his countrymen. If patriotism were capable of nothing more than euthanasia, he labored to secure it that. On its wrongs he would not dwell. "Let us not speak of them," he might have said, in the words of another Italian bard who a thousand years later invoked his shade to guide him through another limbo of horrors—

Non ragionam' di lor' ma guarda e passa.

Yet when, having finally brought his hero to the shores of Italy and unrolled before him the scroll of the future, he is compelled to note this blot upon it, his few words have no uncertain sound:

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;  
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

To present, indeed, such subjects to the contemplation of his countrymen, would, without regard to his political sentiments, have been less in harmony with the taste and temperament of Virgil than to depict for them the natural and pastoral charms characteristic of their land, which had survived all vicissitudes of human and elemental strife, and were not less fresh than when they first met the eye of the Trojan founder. In the seven-twelfths of the *Aeneid* devoted to Italy we have plenty of hard fighting, though rather of the stage variety, clashing to slow music; and in the other five adventure to excess. But the artist, defective in the discrimination of character and a bad figure-drawer, is obviously a landscape painter. We have his true soul in the *Georgics* and *Bucolics*.

It is rather odd that so placid and amiable a writer should have been surrounded, during the Middle Ages, with

something of superstitious glamour. The *sortes Virgilianæ* were in almost as high repute as the *sortes Biblicæ*. His employment of the sensational device of a descent into Hades may have been a cause of it. More may have been due to his association, in life, writings and place of sepulture, with Cumæ, the retreat of the Erythræan Sibyl, the chief of all her class. To his citation, in the opening lines of the fourth Eclogue, of the Cumæan prophecy of a new era of the world, to arrive in his day, about the time of the birth of Christ, a certain theological significance was ascribed. In the first stanza of the finest of the monkish hymns, David and the Sibyl are appealed to as co-ordinate authorities. It is a curious circumstance, in this connection, that the destruction of the Cumæan grotto, maintained in full splendor for at least two centuries after Virgil's time, and long after shattered by the engineering operations of Narses against the Gothic fortress on the superjacent hill, should have been caused by an earthquake in 1539, in the heat of the Reformation. It was coincidence enough to remind contemporaries of the alliance which had so long subsisted in the popular imagination.

The poet's witchery lay in his limpid numbers. Their spell is as potent as ever. It leads us over blue waters and glowing sands; under white cliffs and volcanic smoke; past islets bathed in an atmosphere so clear and yet so deep as to make fact seem fancy and fancy fact; to spots haunted by the most entrancing or the most momentous memories, where Nature seems to have collected for supreme exertion all her mightiest forces, spiritual and material. They bring us in contact with typical men and events, and will delight as long as mankind shall appreciate classic story and classic taste.





# WALKS AND VISITS IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

TWO PARTS.—I.



RYDAL MOUNT.

AUGUST 11, 1855.

IN company with my dear friend, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, I called to-day at Rydal Mount. I had great interest in entering again the grounds and the house which six years ago I visited with such eager expectation. Everything remains as it was in the poet's lifetime—the books and the pictures and the furniture. Wordsworth's chair stands in its accustomed place by the drawing-room fireside. Mrs. Wordsworth seems also unchanged. Her manners are simple and unpretending, but she received me very cordially. As was natural, almost the first inquiries were after Mrs. Henry Reed and her children. She spoke with much feeling of Professor Reed and Miss Bronson, who scarcely a year ago perished in the Arctic. They left Rydal Mount for Liverpool to embark, and it was little more than a week after

their parting from this dear venerable lady that the waves closed over them. Mrs. Wordsworth is almost eighty-five, and is as clear in mind as she ever was. You forget her great age in talking with her. And what tenderness there is in the tones of her voice, and what truthful simplicity in her words! We did not remain very long. I accepted her invitation to drink tea the next evening in company with Mr. Coleridge. As we drove away we passed the spot where Wordsworth gave me his hand in parting six years ago, and but six months before his death. Later in the day, Mr. Coleridge and I took a walk along the Brathay to Skelwith Force and back, a round of six miles. The valley through which we went was familiar ground to Mr. Coleridge, he and his brother Hartley—"My poor brother Hartley!" as Mr. Coleridge says when he speaks of him—

having spent five or six years there in their schoolboy days. We went to the cottage where they had lived, and the well-remembered rooms brought up to my friend a crowd of recollections of forty years ago. He talked much of those early days as we walked together along that sweet valley. We reached

the Force, which is a pretty waterfall, and returned on the other side of the valley. It rained occasionally, but one gets used to this in England.

*Aug. 12, Sunday.* I went to the new Ambleside church this morning. It is one of Gilbert Scott's works, but not altogether pleasing. I sat with Dr. John



GRASMERE CHURCH.

Davy, brother of Sir Humphry. We were close to the memorial window for which Dr. Davy had applied, through Professor Reed, for American contributions. When the service was over, I remained to study this window. Its appropriate inscription is—

*Gulielmi Wordsworth Amatores et Amici,  
partim Angli, partim Anglo-Americani.*

Other smaller windows are near by, commemorating members of the Wordsworth family, so that the corner becomes a Wordsworth chapel. One window remains without inscription: it awaits Mrs. Wordsworth's departure, and will commemorate her and her daughter Dora.

At two o'clock I started for my walk to Grasmere, five miles distant, where I had agreed to meet Mr. Coleridge. My way at first was along the Rothay by the lovely road at the base of Lough

Rigg, which mountain seems to embrace as with an encircling arm one side of the Ambleside valley. There was deep shade here and there, and for a part of the way there was the shadow of the mountain itself. I passed Fox How, where there are only servants at present, the family being away. Other pretty houses, with lovely shade about them, I also passed, and the sweep of the road gave me a perpetually changing view. Then I crossed a bridge, and soon found myself in the Vale of Rydal. Skirting the small Rydalmore, I next entered the sweet Grasmere Vale. In the distance was the church which was my destination, the square tower being a striking object in the view. It was a day of wonderful brightness, and the green of the mountain sheep-pastures and the purple of the slate rock, which is seen here and

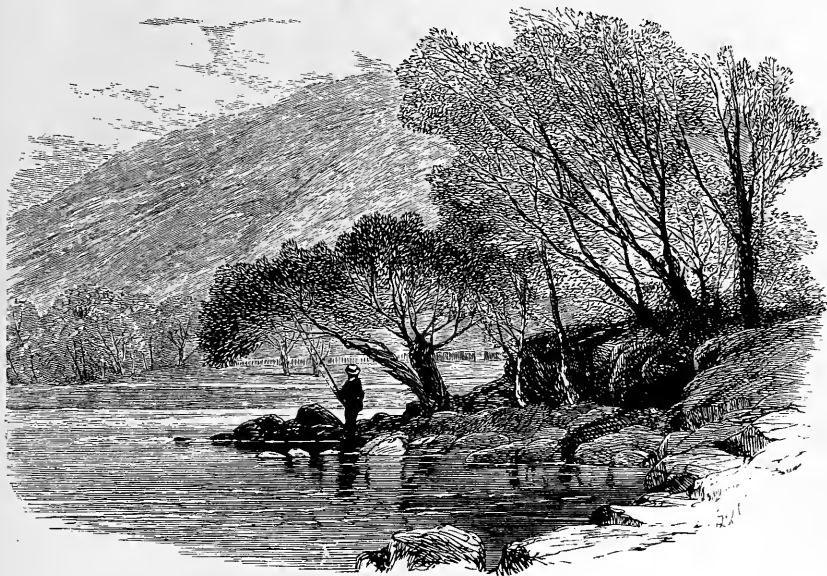
there, made a lovely contrast in the sunlight.

The church, which I reached at length, is the one commemorated by Wordsworth in the *Excursion* :

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,  
But large and massy, for duration built,  
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
Like leafless under-boughs 'mid some thick grove.

The interior is interesting. The pavement is of blue flagstones worn and uneven. The pillars support two rows of

low stone arches, one above the other, and on these rest the beams and other framework, black with age, which uphold the roof. The pillars are square and are of separate stones, and all has the look of rude strength, the rough work of very ancient days. The congregation was large. Mr. Coleridge preached. When the service was over I waited a while to look at the tablet to Wordsworth, which is on the wall directly over the pew he occupied for many years. The inscription is a trans-



RYDALMERE.

lation from the Latin of the dedication to him of Mr. Keble's *Lectures on Poetry*, and is as follows :

To the memory of  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
A true philosopher and poet,  
Who by the special gift and calling of  
Almighty God,  
Whether he discoursed on man or Nature,  
Failed not to lift up the heart  
to holy things,  
Tired not of maintaining the cause  
of the poor and simple,  
And so in perilous times was raised up  
to be a chief minister,  
Not only of noblest poesy,  
but of high and sacred truth.

Mr. Coleridge and I now started for

the walk we had arranged to take together. It was to be a vigorous climb, and then a descent and a circuit of the vales of Rydal and Grasmere; and we had two hours for it. We took a narrow road leading up the mountain on the west side of Grasmere Lake: coming down a little, we ascended once more to look down on Rydal Water. The views were very lovely, and the mountain-air was exhilarating. These lakes, with their dark mountain settings, are like mirrors in their black transparency. Rydal Water is dotted with islands, each with its few trees, everything seeming in miniature. We went to a house which

is the highest human habitation in England, save one on the top of Kirkstone Pass. The people occupying it knew Mr. Coleridge well: they showed me, at his request, the kitchen with its pavement of flagstones, and the opening between the rafters which served for the chimney—a curious specimen of Westmoreland cottage-life.



KIRKSTONE PASS.

We reached at length Rydal Mount, which was our destination, and found there Miss Edith Coleridge, daughter of Sara Coleridge; William Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet; and Mr. Carter, Wordsworth's secretary for forty years. Young Wordsworth has his grandfather's face: he seems thoughtful, and, though silent, his manner is prepossessing. He is about twenty years of age, and is an undergraduate of Baliol College, Oxford.

Mr. Coleridge left us soon after tea, having to return to Grasmere. I walked out on the terrace with Mr. Carter, and enjoyed the fine view it commands of the valley of the Rothay, with Lake Windermere in the distance. It is a double terrace, with flower-beds interspersed, rich in bloom and fragrance. On either hand there is shrubbery of luxuriant growth, and one wall of the house is ivy-grown. All speaks of loving and tender care. Much of the work of raising the terraces was done, I believe, by Wordsworth's own hands. There are seats here and there, on

which one would be tempted to spend many an hour watching the changing lights on the distant hillsides and the fair valleys. Mr. Carter pointed out to me the valley down which "the Wanderer" and his party came to the "churchyard among the mountains" (the Grasmere church). He showed me also the stone with its inscription—

In these fair vales hath many a tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared,  
And from the builder's hand this stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the bard:  
So let it rest, and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him  
As one of the departed.

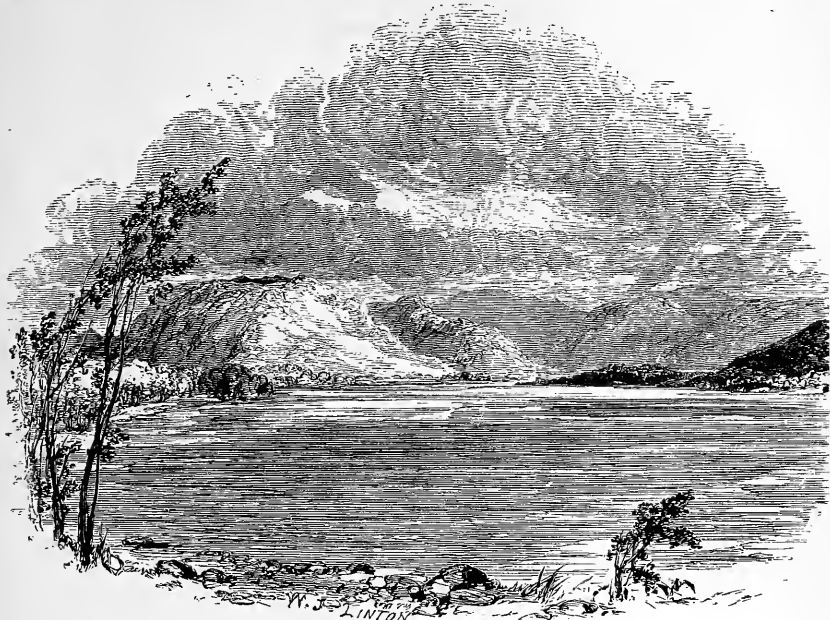
Mr. Carter was most helpful to the poet during the long years of his association with him. One could fancy that he appreciated from the first the dignity of the service he was thus rendering. Mrs. Wordsworth has only a lease of Rydal Mount: at her death it must pass to strangers, for neither of her sons

will be able to live there. I have omitted to say that she is rapidly losing her sight, but she has scarcely any other infirmity of age.

*Aug. 13.* Early this morning I started for an excursion which had been planned for me by Mr. Coleridge. I went by coach from Ambleside, ascending the Kirkstone Pass. I was outside, and could enjoy at first, as I looked back, the sweet morning view of Lake Windermere with its islands and its fair green hillsides. But soon the sharp ascent of the road brought us between steep mountain-declivities, shutting out all view except of their desolate gray slopes. There were but scanty patches of grass here and there: all else was stony and barren. I walked in advance of the coach, enjoying the silence and the solitude, and the grand slopes of the naked mountains on either hand. Up and up we went, until at last the summit of the pass was reached. There stands the old stone house said to be the highest inhabited house in England

—a rude enough dwelling, and at present an alehouse. Beginning now our descent toward Patterdale, we had from the summit of the pass a view of the little lake of Brotherswater, and soon our road was along the margin of this fair high-lying tarn. The mountains

stand quite around the lake, leaving only space for the road. From the foot of the pass a drive of a few miles brought us to Patterdale, and there my coach-journey ended. I climbed to a stone-quarry on the hillside opposite, and thence had a view of the valley



ULLSWATER.

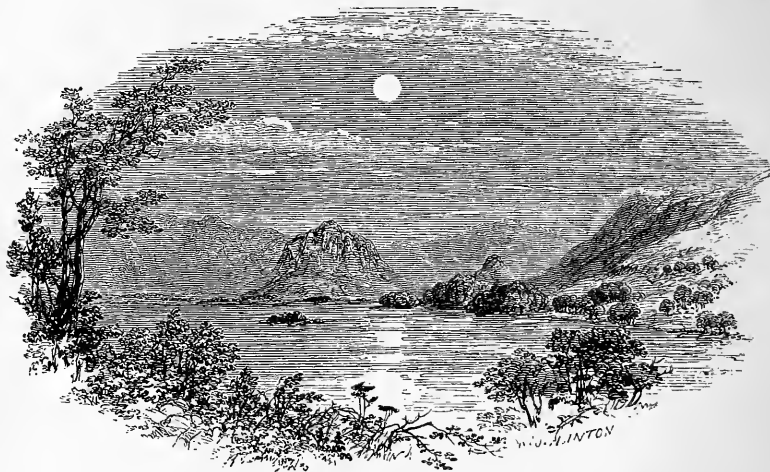
through which I had just passed, and of the lake of Ullswater stretching off to the right. Returning to the inn at Patterdale, I engaged a boat to take me to Lyulph's Tower, distant five or six miles. A young man with drawing-materials and pack slung over his shoulder was about to leave the inn. I asked him to take a seat with me, and we were soon side by side in the open boat on the beautiful lake. From the level of the water the mountains rising on either hand appeared in their full dignity. The lake is quite shut in by these steep and lofty hills. For a while the clouds were threatening, but we dreaded wind more than rain, for these lakes are often lashed by sudden storms. We landed and climbed to Lyulph's Tower, and there below, in its fair loveliness, lay the

sweet Ullswater, this upper reach of it being of quite wonderful beauty. Thence we made our way to Aira Force, a mile distant—a dashing waterfall in a narrow gorge. Its height is about eighty feet. The “woody glen” and the “torrent hoarse,” as Wordsworth describes it, are appropriate words.

A mile farther we found a road and a little inn. We asked for luncheon, but in the principal room, to which we were shown, two traveling tailors were at work. It seemed pleasanter to be in the open air, so we had our table under the trees outside. My companion proved to be a clergyman: he was fresh from Oxford, and had just taken orders. We had fallen at once into intimacy, but we had immediately to part company. My way was onward to Keswick, a walk of

eleven miles. I ascended first a long hill, and then my route wound along or around the side of a mountain. Above and below me was bare heath or mountain-moor: there were no trees whatever. For near two hours I saw no house or sign of cultivation, nor did I meet a human being. The wind blew strongly in my face, but my blood coursed through all my veins, and I had ever before me a wide sweeping view. I descended at length into the fair valley through which the Greta flows, and about two hours more of steady walking brought me to Keswick. My stopping-place, however, was at the inn at Portingscale on the banks of Derwent-water, a mile out of Keswick, where I had agreed to meet Mr.

Coleridge. I dined, and was resting after my long walk, when I heard his voice in the hall inquiring for me. With him were three other gentlemen, one of them the friend with whom he was staying, who asked me to return with them and drink tea at his house. One of the four was Dr. Carlyle, a brother of the Chelsea philosopher, himself a man of letters, the prose translator of Dante. I soon found myself in a pretty drawing-room looking out on Derwent-water. Mr. Leitch was our host. We had a great deal of animated talk at the tea-table, and later in the long twilight Mr. Coleridge read to us the *Ancient Mariner* and *Genevieve*, his father's matchless poems. He reads extremely well. We sat by one of



DERWENT-WATER.

the large windows, and the fair lake stretching before us and the mountains beyond seemed to put one in the mood for the poetry.

Aug. 14. I went to Mr. Leitch's to breakfast this morning, meeting nearly the same party, and had another hour of pleasant talk. Then Dr. Carlyle, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Leitch and I rowed across the lake. Landing near the town, Mr. Coleridge and I took leave of the others and went up into Keswick, and so out to Greta Hall, the former residence of Southey, now occupied by strangers. It has a lovely situation on a knoll, Skid-

daw looking down upon it, and other mountains standing around and in the distance, and the Greta flowing, or rather winding, by, for it is a stream which has many twists and turnings. We called at the house, and Mr. Coleridge sent in his name, telling the servant he had a friend with him, an American, to whom he would like to show some of the rooms, adding, "I was born here." There was a little delay, for the occupant of the house was a bachelor and his hours were late. So we looked first at the grounds, and my friend, as we walked slowly along under the trees and looked

down on the Greta, seemed to be carried altogether back to his childhood. On that spot it was that his brother

Hartley used to tell to him and to their sister Sara, as well as to Southey's children, stories literally without end—



GRETA HALL.

narration in particular in its ceaseless flow going on year after year. "Here, too," said my friend, pointing to a small house near by, "was the residence of the Bhow Begum." Need I add that this reference was to that strange book, *The Doctor*?

We were now summoned to the house, and though we saw no one except the civil housekeeper who accompanied us, all was thrown open to us. My friend at every room had some explanation to make: "This was the dining-room;" "here was Mr. Southey's seat;" "here sat my mother." One room was called Paul, for some one had said its furniture was taken wrongly from another room—robbing Peter to pay Paul. Up stairs was the library, the room of all others sacred, for there had passed so much of the thirty years of Southey's life of unwearied labor. The very walls seemed to speak of that honorable industry. I looked from the windows on those glories of lake and mountain which had been the poet's solace and

delight, and recalled his own description of the view in *The Vision of Judgment*;

Mountain and lake and vale; the hills that calm and majestic  
Lifted their heads in the silent sky.

Near the library was the room in which he died after years of mental darkness. In the same room Mrs. Southey had been released from life after a still longer period of mental decay. It was long watching by her bedside, Wordsworth told me, which had caused Southey's own mind to give way.

Leaving Greta Hall with all its interesting associations, we returned to the road. Near the gateway were some cottages. "An old fiddler used to live here," said Mr. Coleridge. Then inquiring of some men at work near by, he learned to his surprise that he was still there. "But it is more than forty years since I knew him: he used to teach me to play on the violin." "He is still there," the men repeated; and we entered the cottage. An old man rose from his seat near the fire as Mr. Coleridge asked for



him by name. "Do you remember me?" said my friend. "You gave me lessons on the violin more than forty years ago, until my uncle Southey interfered and said I should play no longer: he feared it would make me idle." "I remember you perfectly," said the old man. "You would have done very well if you had kept on." Then followed mutual in-

quiries. The wife of the old man sat by his side crippled with rheumatism, from which he himself also suffered. "But she bears it very patiently, sir," said he. There seemed Christian submission in the old people—a tranquil waiting for the end.

Our next visit was to Miss Katherine Southey, who lives at a beautiful cottage



FALLS OF LODORE.

close at the foot of Skiddaw. She is one of the three commemorated in *The Triad*. Three little children, Robert, Edith and Bertha Southey, grandchildren of the poet, came out to meet us. Miss Southey greeted her cousin warmly. She is of cheerful, agreeable manners. We talked of Greta Hall, and the cousins called up their old recollections.

Mr. Coleridge went up stairs to see the aged Mrs. Lovell, his aunt, the last of her generation, so to say—sister of Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey. It was one of Southey's good deeds that he cared for this lady from the beginning of her early widowhood as long as his own life lasted. She was, I believe, one of his household and family for more



than forty years; and since his death his children have continued the same dutiful offices. (As I copy these notes, now long after the date of my visit, I may add that Mrs. Lovell died in 1862, aged ninety-one.)

Miss Southey showed me some of the manuscripts of her father—very minute, but exquisitely neat and clear. When the cousins took leave of each other, Miss Southey's eyes were filled with tears. We now took to our boat again, and started for the Falls of Lodore at the other end of Derwent-water. We stopped at Marshall's Island, so called from the owner, who has made it a summer residence of marvelous beauty, though the extent of it is but five acres. Trees of every variety adorn the grounds. The house is in the centre, of stately proportions: the drawing-room in the second story opens on to a balcony commanding a view which is beyond measure enchanting. Books in profusion lay upon the table, and pictures and drawings were upon the walls, all telling of refinement as well as of abundance of this world's goods. Returning to our boat, my friend and I took the oars. Our next stopping-place was at St. Herbert's Island—a hermitage a thousand or more years ago. A few remains of what may have been an oratory are still to be seen. St. Herbert was the friend of the good St. Cuthbert, whose especial shrine and memorial is Durham Cathedral. Once a year, according to Bede, he left his cell to visit St. Cuthbert and "receive from him the food of eternal life." And in Wordsworth's verse is embalmed the tradition that, pacing on the shore of this small island, St. Herbert prayed that he and his friend might die in the same moment; "nor in vain so prayed he:"

Those holy men both died in the same hour.

At length we reached Lodore. Here our real work was to begin. We climbed to the top of the hill down which the

stream falls over rocks piled upon rocks, forming a succession of cascades. It was a ladder-like ascent of no little difficulty. After admiring the view of the rocky chasm and the falls, we turned to enjoy the prospect which opened before us from Ladderbrow, as it is called. Derwent-water lay stretched before us, and



STY-HEAD PASS.

Skiddaw rose in its giant majesty in the distance. The view is a celebrated one. We then entered the wood, crossed a beck or small stream, losing our way once, and at length reached an upland valley—Watendlath—very retired and secluded, with its small hamlet, and near by a tarn—"A little lake, and yet uplifted high among the mountains." The day was cloudy, but there was not much mist. Climbing another ridge, we found ourselves looking down upon Borrowdale and the little village of Rossthwaite, one of the loveliest views I ever beheld. Sunlight was upon the vale while we stood in the shadow. We were looking up Borrowdale to the Sty-head Pass. As we descended into the valley we could enjoy the view of it every step of the way. At Rossthwaite we had luncheon. It was half-past three. We

had still a mountain to climb; and as there was something of danger, for we might lose our way should the mist increase, we took a guide, a man well known to Mr. Coleridge—one of the dalesmen of Borrowdale. We started at a vigorous pace, and, following the course of a stony brook, ascended the steep mountain-side. It was very sharp work, for it was an absolutely continuous ascent, and there was no pathway whatever. There was no sign of human habitation. On either hand were only the stony mountain slopes. It seemed a long and weary way, but at the end of two hours of steady climbing we reached the summit. A cold mist here enveloped us. We hastened on, our guide accompanying us a short distance over the moor as we began our descent: he saw us clear of the mist and safely on our way. When we had reached an eminence from which we could look down into Far Easdale, our route was clear to us, and we turned and waved our adieus to our friendly guide. We were already a long way off from him, and he was resting where we had left him, waiting to see that we took the right course. Descending rapidly, we went on and on through the desolate and lonely valley of Far Easdale—a vale within a vale, for it opens into Easdale. Hereabouts it was that George and Sarah Green lost their way and perished on a winter's night, as the story is recorded in Wordsworth's verse and De Quincey's exquisite prose. So dreary is the solitude that scarcely a sheep-track is to be found in the valley. All around there is nothing but a bare and stony heath.

We hastened on, for Mr. Coleridge knew there would be anxiety in regard to us, as evening was drawing on. Another ascent being accomplished, we looked down into Easdale, surrounded by its mountain-girdle. The sun was setting, and as we were drawing near our destination I almost forgot my fatigue. At length we reached Mr. Coleridge's cottage at the entrance to the Vale of Grasmere. Mrs. Coleridge came out to meet us, and expressed much relief at

seeing us. She knew the perils of a long walk over these lonely mountains.

I found an invitation for me from Mrs. Fletcher, a venerable lady of eighty-five, who had been a friend of Jeffrey, and one of the literary circle of Edinburgh of sixty years and more ago. I made myself as presentable as I could for the occasion, drawing a little upon Mr. Coleridge, and after a few cups of tea he and I sallied forth. Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Edith had already gone. Lankrigg is the name of Mrs. Fletcher's beautiful cottage. We found a brilliant company assembled. Mrs. Fletcher welcomed me with sweet but stately courtesy. "I am always glad to see Americans," she said: "my father used to drink General Washington's health every day of his life." Her look was radiant as she said this: there was light in her eyes and color in her cheeks, and altogether her appearance was most striking. I never saw a more beautiful old age. I talked with her son, Mr. Angus Fletcher, a sculptor of some distinction. A bust of Wordsworth and one of Joanna Baillie, works of his, were in the drawing-room. He told me of his having lately been to see Tennyson, who is on Coniston Water in this neighborhood, in a house lent him by Mr. Marshall of Marshall's Island. Mr. Fletcher said he asked Tennyson to read some of his poetry to him. "No," was the reply: "I will do no such thing. You only want to take me off with the blue-stockings about here." But they got on well together in their after-talk, and Tennyson, softening a little, said he *would* read him something. "Nothing of my own, however: I will not give you that triumph. I will read you something from Milton." "Oh, very well," said Mr. Fletcher: "I consider that quite as good poetry."

The evening over, a drive of six miles brought me to the friends with whom I was staying at Rothay Bank, near Ambleside.

Aug. 15. Dined to-day at Rydal Mount—the one o'clock dinner which is always the hour there—with Mrs. Wordsworth, young William Wordsworth and Mr. Carter. Six years almost to a day

since I last sat in that quaint room in the familiar presence of the great poet himself. It is a low room without a ceiling—the rafters showing. A great number of small prints in black frames are on the walls, chiefly portraits. There are portraits of the royal family also, but these are in gilt frames: they were the gift of the queen to Wordsworth, but they seemed to me of small value for a royal present. I was glad to see again the bust of Wordsworth by Chantrey, and also the old oak cabinet or armoire with its interesting Latin inscription, both of which the great poet showed to me as among his choice possessions. James, who has lived there for thirty years, waited at the table. Mrs. Wordsworth took wine with me, the single glass of port which she drinks daily. It was the last day of her eighty-fourth year.

The library, which adjoins the drawing-room, is smaller in size, and the collection of books is not large. I noticed that many were presentation copies: in one of them—a folio volume describing the Skerryvore Rock Lighthouse—was the following inscription (the author of the book was the architect of the lighthouse): "To William Wordsworth, a humble token of admiration for his character as a man and his genius as a poet, and in grateful remembrance of the peace and consolation derived from the companionship of his writings during the author's solitude on the Skerryvore Rock."

John, the loquacious but intelligent coachman of the friend at whose house I am staying, told me of his waiting at dinner at Rydal Mount a good many years ago: his then master was one of the guests. Miss Martineau, Hartley Coleridge and F. W. Faber were present. Mr. Faber had then charge of the little church at Rydal. There was a rush and flow of talk, as one could well imagine—such a chatter, John said, as he had never heard—but the instant Wordsworth spoke all were attention. John himself was awed by the great man's talk, and described well its power. He told me also of a slight incident in regard to Wordsworth's last hours. Very

shortly before his death it was thought he might be more comfortable if he was shaved. Accordingly, he was raised in the bed, and his faithful servant was about to minister to him in this way when Wordsworth said in his serious, calm voice, "James, let me die easy." I may note here something which has been told me in regard to poor Hartley Coleridge's last days. During his illness a little child, the daughter of an artist who lived near him, quite an infant, used to be brought to him, and he would sit for hours holding it in his arms and looking down upon it with mournful tenderness, thinking doubtless of his own wasted life.

*Sunday, Aug. 19.* Walked to the Rydal church this morning. Just as I reached the porch I saw Mrs. Wordsworth with her arm extended feeling for the door. I went forward to assist her: she turned her kind face toward me, not knowing who it was. "Mr. Yarnall," I said. "Oh," said she, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Yarnall. You will take a seat with us of course." William, her grandson, was now close behind us. We went to the pew, the nearest to the chancel on the left, and I sat in what had doubtless been Wordsworth's seat. The prayer-book I took up had on the fly-leaf, "Dorothy Wordsworth to William Wordsworth, Jr., 1819." The service over, Mrs. Wordsworth said to me, "You will dine with us of course." She took my arm, and as we went out of the church I was struck with the looks of affectionate reverence in the faces of those we passed. As we walked along she said in her kind way, "I should have been glad if you had taken up your abode with us while here, but you expected to leave Ambleside immediately when I last saw you." The Misses Quillinan, the step-daughters of the late Dora Quillinan, who was Dora Wordsworth, were the guests besides myself to-day. In the drawing-room after dinner it was interesting to me to look at the portrait of the elder Miss Quillinan (Jemima), taken when a child six years old, and to recall the lines addressed to her, or rather suggested by the picture:

Beguiled into forgetfulness of care,  
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light.

The sonnet, too, beginning—

Rotha, my spiritual child! this head was gray  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood,  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay—

came naturally to my mind as I talked with the younger sister. These ladies are intelligent and refined, and of very pleasing manners: their mother was a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges. They live at a pretty cottage underneath Lough Rigg, not far from Fox How.

We went to church again at half-past three: I walked with Mrs. Wordsworth. She spoke of herself—said she was rapidly growing blind: in the last week she had perceived a great change. One would get used to the deprivation, she supposed, however. Her life had been

a happy one, she added: she had very much to be thankful for. Her manner in church, I may mention, is most reverent, her head bowed and her hands clasped. As I returned from church with her a tourist accosted me: Could I tell him which was Mr. Wordsworth's house? I pointed it out to him. "We have many such inquiries," Mrs. Wordsworth said.

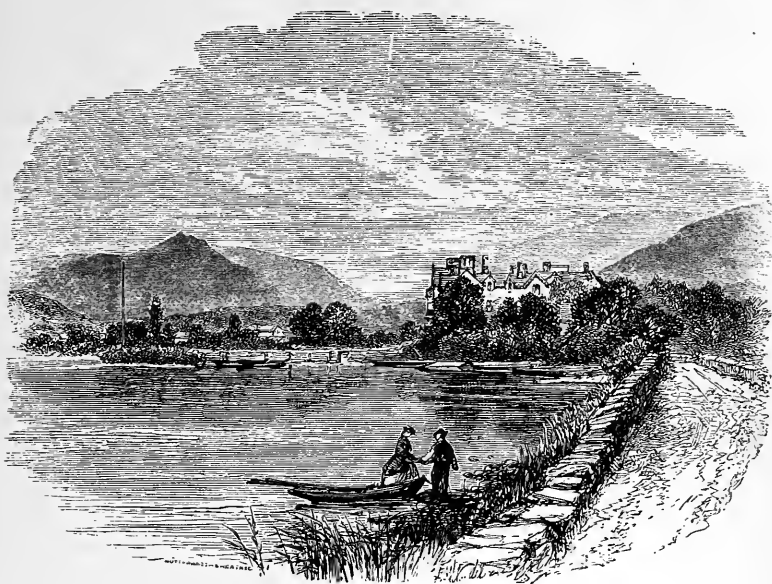
I had now to make my final adieus to the dear venerable lady. (I little thought I should ever see her again.) Her serene and tranquil old age, I said to myself, would be a lesson to me for life. She wished me a good voyage and a safe return to my friends.

William Wordsworth kindly went with me for a mountain-climb. We ascended Lough Rigg, from which we looked down on three lakes, Windermere, Rydal and Grasmere—a last view of all this beauty. How lovely were the evening lights on mountain and valley!



## WALKS AND VISITS IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

### CONCLUDING PART.



GRASMERE.

ROTHAY BANK, AMBLESIDE, Aug. 7, 1857.

**A**GAIN, after a two years' absence, I find myself in this sweet region. With my kind host, Mr. C——, I went this morning to call on Mrs. Arnold at Fox How. We found six or eight persons in the drawing-room. It was my first meeting with Mrs. Arnold: she came forward to receive us, welcomed me cordially, and presented me to her three daughters, Mrs. Twining, Mrs. Cropper and Miss Frances Arnold. I was fresh from Wharfeside, the home of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Forster. We talked about that home of such peculiar intellectual brightness, and I told of the happy days I had passed there. Mrs. Arnold's manners are gentle and winning, and I can see that her daughters owe much to her. She asked me what evening I could spend with them, and Sunday was agreed upon. Fox How I was most glad to see thus

with the stream of life flowing on in it: when I was last here the family were away. Mr. Penrose, a brother of Mrs. Arnold, a clergyman of Lincolnshire, Mrs. Penrose, and Dr. and Mrs. Perry of Bonn were the others in the room. Dr. Arnold's portrait was on the wall, also prints of Mr. Justice Coleridge, of Archbishop Whately, of Wordsworth and of Julius Hare. The views from the windows had their own peculiar beauty, half hidden though the landscape was to-day in rolling mist.

*Aug. 8.* Walked to-day along the beautiful road under Lough Rigg, that huge winding mountain, past Fox How and many other lovely country homes. Went then into the Vale of Rydal and skirted this beautiful lake, watched the reflections in the water, and gazed on the noble hills which surround the vale. I continued on: Grasmere came in sight—a large lake with a view in the

distance of the square white tower of the church under whose shadow Wordsworth lies. I passed the cottage in which Hartley Coleridge lived and in which he died. At length I reached the head of the lake, and then the church which was my destination. Once more I stood at the grave of Wordsworth, that sacred spot which, as I believe, many genera-

tions will visit, and whence a voice, we may hope, will ever speak to men of the beauty of this fair earth and the higher glory of which it is the shadow. The great poet lies by the side of his daughter, Dora Quillinan; next to her lies Dorothy Wordsworth, his sister; then Edward Quillinan and his first wife; and there is space left for Mrs. Wordsworth.



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

Sarah Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, also lies here: on the stone which marks her grave is the following:

Near the graves of two young children,  
removed from a family to which through life she was  
devoted,  
Here lies the body  
of

SARAH HUTCHINSON,  
the beloved sister and faithful friend  
of mourners who have caused this stone to be erected  
with an earnest wish that their own remains  
may be laid by her side, and a humble hope  
that through Christ they may together  
be made partakers of the same Blessed Resurrection.

Here follow the dates of her birth and death, and then—

In fulfillment of the wish above expressed here repose  
the remains of  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

[Space being left for Mary Wordsworth.]  
A little farther on are the graves of the  
two young children alluded to in the

foregoing. On the tombstone of one is this inscription:

Six months to six years added he remained  
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained.  
O Blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed  
A child whom every eye that looked on loved!  
Support us, make us calmly to resign  
What we possessed, but now is wholly Thine.

I lingered near an hour around these graves, and then retraced my steps along the water-side and beneath the shade of the solemn hills. I passed Town End, once the residence of Wordsworth, and halfway between Grasmere and Rydal I climbed the old road to the Wishing Gate, from which there is a beautiful view of Grasmere. Looking down on this fair and peaceful scene, I did not wonder that what Wordsworth calls "the superstitions of the heart" had invested the place with a magic power. It seemed natural, too, to think

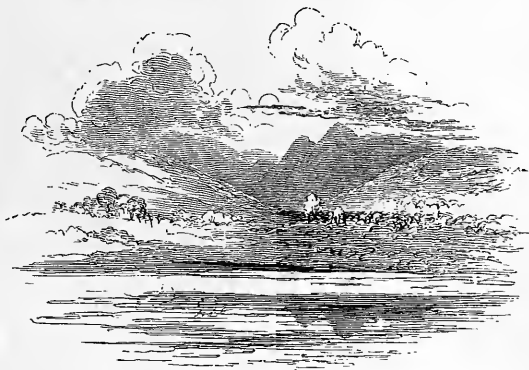
that only what was best and purest in each soul would be touched by the spell.

The local Genius ne'er befriends  
Desires whose course in folly ends,  
Whose just reward is shame.

Continuing my walk, I reached the Vale of Rydal, and then turned by the pretty shady ascending road leading to Rydal Mount. I entered by the small gateway the fair terraced garden so rich in bloom and fragrance. I saw once more the old greeting, *Salve!* as I stood on the threshold. James, the old servant, welcomed me and conducted me to the drawing-room. I found Mrs. Wordsworth seated in her old place by the fireside. Her greeting was simple and cordial, but only by my voice could she know me, for I saw at once that she was quite blind. Her grandson William was with her. She was cheerful and bright, and talked of the events of the day in the sweet quiet manner peculiar to her, and with clear intelligence, and yet she was within a few days of being eighty-seven. She was mindful, too, of the duties of hospitality, for finding I had walked about eight miles she insisted on ordering some luncheon for me. I had a good deal of talk with young Wordsworth. His resemblance to his grandfather has become quite remarkable. He has the same dreamy eyes and the same forehead. But there seemed a benediction in the very presence of Mrs. Wordsworth, so much did her countenance express peace and purity, so gentle and so sweetly gracious was her bearing.

*Aug. 9, Sunday.* I went this afternoon to the little Rydal church, and I sat in Mrs. Wordsworth's pew. No one was there but young Wordsworth. Mrs. Arnold's pew is directly opposite, both being at the end of the church nearest to the chancel. Mrs. Arnold and her three daughters were present. The old clerk from his desk near the pulpit said at the end of the service, "Let us sing to the

praise and glory of God the 'undredth psalm—the 'undredth psalm," and then with feeble step walked down the aisle to take his place as leader of the choir. The preacher was a stranger, and the sermon was an appeal for missions. He seemed a good and earnest man, but his manner was odd, and some things he said were odd too. The woman of Samaria was the text: "You remember that when Dr.



LOUGH RIGG TARN.

— of the Scotch Church was in the Holy Land he visited the well, and as he sat there he took out his Bible to read the chapter, and he let it fall into the well, and it was not recovered for a long time afterward: the well was deep." One hardly saw the drift of this. But still stranger was what followed. Speaking of our Lord's humility: "We do not hear of His going about except on foot, never in any vehicle. Once only do we hear of His riding on an ass, and that was a borrowed one." There was a quaintness in this that was worthy of the old days, and certainly there was nothing of irreverence in the preacher's manner. John Mason Neale, I remember, quotes somewhere the following equally quaint utterance from a Middle-Age writer:

Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,  
And me the little ass,  
That to the Holy City  
Together we may pass.

After the service I walked up to Rydal Mount with Mrs. Arnold. Mrs. Wordsworth was in the drawing-room. It was an interesting sight to see the two ladies

talking with each other—on the one side reverence and respect, on the other strong regard, and on both manifest affection. I thought, Would the poet and the teacher have been what they were to the world but for the help and example which each had at hand in his household life?

At half-past six I went to Fox How,



UP THE DUDDON.

where I was to drink tea. We were a large party at the table: we did not remain long, however, for we were to ascend Lough Rigg to see the sun set. We had a lovely climb in the long summer twilight. We wandered on to a jutting rock, and from thence we saw the sun go down in glory behind the mountains, leaving a splendor of crimson in the light clouds for long afterward. Below us was Lough Rigg Tarn, which Wordsworth has somewhere commemorated. Mrs. Twining told us of a walk with the poet she recalled, though she was very young at the time, which occasioned the poem: her father too was with them. A row of pines ascending a mountain on the opposite side of the valley was pointed out as "Fan's Funeral"—"A joke against me," said Miss Arnold. It seemed that 'n childhood she had somehow got the impression that it was a troop of mourners following a bier—perhaps some one had said "How like a funeral!"—and many times afterward, in visiting the spot, the child still supposed it was a

funeral, and wondered it should be so long stationary.

As we came down the mountain, Miss Arnold spoke of her recollection of the day of Wordsworth's death. She and one of her young friends were almost alone at Fox How. All day they knew that the end was at hand, and their minds were filled with the thought of it.

Late in the afternoon they climbed one of the hills looking down on Rydal Mount, their hearts bowed with a solemnity of feeling—burning, one might almost say, within them as they thought of the moment that approached. Suddenly as they looked they saw that the windows of the house were being closed, and they knew thus of the faring forth of the great soul. It was almost as if they themselves had witnessed his departure. I could well understand how the solemn Nature around would have a grave and awful look to them as they pondered in their young hearts that ending and that beginning.

I spoke of Wordsworth's own lines on hearing that "the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected":

A power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;  
But when the great and good depart,  
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return?  
Such ebb and flow must always be:  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

At Fox How we assembled again in the pleasant drawing-room: books were brought out, and passages referred to which had been suggested in our walk. At length the bell was rung for prayers, and the servants came in: Mr. Penrose officiated. One could not but think how often Dr. Arnold's voice had been heard there saying the same office. Some refreshment was brought in. I remained but a few minutes longer. Mrs. Arnold asked me to dine with them on Wednesday.

Aug. 10. My kind host has arranged an excursion of about three days, that I



may see a part of this Lake district which is seldom visited. We started from his gate at ten o'clock by coach for Broughton, by way of Coniston Water—a beautiful drive, the weather delightful and all very promising. At Broughton we had a glimpse of the val-

ley of the Duddon. Thence we went by rail along the sea-coast as far as Ravensglass, a lonely fishing village. Here we hired a car for Strand's near West Water, a distance of seven or eight miles. We stopped, however, a mile from Ravensglass, at Muncaster



WAST WATER.

Castle, "the seat of the ancient family of the Penningtons." The guidebooks say that Henry VI. was entertained here on his flight after the battle of Hexham, and that when he left Muncaster he gave to Sir John Pennington an enamelled glass vase. The glass has been carefully preserved in the castle, the tradition being that the family would never want a male heir while it remained unbroken. We drove through the park by a winding road, which brought us to the castle. The chief thing here is what is known as the terrace, cut on a hillside, and commanding a view which is said to be the finest in Cumberland. All around are noble trees and beautiful shrubbery and gay flowers, so that one could hardly think the great sea so near. Indeed, it had seemed like enchantment, the

turning in from the bleak coast to all this rich foliage and summer beauty. Very lovely are the grounds, because so unartificial. Nature has been the great beautifier. After we left the terrace we came to a little church quite embosomed in the trees—as secluded a nook as one could imagine: it is in the castle-grounds, but is the church of the neighborhood.

We continued our drive. Alas! the promise of the morning was not fulfilled. Clouds had gathered, and at length the rain began. At Strand's we found rooms in a very small inn, and concluded to stay there quietly for the night. So we had our tea-dinner, and composed ourselves to such in-door occupation as was possible. Books there were few of—some volumes of Swift's works, two

volumes of poems—Liverpool poets of fifty years ago who had not achieved fame. However, with the aid of these notes, which had fallen in arrear, and with occasional talk, the hours were beguiled.

*Aug. 11.* Still rainy and lowering. We breakfasted and waited, hoping for fair-weather signs. The rain did for a while cease, and I drove alone to Wast Water, two miles distant. This lake of black waters, with the bare mountains rising round it, showed well under the sombre sky. The mountains were capped with mist, so I could only imagine their height, but the whole length of the lake lay stretched out before me. In desolate, savage beauty this surpasses all the other lakes of the region. It is said to look its best on gloomy days: its dark color is perhaps due to the great depth of the water.

Returning to the inn, I found my friends all ready for our start for Seathwaite, eight miles distant. We had still to keep to the one-horse car, the only vehicle to be had in these out-of-the-way places. At Seathwaite we obtained an open carriage for the rest of the journey, eighteen miles. We passed through Egremont, and saw the ruins of the castle—through Ennerdale, and stopped to look at the churchyard, the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful pastoral *The Brothers*. At Scale Hill, which was our destination, we had again good weather, and it was a lovely view with which our journey for the day closed. My friends' carriage was awaiting us at the hotel, and the coachman had brought us our letters. He left Rothay Bank this morning, and came by way of Keswick, a drive of thirty miles. We dined, and then, as the clouds had broken away and the sun was about setting, we went out to enjoy the evening. We climbed the hill, from which a beautiful view of Crummock Water opened before us. John the coachman came up afterward, bringing his bugle, on which he plays very well. He soon set for us "the wild echoes flying," and all the vale below was filled with the sound. We then wandered away to the edge of the lake

and watched the play of the evening light on the tranquil waters.

*Aug. 12.* We started at half-past six this morning to drive to Keswick to breakfast, twelve miles. The weather was beautiful, and all the fair vales and hills were in their full loveliness in the morning light. As we drew near Keswick we saw from a hill Derwent-water and Bassenthwaite Lake, and the town in the centre of the valley, which lay below us. We passed the church where Southey lies, and then crossed the Greta and drove by Greta Hall, and so into Keswick. Here we breakfasted, and our horses had a two hours' rest, and we then started again for Ambleside, seventeen miles. We ascended first the long hill from which there is the noble view of the Vale of Keswick and of its lakes, and of Skiddaw and the other mountains—a view which twice before I have had the happiness to see. When I last looked down on it, it was under a cloudy sky: now there was the full beauty of sunlight. But every foot of the way between Keswick and Ambleside has its charm: Southey calls it the most beautiful drive in the world. Why should I attempt to describe it? I may note the wonderful reflections in the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, especially the latter. There was no ripple to disturb the glassy transparency. The islands, the sloping shores, the hedges, and the grazing sheep, all were doubled, and no water-line was to be seen. I suppose the mountains around protect the lake from currents of wind, and give a blackness to it which makes it so excellent a mirror.

At a little after one my friends set me down at the entrance to Fox How. I was to dine there to meet Thomas Arnold and William Wordsworth, and we were to have a walk together in the afternoon. But Arnold had been suddenly called to Dublin, and had just started. Wordsworth, however, was there, and with him Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, who had just come to spend a few days at Rydal Mount—an old man of eighty-three, but fresh and gay and wonderfully fluent in discourse. He was a

great friend of Wordsworth's, and was twice his companion in traveling on the Continent. Southey, Coleridge and Lamb he knew well also. I was presented to him, and reminded him that

five years ago I had the honor to breakfast with him in London—a fact which, I grieve to record, he seemed quite to have forgotten.

Dinner was soon announced, and the



CRUMMOCK AND BUTTERMERE.

large table was again well filled. Mr. Robinson took the talk pretty much. He sat on Mrs. Arnold's right, and I was directly opposite. Perhaps it was having me in full view that led him to speak so much of the Americans he had known in the last forty years. He told us of his chance meeting with young Goddard of Boston in Switzerland in 1820, when he and Wordsworth were traveling together, and how that meeting had caused poor Goddard's death. Wishing to be in Wordsworth's company, he had asked Mr. Robinson's permission to join them in the ascent of the Rigi. He altered by so doing his course of travel, and a day or two afterward, in crossing the Lake of Zug in an open boat with a companion, a storm came on, the boat was upset, and he was drowned: his companion escaped by swimming to shore. We recalled Wordsworth's elegiac stanzas on the occasion, and I ventured to add as a conclusion to the story that when Professor Reed was getting together the American contribution to

the Wordsworth memorial window, a letter came from Mrs. Goddard, the mother of the young man who near forty years before had perished, desiring to take part in the commemoration, and referring to the imperishable monument to her son which the great poet had reared. She was then eighty-five, and had lived to give this token of her gratitude.

Mr. Robinson had a great deal to say about the Rev. James Richmond, an American, a man of genius, but famous chiefly for his eccentricity. But I need make no further note of his discourse. He diverged perpetually, and sometimes did not come back to the main track of his story. I was half sorry that my presence should be the occasion of his talking so much about my countrymen. I should have preferred a subject which would have been of more interest to the others who were present. But it was idle to attempt to direct the current of his speech. Equally futile was Mrs. Ar-

nold's effort to retain possession of the joint which was placed before her, and which she was about to carve. Mr. Robinson insisted with peremptory courtesy on relieving her, and as he brandished the great knife, continuing the while his animated talk, there was naturally a less skillful performance of the duty which was then of immediate urgency. Glances were exchanged by Mrs. Arnold with some of her guests, in part of apology and in part of amusement at the spectacle. And, sooth to say, the fair tablecloth suffered from Mr. Robinson's double mind.

I remained most of the afternoon at Fox How, walking about the grounds or sitting under the shade of trees near the house, talking with one or other of the ladies. Seldom have I passed pleasanter hours. In the evening I was again with Mrs. Arnold and her daughters on a visit at one of the neighboring houses. Nine o'clock came, and with it the *Times*, which was eagerly opened. The news from India is just now of absorbing interest. I should mention that Mrs. Arnold read us this afternoon letters from her son William, author of *Oakfield*, from the Punjaub. Under date of February last he speaks of a Mohammedan secret organization, having its centre at Delhi and ramifications everywhere, which he thinks means evil. He is the more of this opinion because his Persian secretary, whom he thinks very ill of, belongs to it. Writing under date of June 15, he says the Bengal Sepoy no longer exists, and that the civilization of fifty years has gone in a day. The laying of the Atlantic cable is another matter of great interest just now. All England is watching its progress. Despatches from the ship come almost hourly as it steams westward.

*Aug. 16.* My last Sunday in England. I went by the beautiful Fox How road to Rydal to church, and sat in Mrs. Wordsworth's pew. She and Mr. Crabb Robinson and William Wordsworth were there. Mrs. Wordsworth to-day enters her eighty-eighth year. I sat by her side as I did two years ago, in this same pew, the Sunday before I sailed. Her

meek countenance, her reverent look, I saw once more—the face of one to whom the angels seemed already ministering. Service being over, I shook hands with her, and received a kind invitation to dine at Rydal Mount. Leaning on Mr. Robinson's arm, she went out, Wordsworth and I following. Mrs. Arnold and her daughters stopped to make their congratulations on her birthday, as others did, following her afterward with loving looks. We ascended the steep hill, Mr. Robinson talking, as usual, a great deal.

Once more I was at Rydal Mount: there were the books, the pictures, the old chairs. I went up stairs with Wordsworth to his room: it is the one that Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, occupied so long—the room in which she died. The house is very old, the passages narrow, the ceilings low, yet there is an air of comfort everywhere. At dinner Mr. Robinson was the talker, as he always is. He told us of his intercourse with Goethe, whom he seems to have seen a good deal of. He said he never mentioned Wordsworth's name to Goethe, fearing that he would either say he had never read his poetry or that he did not like it. He said Southey was only a collector of other men's thoughts: Wordsworth gave forth his own. Wordsworth was like the spider, spinning his thread from his own substance: Southey the bee, gathering wherever he could. Mrs. Wordsworth did not join us at table till the dessert came in. Then her one glass of port having been poured out for her, she took it in her hand and turning her face toward me, said, "I wish you your health, Mr. Yarnall, and a prosperous voyage and a safe return to your friends!"

The interval after dinner was short. I received, if I may so say, Mrs. Wordsworth's final blessing and went my way, thankful it had been given me to draw near to one so pure, to a nature so nobly simple. Not only her children, but all who have come in contact with her, will rise up to call her blessed. Surely, thrice blessed was the poet with such a wife; and indeed he himself with wonderful

fullness has declared she was almost as the presence of God to him :

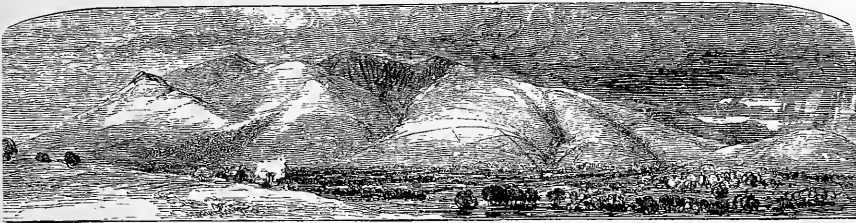
That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,  
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend ;  
Yet bear me up, else faltering in the rear  
Of a steep march : support me to the end.  
Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;  
Through thee communion with that love I seek ;  
The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the  
creed.

My last evening in this sweet region was spent at Fox How. With Mr. Thomas Arnold and Miss Arnold I once more in the long twilight climbed Lough Rigg Fell. There stretching out before us

was range after range of gray mountains, with Skiddaw in the distance—a solemn and peaceful view, and to me a leavetaking of one of the loveliest regions of the earth.

HOTEL, WINDERMERE STATION, July 4, 1873.

Again, after sixteen years' interval, I am on the threshold of this lovely region. I have been walking in the twilight hours through bowery lanes, hoping to reach the lake, but I took a wrong direction, and only when it was time to return did I get from a high part of the road a glimpse of the fair waters. I pass-



SKIDDAW.

ed many gateways with broad graveled drives leading from them, doubtless to beautiful homes, for all this neighborhood is occupied by lovely dwellings, more or less secluded and embowered in all luxuriant greenery. It was between nine and ten o'clock when I got back to the solitude of the hotel. There were people there, no one of whom I knew. I can stand being alone with Nature, but the constrained silence of the coffee-room of an English inn is a trifle depressing.

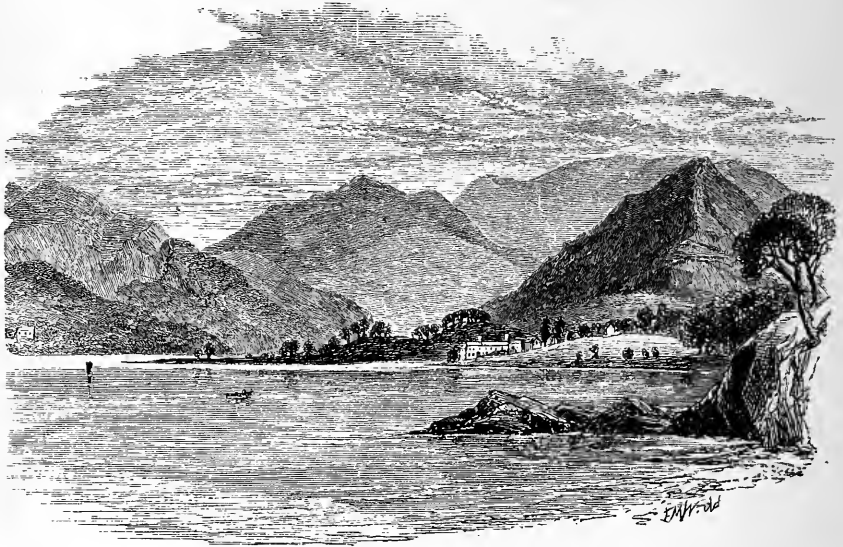
July 5. I started early in a fly for the ferry at Bowness, then crossed the lake in almost a toy steamer to the Nab promontory, and thence took my way on foot by a quickly-ascending road toward Hawkshead. From the summit of the ridge I looked back upon Lake Windermere with its wooded promontories and its islands and its encircling mountains. The morning was beautiful, and the whole scene was in its rich summer loveliness. I had forgotten how fair and glorious were these Westmoreland lakes and mountains. Farther on

I came to Esthwaite Water, a lake a mile and a half in length, and soon afterward I entered the Vale of Hawkshead. The old church on a rocky eminence is the chief object as you approach the town. At the base of the hill on which it stands is the grammar school at which Wordsworth received his first lessons, as he tells us in *The Prelude*. I found carpenters at work in the old school-room, and one of them told me he had himself been a scholar there, and he showed me the desk at which Wordsworth sat. The school-house, the church and the streets of the town had all a quaint and antique look. I could fancy there had been little change since Wordsworth and his brother Christopher, afterward master of Trinity College, Cambridge, were scholars here, near a hundred years ago. It had been the chief object of my pilgrimage, the sight of this school-house. Coniston was my further destination. A coach was standing at the door of an inn, which I found was just starting for this place, so I climbed to an outside seat,

and found as my sole companion a good-natured man who at once entered into talk with me. He seemed a well-to-do man, and as he told me soon whence he had come and whither he was going, I naturally imparted to him what had been the object of my pilgrimage to Hawkshead. He seemed to find it hard to account to himself for my enthusiasm: still, the only inquiry

he made of me in endeavoring to enlighten himself was a singular one. "Was he a rich man?" he asked me, referring to Wordsworth. I was obliged to admit that he was not. Then we talked of the races at Newcastle, and on this subject my friend had greatly the advantage of me.

We descended upon Conistone Water by a long steep hill. The hotel known



WINDERMERE.

as the Waterhead Inn is beautiful as to architecture, and there were about it flower-beds with geraniums in glorious bloom—such splendor of color as I never saw before. I went out in a boat on the lake, and enjoyed for a while the view of the hills around. Then rain came on, and I had to row quickly back, and my remaining hours were spent at the inn. But the spacious coffee-room commanded such a delightful view that there was little hardship in remaining in-doors. At about five in the afternoon I started on the coach for Ambleside. I was on top by the coachman, a civil fellow who knew every foot of the way. Three young ladies sat on the still higher seat behind. They were of severe propriety of manner, but they were refined, and talked with a careful modulation of voice

which is peculiarly English. The afternoon was dull, but it did not rain. The road was perpetually either up hill or down, and the views every step of the way were lovely. We went through Yewdale, and stopped within a few minutes' walk of Skelwith Force, a waterfall reminding one of a single portion of Trenton Falls. Time was allowed us to see this, and then we climbed to our high seats again, the young ladies having the help of a ladder, and drove along the banks of the Brathay, passing as I drew near Ambleside the gateway of the pretty house which had been a home to me in two former visits. Alas! the dispensers of that gracious hospitality; my kind host and hostess, have both been removed by death. At the Salvation Inn, Ambleside, I received the

welcome answer that I could have a room: the traveling season has begun, and as I had not written in advance, I had my fears.

*July 6.* It rained last night when I went to bed, but the day broke gloriously, and this wonderful, this enchanting region seemed to have a new and fresh charm. A young Canadian joined me in my walk to the Rydal church just under Rydal Mount. There was the little church just as I had last seen it, only that it had been greatly improved as to the exterior architecture. Inside it was but little changed: the old high-backed pews remained. There in her accustomed place, in the large square pew near the chancel, sat Mrs. Arnold, and by her

Miss Frances Arnold, both fronting the small congregation. I looked at the pew on the other side and missed the sweet and aged face of Mrs. Wordsworth. But the whole church seemed a memorial of her. My meeting with Mrs. Arnold and Miss Arnold was very pleasant and cordial when the service was over: they asked me to dine with them, and introduced me to the dean of Durham, who was with them. Mrs. Arnold and the dean drove. Miss Arnold said she would walk, so she and her nephew (a son of Thomas Arnold, looking wonderfully like his uncle, Matthew Arnold) and I went by that most lovely road which winds underneath Lough Rigg. The walk and the talk were delightful to



CONISTON WATER.

me: the day was of rare splendor, and there was the unspeakable beauty of the valley and of the mountains around.

At Fox How, Mrs. Arnold and the dean were in the garden: the dear old lady (she is now eighty-two) came forward and made the kindest inquiries about those I had left at home, and was in every way most gentle and gracious. And then we walked into the house, and into the drawing-room, and it seemed like a bit of enchantment, the view from the window looking back over the way we had come—the solemn mountains shutting all the beauty in, as it were, giving thus a framework and a setting to it. We sat and talked, and there was such a sense of kindly

feeling as to make the hospitality I was enjoying doubly grateful. The ladies went away for a moment, and I could look at the books and the pictures. Everything spoke of culture and of thought. Much seemed to have been added to the room since I last saw it. A fine drawing in water-color, a portrait of Mrs. Arnold, hung over the fireplace—a recent picture. On the table I saw two thick volumes—the memoir and letters of Sara Coleridge. I had not known that the book was out: it seemed strange that I should see it thus for the first time at Fox How.

Our talk at dinner was very pleasant. The dean of Durham is Dr. Lake: he was, as Miss Arnold informed me, Dr.



Arnold's favorite pupil. The fact of his being a dean was proof of his learning and high reputation, for in latter times these appointments are only given on the ground of distinguished merit. He said Emerson dined with him some months ago when at Durham; that he spoke of having seen a good deal of Carlyle when in London; that he, Carlyle, was out of health and depressed. The loss of his wife preyed on him: he was unable to sleep, and the chief comfort he found in his sleepless hours was in saying over and over again the Lord's Prayer. Emerson's daughter was traveling with him, but being unwell, she could not go to dine at the dean's. At the table something from Keble was quoted, but neither Emerson nor the dean could get it right. "Oh, I'll ask my daughter," said Emerson. Emerson went with the dean to the cathedral service, and seemed greatly impressed by it. We talked of the Hare book, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. Miss Arnold had known well both Augustus and Maria Hare, as well as Julius and Esther Hare: indeed, it was probably at Fox How that the engagement of Julius Hare to Esther Maurice took place. The writer of the *Memorials* was well known to them at Fox How—a man with some eccentricity of character, with the feminine element somewhat in excess in his composition. Miss Arnold said she had within a few days talked about the book with Miss Martineau, who denounced it on some fantastic ground or other. Miss Arnold said it was not pleasant to her to hear this adverse criticism—"But you know one cannot tell a lady of great age, through a trumpet, that you utterly object to what she is saying." The dean spoke of Professor Jowett—said he was hardly the leader at Oxford he used to be: men who were his followers have gone quite beyond him, and Jowett seems to draw back in consequence. Of Maurice the dean spoke with great respect: he said Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, was the chief representative of his opinions. Mr. Forster too might be mentioned as a leading man on whom the teaching of

Maurice had had a strong influence. Mrs. Arnold took part with much animation in all the talk: she seemed perfectly bright in mind. I was delighted to see her cheerfulness and serenity, and to feel that her closing days had so much of joy in them.

As I climbed Lough Rigg late in the afternoon I thought of the long forty years of Mrs. Arnold's widowhood, and of how much had been given to cheer its loneliness—the loving dutifulness of her children, her home in this beautiful region, around which must cling, for her, such vivid and tender associations, the ever-recurring evidences of the fruitfulness of her husband's teaching. All this must have brought peace to her in the slowly-passing years. I thought of Wordsworth too when, my view widening with each step, I at last reached a height from which I could look down on Rydal Water as well as Windermere. I wondered whether this grand Nature had made the man, or whether his genius had invested it with something of the charm which it has now for all beholders. I stood among gray mossy rocks: sheep were browsing on the grassy spaces between; below me lay the whole Ambleside Valley, with the church in the centre. A very Sabbath stillness seemed on all the hills and in the vale beneath. I said to myself, "Surely to any man such sights as these must give elevation of mind: how much more to a poet!" I could understand the good that must have come to Wordsworth, wandering as he did over these hills, with the thought ever present to him that Nature was to be his teacher, and that it was to be his work to interpret her to men.

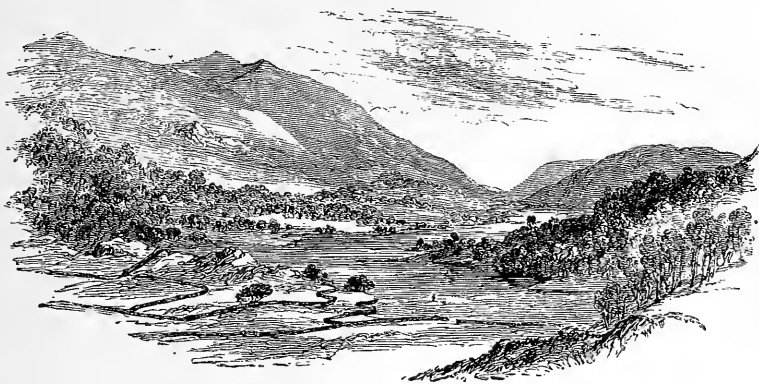
Late in the afternoon I called on the Misses Quillinan (Jemima and Rotha, commemorated by Wordsworth), and had pleasant talk with them over the past. They told me that my friend of former visits, William Wordsworth, the poet's grandson, was now at home from India on a visit: he has been head of a college at Poonah for twelve years. I shall hope to see him when I reach Cockermouth. The ladies told me that



the old Wishing Gate had been removed, and a new gate put in its place: they showed me a bar of the old gate, and I sought to make trial once more of its mystic power. The Misses Quillinan, as being the step-daughters of Dora Quillinan, are the nearest, and indeed the only, representatives of Wordsworth remaining here in the neighborhood of Rydal Mount.

*July 7.* I left Ambleside to-day for Keswick. I was on the outside of the coach, and had a full view of the slopes of the hills, the green of the pastures,

fretted here and there by crags; and I saw the sweet lakes once more, Rydal and Grasmere, and farther on there were numerous flocks of sheep coming down the mountains, probably for the shearing. Dogs were guiding them and keeping them together with wonderful and unerring instinct. And then we passed Thirlmere, which is the highest of the English lakes. Here the view had become wild and desolate, the hillsides bare and rocky. We descended from this high valley into a fair smiling country once more. The coach stopped at



THIRLMERE.

the entrance to St. John's Vale, and I determined to walk to Keswick by that route. It is a narrow, winding valley, shut in by deep hills, with a stream flowing through it. On either side of the water there is thick wood, but with open spaces here and there, and farm-houses. The rocks which overhang the vale at about the centre have the look of a fortress. I entered the vale of the Greta, and then descended the long Saddleback, and made my way at length to the Portingscale Hotel: there I rested after my three hours' walk, and in the evening went on by rail to the neighborhood of Cockermouth, where I was to spend a few days at the house of some dear friends.

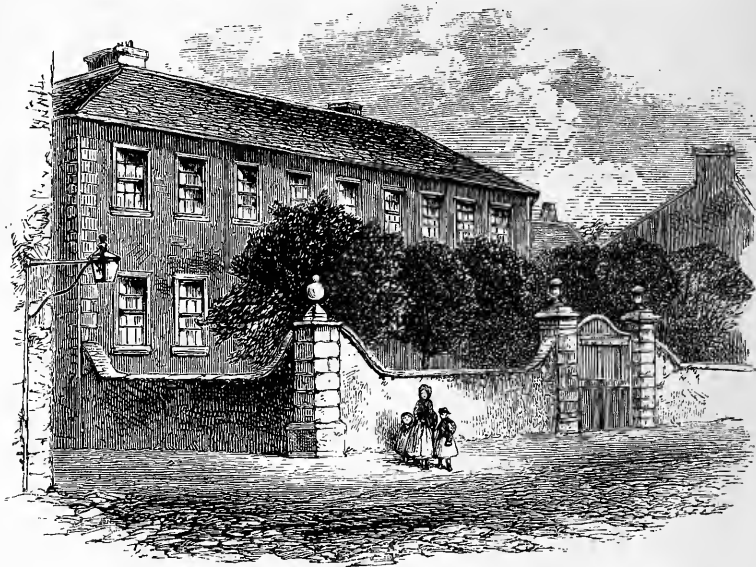
Of this visit I need make but little record. I saw at Cockermouth the square and respectable mansion, quite the most

considerable house in the town, in which Wordsworth was born April 7, 1770. The house has undergone but little change, it is said, since that date. I met William Wordsworth too, as I had hoped I should. He and his wife were staying with his father, the Rev. John Wordsworth, vicar of Cockermouth. He was bearded and bronzed and otherwise changed, as a man well might be after twelve years in India. His wife showed more of the ill effect of the climate: her appearance was extremely delicate.

I may note one interesting incident which Mr. Wordsworth told me. He had been on a visit to Professor Jowett at Oxford, and was there on a Saturday, the day on which Jowett gathers about him whatever people of distinction he knows. "On this occasion," said Wordsworth, "I was to hand out to dinner a particular lady, but her name was not

mentioned to me, or at least I did not catch it. She, however, was told that I was a grandson of Wordsworth. 'Oh,' said she, 'I began to read Wordsworth

when I was fifteen, and have gone on ever since with continually increasing pleasure;' and then her talk flowed on with such strength and power, and show-



HOUSE IN COCKERMOUTH IN WHICH WORDSWORTH WAS BORN.

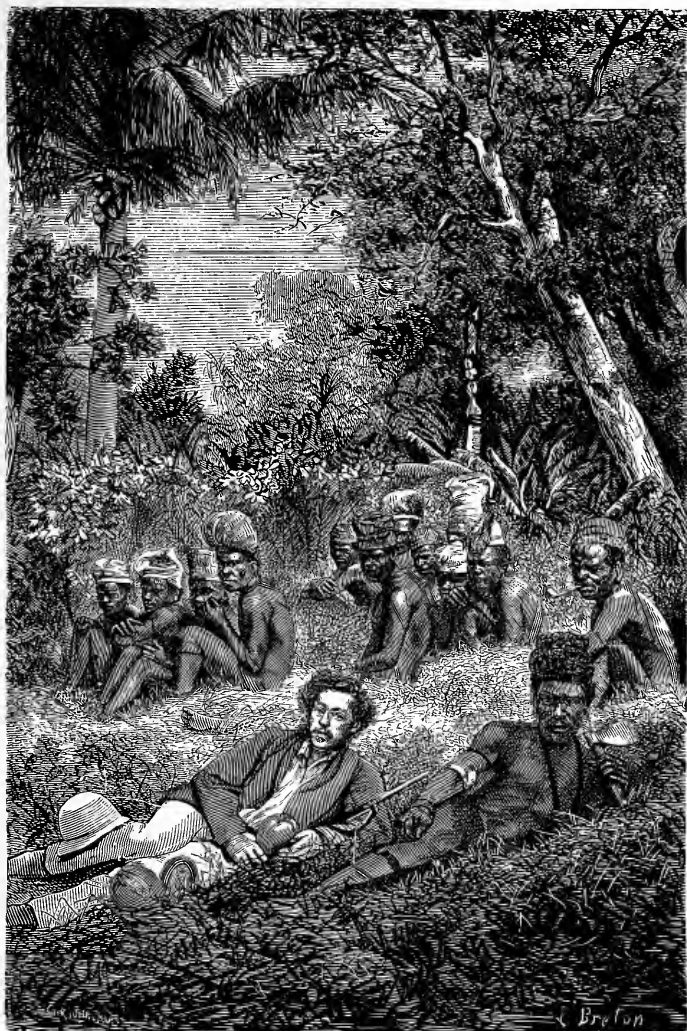
ed such elevation of mind and such grasp and mastery of all learning, that I was certain she could be no other than Mrs. Lewes. So I asked her if she was not the author of *Middlemarch*, and she said she was. In the drawing-room afterward she showed herself on the same level with Greek scholars and men of science, with whom she talked, filling with wonder all who listened."

Mr. Wordsworth spoke of his important position at Poonah, giving him direction of the education both of Hindoos and Europeans. I could not doubt his fitness for the work he had undertaken, but I remembered what I thought was the promise of sixteen years ago, and I fan-

cied that whatever India might have gained, England had lost a man of letters—perhaps a poet. He was the last of my friends of the Lake district with whom I had intercourse in that visit of 1873. It chanced that he accompanied me on my journey from Cocker-mouth to Carlisle, and there, on the threshold as it were of the region, we parted—he for the East when his brief furlough should be over, I for the West. I felt always that I had much in common with him, but now, with half the globe between us, and the changes which the flowing years might bring, the chance was small of our ever meeting again.



## SIX MONTHS AMONG CANNIBALS.



A HALT IN THE BRUSH.

PERHAPS as good an illustration of the purely absurd (according to civilized notions) as can be imagined is a congregation of cannibals in a missionary church weeping bitterly over the story of Calvary. Fresh from their revolting feasts upon the flesh of their conquered

enemies, these gentle savages weep over the sufferings of One separated from them by race, by distance, by almost every conceivable lack of the conditions for natural sympathy, and by over eighteen hundred years of time! Surely there must be hope for people who manifest such sensi-

bility, and we may fairly question whether cannibalism be necessarily the sign of the lowest human degradation. A good deal of light is thrown upon the subject by the writings of the young engineer, Jules Garnier, who was lately charged by the French minister of the interior with a mission of exploration in New Caledonia, the Pacific island discovered by Captain Cook just one hundred years ago, and ceded to the French in 1853.

It is about three hundred and sixty miles from Sydney to New Caledonia, a long, narrow island lying just north of the Tropic of Capricorn, and completely surrounded by belts of coral reef crenelated here and there, and forming channels or passes where ships may enter. Navigation through these channels is, however, exceedingly hazardous in any but calm weather; and it was formerly thought that the island was on this account practically valueless for colonization. Once inside them, however, vessels may anchor safely anywhere, for there is in effect a continuous roadstead all around the island. The passage through the narrow pass of Dumbéa, just outside of Nouméa, affords a striking spectacle. On each side of the ship is a wall of foam, and the reverberating thunder of the waves dashing and breaking upon the jagged reefs keeps the mind in breathless suspense.

The site of Nouméa seems to be the most unfortunate that could be chosen. It is a barren, rocky spot, divested of all luxuriance of vegetation, and the nearest water, a brook called Pont des Français, is ten miles away. The appearance of the town, which fronts the harbor in the form of an amphitheatre, the houses and gardens rising higher and higher as they recede from the sea, tended somewhat to reassure the explorer, who had been wondering that human stupidity should have been equal to selecting in a tropical country, and in one of the best-watered islands of the world, such a situation for its capital. Wells are of little account, for the water thus obtained is at the level of the sea, and always salt. The population has to depend upon the rain that falls on roofs, and as the cleanliness of

these is of prime importance, domesticating pigeons is strictly forbidden. This might not be much of a deprivation in most places, but in New Caledonia, of all the world, there is a kind of giant pigeon as large as a common hen! This is the *noton*, the *Carpophage Goliath* of the naturalist.

The hotel at Nouméa was a kind of barracks, with partitions so slight that every guest was forced to hear every sound in his neighbors' rooms. M. Garnier, to escape this inconvenience, purchased a garden-plot, had a cottage built in a few days, and so became a proprietor in Oceanica. Before setting out on his exploring expedition into the interior he tried to interest the government in a plan for cisterns to supply the city with water—a project easy of execution from the natural conformation of the locality. But his scheme received no encouragement from the old-fogyish authorities. They were at that moment entertaining one which for simplicity reminded Garnier of the egg problem of Columbus. This was to distill the sea-water. He made a calculation of the cost of thus supplying each of the sixteen hundred inhabitants with five quarts of water a day, which showed that the proposition was impracticable under the circumstances.

From the showing of official accounts, this French colony of New Caledonia must be one of the most absurd that exists. The military and naval force far exceeds in number the whole civil population; and this, too, when the natives are quiet and submissive, few in number, and fast dying out through the inordinate use of the worst kind of tobacco, pulmonary consumption and other concomitants of civilization not necessary to enumerate. Contrast this with the rich and populous province of Victoria, which has only three hundred and fifty soldiers; with Brisbane, which has only sixteen to a population of one hundred thousand; and finally Tasmania, which has only seven soldiers for two hundred thousand colonists!

It was believed formerly that New Caledonia was rich in gold-mines, and the principal object of the expedition of M. Garnier was to discover these. After

one or two short excursions in the neighborhood of Noumea he set out on an eight months' journey through the entire eastern portion of the island. The plan which he adopted was to double the southern extremity of the island, sail up the eastern coast between the reefs and the mainland, as is the custom, stopping at the principal stations and making long excursions into the interior, accompanied by a guard of seven men. This plan he carried out, though some parts of the country to be explored were inhabited by tribes that had seldom or never seen a European. His testimony as to the almost unexceptionable kindness of the natives, cannibals though they are, must be gratifying to those who accept the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Of the natives near Balarde he says: "The moment you land all offer to guide your steps, and in every way they can to satisfy your needs. Do you wish to hunt? A native is ever ready to show you the marsh where ducks most abound. Are you hungry or thirsty? They fly to the cocoanut plantation with the agility of monkeys. If a swamp or a brook stops your course, the shoulders of the first comer are ever ready to carry you across. If it rains, they run to bring banana-leaves or make you a shelter of bark. When night comes they light your way with resinous torches, and finally, when you leave them, you read in their faces signs of sincere regret."

Captain Cook, in his eulogies of these gentle savages, probably never dreamed that they were anthropophagi, and if he had known the fact, his kindly nature would have found some extenuation for them. Cannibals, as a rule—certainly those of New Caledonia—do not eat each other indiscriminately. For example, they dispose of their dead with tender care, though they despatch with their clubs even their best friends when dying; but this is with them a religious duty. They only eat their enemies when they have killed them in battle. This also, in their code of morals, appears to be a duty. Toussenel, in his *Zoologie Passionnelle*, has a kind word even for these savages: "Let us pity the canni-

bal, and not blame him too severely. We who boast of our refined Christian civilization murder men by tens of thousands from motives less excusable than hunger. The crime lies not in roasting our dead enemy, but in killing him when he wishes to live."

During M. Garnier's expedition he met the chief Onime, once the head of a powerful tribe, now old and dispossessed of his power through the revolt of his tribe some years previous. At that time a price had been put upon his head, and he took refuge in the mountains. There was no sign of discouragement or cruelty in his manners, but his face expressed a bitter and profound sorrow. There was not a pig or a chicken on his place—for he would have nothing imported by the *papalès*, or Europeans—but he gave his guests a large quantity of yams, for which he would accept no return except a little tobacco. When, however, Garnier tied a pretty crimson handkerchief about the head of Onime's child, who danced for joy at the possession of such a treasure, the old chief was visibly moved, and gave his hand to the stranger. Two years later this old man, being suspected of complicity in the assassination of a colonist, was arrested, bound in chains and thrown into a dungeon. Three times he broke his chains and escaped, and each time was recaptured. He was then transported to Noumea. M. Garnier happened to be on the same ship. The condition of the old man was pitiful. Deep wounds, exposing the bones, were worn into his wrists and ankles in his attempts to free himself from his chains. Three days later he died, and on a subsequent examination of facts M. Garnier became convinced that Onime was innocent of the crime charged against him. On the ship he recognized Garnier, and accepted from him a little tobacco. Tobacco is more coveted by these people than anything else in the world, and the stronger it is the better. The child almost as soon as he can walk will smoke in an old pipe the poisonous tobacco furnished specially for the natives, which is so strong that it makes the most inveterate European smoker ill. "Gin and brandy have been

introduced successfully," but the natives as a rule make horrible grimaces in drinking them, and invariably drink two or three cups of water immediately *to put out the fire*, as they say.

These natives speak a kind of "pigeon English." It would be pigeon French, doubtless, had their first relations been with the French instead of the English. The government has now stopped the sale of spirituous liquors to the natives, and recommended the chiefs to forbid their subjects smoking until a certain age, but no precautions yet taken have had much influence upon their physical condition. They are rapidly dying out. The most prevalent disease is pulmonary consumption, which they declare has been given them by the Europeans. Fewer and fewer children are born every year, and in the tribes about Poëbo and some others these are almost all males. Here is a curious fact for scientists. Is not the cause to be found in the deteriorated physical condition of the women? Mary Trist, in her careful and extensive experimentation with butterfly grubs, has shown that by generous feeding these all develop into females, while by starving males only appear.

M. Garnier believes that the principal cause of the deterioration and decay of the natives in New Caledonia is the terrible tobacco that is furnished to them. "Everybody pays for any service from the natives in this poison." A missionary once asked a native convert why he had not attended mass. "Because you don't give me any tobacco," replied this hopeful Christian. To him, as to many others, says M. Garnier, going to church means working for the missionary, just as much as digging in his garden, and he therefore expects remuneration. The young girls in regions where there are missions established all wear chaplets, for they are good Catholics after a fashion, and generally refuse to marry pagans. This operates to bring the young men under the religious yoke. Self-interest is their strong motive generally. The missionary makes them understand the value of his counsel in their tribes. It means their raising cocoanuts for their

oil, flocks of chickens and droves of hogs, for all of which they can obtain pipes, quantities of tobacco, a gun, and gaudy-colored cottons. When the chiefs find that their power is gradually passing from them into the hands of the missionaries, they only smoke more poisonous tobacco, expose themselves all the more to the weather through the cheap fragmentary dress they have adopted, and so the ravages of consumption are accelerated. Pious Christian women, who have always given freely of their store to missionary causes, begin to see that the results are not commensurate with their sacrifices—that their charity, even their personal work among heathens, teaching them to read and write and study the catechism, to cover their bodies with dress and to love the arts of civilization, can avail little against the rum, tobacco and nameless maladies legally or illegally introduced with Christianity.

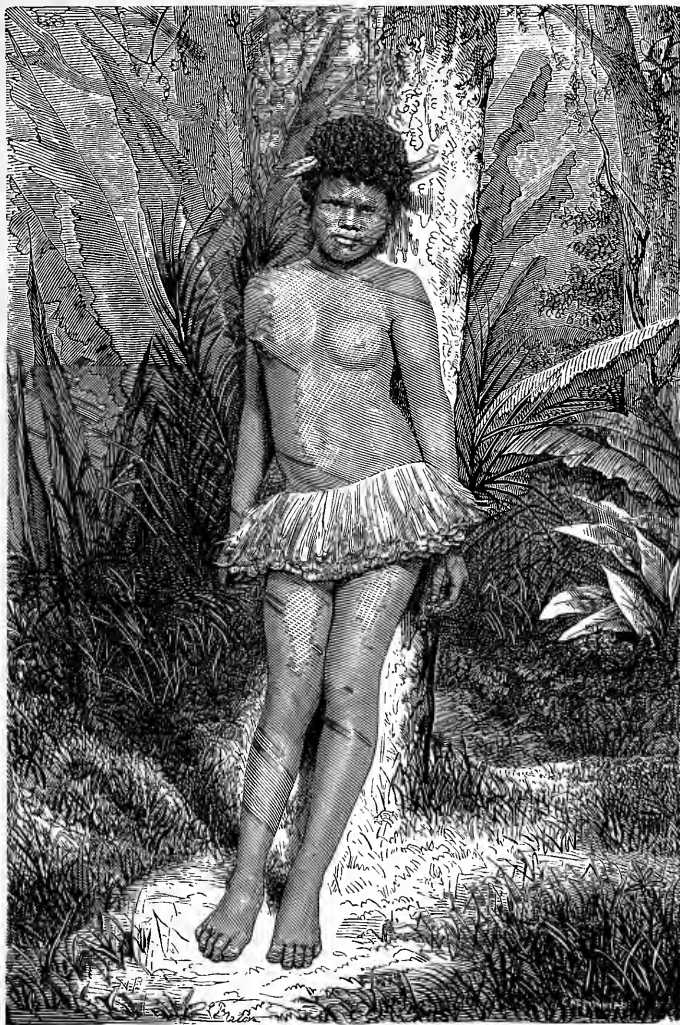
During one of M. Garnier's excursions into the interior he came across one of the sacred groves where the natives bury their dead, if hanging them up in trees can be so designated. His guides all refused to accompany him, fearing to excite the anger of the manes of their ancestors. He therefore entered the high grove alone. Numerous corpses, enveloped in carefully-woven mats and then bound in a kind of basket, were suspended from the branches of the trees. Some of these were falling in pieces, and the ground was strewn with whitened bones. It seems strange that this form of burial should be chosen in a country where at least once a year there occurs a terrible cyclone that destroys crops, unroofs houses, uproots trees, and often sends these basket-caskets flying with the cocoanuts through the air.

In New Caledonia there are no ferocious beasts, and the largest animal is a very rare bird which the natives call the kagon. When, therefore, they saw the English eating the meat from beef bones they inferred that these were the bones of giants, and naively inquired how they were captured and what weapons of war they used. The confidence and admiration of these children of Nature are easi-

ly gained, and under such circumstances they talk freely and delight in imparting all the information they possess. Among one of the tribes near Balarde, M. Garnier noticed a young woman of superior beauty, and made inquiries about her.

This was Iarat, daughter of the chief Oundo. The hornlike protuberances on her head were two "scarlet flowers, which were very becoming in her dark hair."

This poor little woman had a history. It is told in a few words: her father sold



IARAT, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OUNDO.

her to the captain of a trading-vessel for a cask of brandy. The "extenuating circumstances" in this case are that Oundo had been invited on board the captain's ship, plied with brandy, and

when nearly drunk assented to the shameless bargain. When Oundo became sober he repented of his act, and the more bitterly because the young girl was betrothed to the young chief of a neighbor-



ing tribe. But he had given his word, and was as great a moral coward as many of his betters are, who think that honor may be preserved by dishonor. Nearly every coaster has a native woman on board—some poor girl of low extraction, or some orphan left to the mercy of her chief and sold for a hatchet or a few yards of tawdry calico; but the daughters of chiefs are not thus delivered over to the lusts of Europeans. The case of Iarat was an exception. These coasters' wives, if such they may be called, are said to be very devoted mothers and faithful servants. All day long they may be seen managing the rudder or cooking in the narrow kitchen on deck.

The vessel in the service of M. Garnier left him at Balarde, near the northeastern extremity of the island, but, having determined to explore farther north, he applied to Oundo, who furnished him with a native boat or canoe and two men for the expedition. In this boat were stowed the camping and exploring apparatus and cooking utensils, and three of his men, who were too fatigued by late excursions to follow Garnier on foot. The canoe was not very large, and this freight sunk it very low in the water; yet as the sea was perfectly calm, no danger was apprehended until, a slight breeze springing up, a sail was hoisted. The shore-party continued their course, exploring, digging, breaking minerals, etc., generally in sight of the canoe, which M. Garnier watched with some anxiety. Suddenly, Poulone, his faithful native guide, exclaimed, "Captain, the pirogue sinks!" There was no time to be lost, for one of the men could not swim at all, and the other two but indifferently. Fortunately, the trunk of a tree was found near the water, some paddles were improvised, and this primitive kind of boat was quickly afloat, with the captain and Poulone on board. The canoe was some rods from the shore, but the three men were picked up, having been supported meanwhile by their dark companions. The latter did not swim ashore, but the moment they were relieved from their charges, and without a word, set about getting the canoe afloat. As to

the cargo, it was all in plain sight, but more than twenty feet under the limpid water. This was a great misfortune. Some of the instruments were valuable, and could not be replaced. If not recovered, the expedition to the north of the island must be abandoned. In this strait Garnier despatched a messenger back to Oundo, asking the old chief to come to the rescue with all his tribe. "I did not count in vain," says he, "upon the generosity of this man, for very soon I saw him approach, followed by the young people of his tribe." He listened to the recital of the misfortune with every sign of sympathy.

"Oundo," said M. Garnier, "I expect that you will once more show your well-tried friendship for the French people by rendering me a great service. Do you think you can recover these things for me?"

"Oundo will try," replied the chief simply. He then addressed his people and gave his commands. In a moment, and with a loud cry of approbation and good-will, they dashed into the water and swam out to the scene of disaster.

It is a fine sight to see these natives of Oceanica, the best swimmers in the world, darting under the water like bronze tritons. They generally swim beneath the surface, coming up from time to time to breathe, and shaking the water from their thick curly hair. M. Garnier followed the natives on the log that had served as a lifeboat, and to encourage them by example undressed and threw himself into the water. The work commenced. Twenty or thirty feet is not much of a dive for a South Sea Islander. Every minute the divers brought up some object with a shout of triumph. They were in their element, and so spiritedly did they undertake the task that women, and even the children, dived to the bottom and constantly brought up some small object. The three guns of the men, their trappings, the heavy box of zoological specimens, all the instruments, were brought up in succession. Even the sole cooking-pot of the expedition and the tin plates were recovered. The work occupied some six hours. M. Gar-

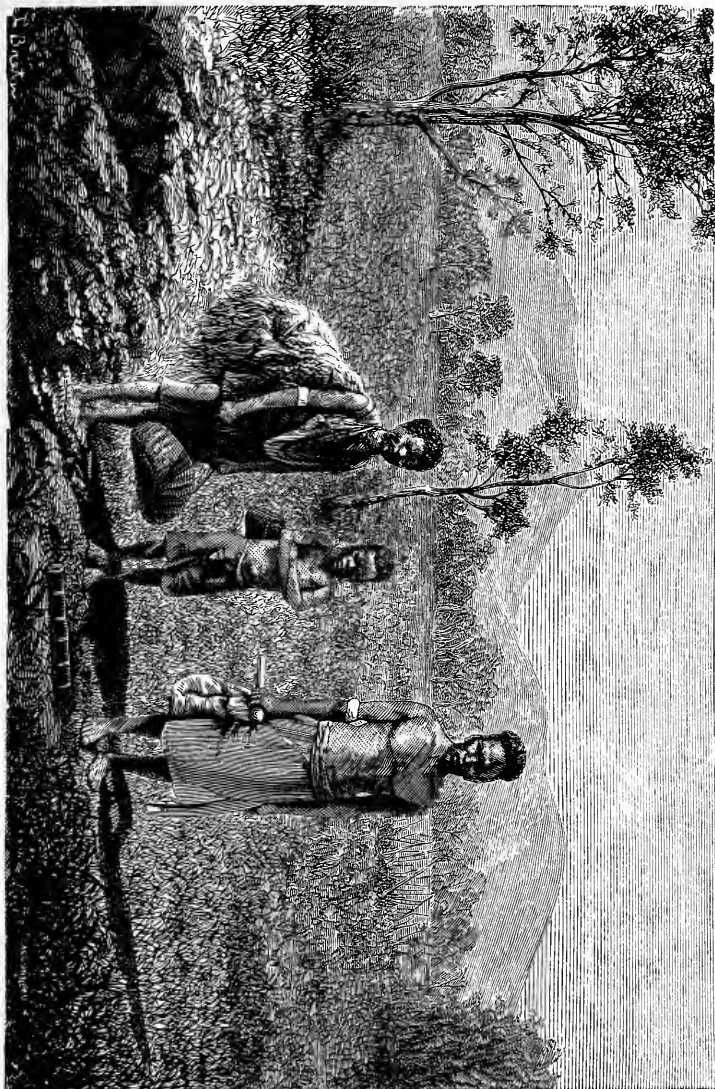


nier thanked the chief and his brave people, who when the work was finished returned to their huts as quietly as they came. And this chief was the man

who had sold his daughter for a keg of brandy!

Another chief, named Bourarte, the head of a great tribe near Hienguène,

A KANACKA FAMILY TRAVELING.



deserves, a few words. He was a chief of very superior experience and intelligence. He had studied civilization diligently, enjoyed the society of Europeans and knew that his people were barba-

rians. His story is a most touching one. He said: "I always loved the English. They treated me as a chief, and paid me honestly for all they received. One day I consented to go with them to their great

city of Sydney. It was there that I learned the weakness of my people. I was well received everywhere, but I longed to return. It was with pleasure that I saw again our mountains and heard the joyful cries of welcome from my tribe. About that time your people came. I paid little attention to them at first, but because one of my men killed a Kanacka who was a protégé of the missionaries there came a great ship (the *Styx*) into my port. The captain sent for me. I went on board without fear, but my confidence was betrayed. I was made a prisoner and transported to Tahiti. It was six years before I saw my tribe again: they had already mourned me as dead. I will tell you what happened in my absence. My people prepared for vengeance: the French were apprised of the fact. They came again. And as my people, filled with curiosity, flocked to the shore, the French fired their cannon into the crowd. My people were frightened and fled into the woods. Your soldiers landed, and for three days they burned our huts, destroyed our plantations and cut down our cocoa trees. And all this time," added the old chief with a heavy sigh, "I was a prisoner at Tahiti, braiding baskets to gain a little food, and the grief that I suffered whiten-ed my head before the time."

After a long pause, during which the old Bourarte seemed lost in thought, he said, "It is true that my people revenged themselves. They killed a good many, and among them one of your chiefs. What is most strange about this war is, that three English colonists, who lived peacefully among us by their commerce and fishing, were taken by the French and shot. Another Englishman, Captain Paddon, to whom I had sold many a cargo of sandal-wood, on learning the fate of his compatriots, fled on board a little boat with one Kanacka and a few provisions, got out to sea, and, as I have been told, actually gained the port of Sydney." This, it seems, is a historical fact. It was a boat without a deck, and the distance is three hundred and sixty marine miles!

The result of the exploring mission of

M. Garnier was not a discovery of gold-mines, as so many had hoped. He is of the opinion that gold deposits are scarce in the island. His report of the natives is on the whole favorable, and confirms the testimony of missionaries and others, that they are superior savages, easily civilized and Christianized, but from some cause or combination of causes fast dying out before the advance of civilization. In some respects they are less rude than other South Sea Islanders, but they treat their women in much the same way. M. Garnier gives us a photograph of a New Caledonia family on the road, the head of the family, a big, stolid brute apparently, burdened only with his club, while his wife staggers along under the combined load of sugar-canes, yams, dried fishes and other provisions.

A more revolting, but also, happily, a far rarer sight, was that of a cannibal banquet, of which M. Garnier was a concealed witness. The scene was a thicket in the wildest portion of the country, and only the chiefs of the tribe, which had just gained a victory over its enemies, took part in the feast. A blazing fire threw its bright glare on a dozen figures seated around huge banana-leaves, on which were spread the smoking viands of the diabolical repast. A disgusting odor was wafted toward the spot where our Frenchman and his companions lay perdu, enchained by a horrible fascination which produced the sensation of nightmare. Directly in front of them was an old chief with long white beard and wrinkled skin, who gnawed a head still covered with the singed hair. Thrusting a pointed stick into the eye-sockets, he contrived to extract a portion of the brain, afterward placing the skull in the hottest part of the fire, and thus separating the bones to obtain a wider aperture. The click of a trigger close to his ear recalled M. Garnier to his senses, and arresting the arm of his sergeant, who, excited to indignation, had brought his musket to his shoulder, he hurried from a scene calculated, beyond all others, to thrill the nerves and curdle the blood of a civilized spectator.

## AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

THE contributions of Japan to our Centennial Exposition have greatly

enriched their minds with the physiognomy, the dress and the arts of the Japanese.

In the engraving on the following page many will recognize the curious night-lamp or lantern, the little low table, and especially the screens or partitions presenting those ever-recurring storks or flamingoes on the wing, the sketchy, struggling vegetation and the conventional pyramidal mountains; but the bed may surprise some whose notions of a Japanese couch are derived from that wonderfully-elaborate carved bedstead which was one of the marvels of the exposition. The bed here shown is the common one found everywhere in Japan. The sleeping arrangements are heroically simple, requiring no extra rooms, the bed and sleeping apartment being improvised anywhere with large screens, a thin mattress of rice straw and a wooden pillow—the latter a sort of guillotine-block with a hard cushion on the top covered with many sheets of white paper. These sheets are turned or changed as they become soiled. This strange head-support, the same, we are told,



PORTRAIT OF M. COLLACHE IN JAPANESE COSTUME.

ly augmented the respect of our people for that interesting country, and family as that used by the ancient Egyptians, preserves an elaborate coiffure, like that

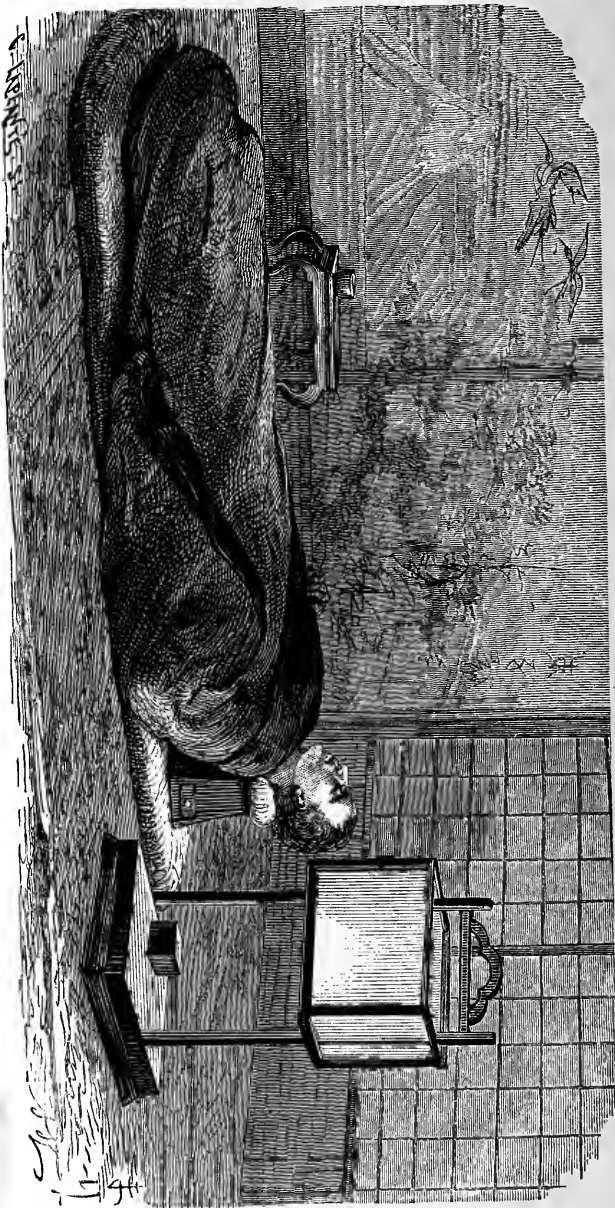
of the Japanese, from all danger of derangement during sleep.

The illustrations of this paper are from sketches made on the spot by a French gentleman, M. Collache, who was one of the corps of military officers sent to Yedo in 1868 to instruct the Japanese troops in the art of European warfare. On one occasion he was received by one of the ministers of a provincial prince in a tea-house (*otchaya*). His description of the dinner is very interesting. Hot *saki*—a fermented liquor made from rice—was passed from hand to hand in a delicate porcelain cup thin as an egg-shell. Eggs variously prepared, a sort of radish preserved or pickled, fish raw and cooked, boiled bamboo-roots and shell-fish formed the first course. Tables about a foot high were then brought and placed one before each guest, who squatted on his heels if able to do so; which Europeans seldom are, at least for any considerable length of time.

They generally sit on the mats cross-legged. The little tables on this occasion bore each a huge bowl of rice and

two lacquered bowls, each containing a different soup, the principal ingredients

A JAPANESE BED.



of which were eggs, mushrooms, vegetables, rice-cakes and tiny fish. Broiled fish was served also, chopsticks, of course

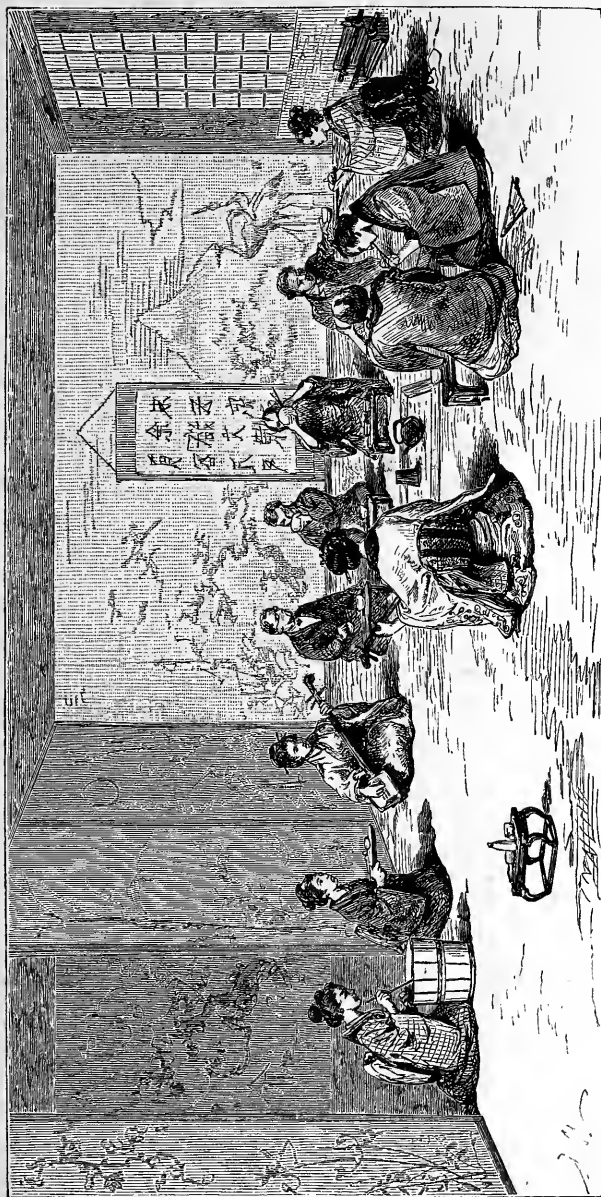
being used in place of knives and forks. The dinner was enlivened by singing, the

dinner ended with tea, served in little cups: afterward came smoking in tiny pipes and the performances of dancing-girls.

The military instruction of the troops was interrupted by grave political troubles, the insurrection of the daimios or feudal lords against the tycoon, who represents the temporal party and the party of progress of Japan. The French commission, however, remained in the country and took up arms for the tycoon.

On one occasion during the struggle it was decided to surprise and attack the enemy's fleet lying in the little harbor of Nambou. It consisted of eight ships, large and small, one being a powerful iron-clad bought in this country, while the attacking force numbered three only—the Kaiten, the Aschwelotte and the Hannrio, the first being a steam corvette armed with twenty-two guns of different calibres: M. Collache commanded the Aschwelotte. The ex-

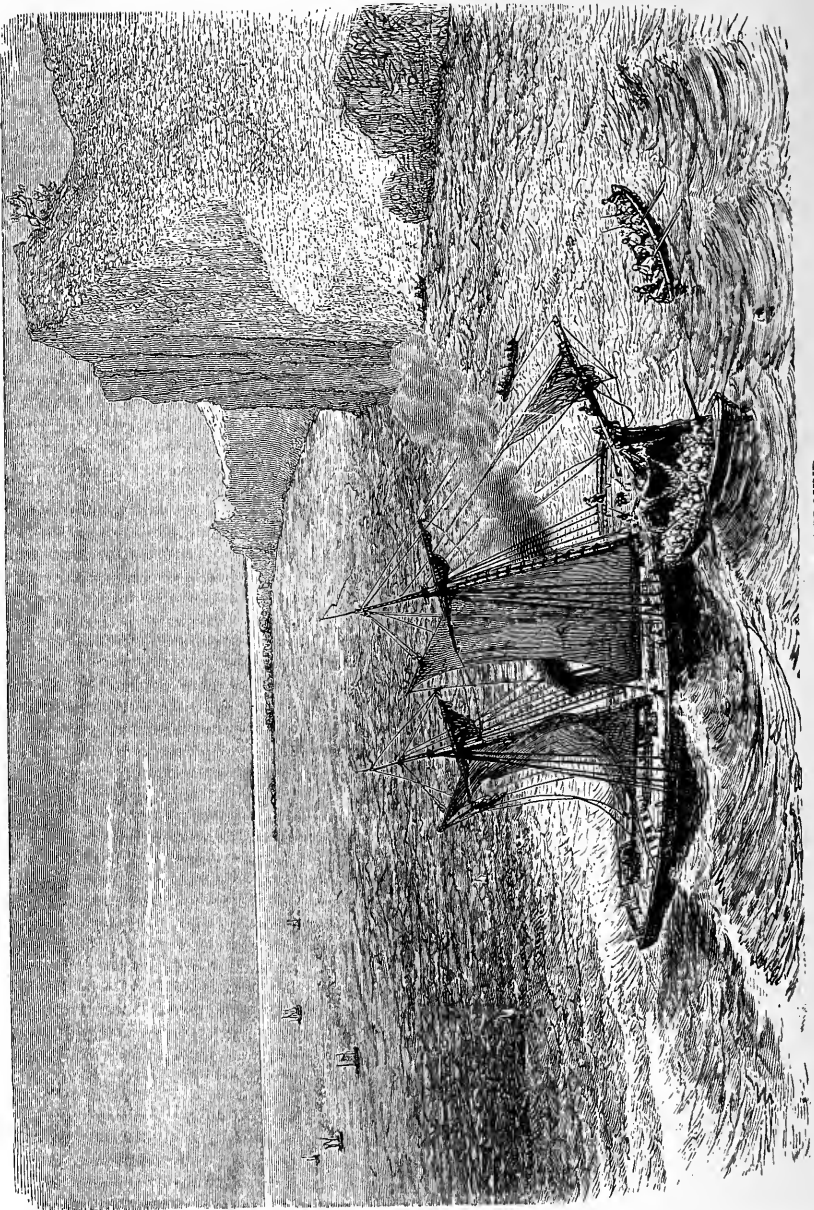
DINNER GIVEN BY A JAPANESE MINISTER.



performers being young girls accompanying themselves with odd-looking, long-necked guitars of three strings. The

pedition failed to accomplish its object, but the experience of the commander of the Aschwelotte is full of interest. At





THE ASCHWELOTTE AGROUND.

Sanimoura the Kaiten sent a boat ashore for news. Scarcely had the boat returned when a Japanese boat left the shore and came out to the fleet, which in order to make this landing safe had run up the enemy's flag. The Aschwelette stopped,

and some *yacounins*—Japanese officers—came on board to present their compliments. They had been deceived by the flag, and were amazed when they saw M. Collache, whom they recognized, having met him before. Here was a di-

temma! To keep these men as prisoners of war was not desirable, and to allow them to return was to betray the object of the expedition. The former course was decided upon, and the yacounins, having had the matter explained to them, took it very philosophically, or, in other words, with true Japanese indifference to the inevitable.

The next event of importance was the running aground of the *Aschwelotte* upon reefs in a fog, and the hailing of a fisherman, who came on board and served as pilot. This was but the beginning of disasters. A severe storm not only delayed the attack, but so injured the machinery of the *Aschwelotte* that she was obliged to put into a port beyond Miako, the destination, for repairs. During the storm the Hannrio was lost sight of, but the *Kaiten* accompanied the *Aschwelotte* into port, the former under the American, the latter under the Russian, flag. The repairs of the *Aschwelotte's* machinery proved very unsatisfactory. Her speed was greatly retarded, and the other ship went ahead and engaged the enemy, expecting the *Aschwelotte* to come up with her fresh troops in the heat of the combat.

The expedition proved an utter failure. The *Aschwelotte's* crew heard the cannonade with terrible impatience at the slow progress of the ship, which could not reach the scene until after the action had ceased. Entering the Bay of Miako, they saw the *Kaiten* come out and sail north with all speed, refusing to reply to the signals of the *Aschwelotte*. This was a mystery which was not explained until long after. M. Collache now saw himself, his ship and his men in imminent peril. Capture was inevitable unless the ship could be run ashore and the crew escape into the mountains of Nambou. About thirty yards from the shore the ship ran on the rocks. Then occurred a scene of indescribable confusion. M. Collache, revolver in hand, compelled the men to defer lowering the boats until the cargo was thrown overboard, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. They spiked the guns, smashed the engine, and the commander, being the last to leave the ship, pre-

pared a fuse for blowing it up. For this purpose all the ammunition had been heaped together in the hold. Most of the crew of seventy natives had gone ashore in the boats, and were ordered to wait while a boat returned to the ship for the rest; but seeing the Stonewall and another ship of the enemy close upon them, they were seized with panic and scrambled up the cliffs in terror, leaving M. Collache to swim ashore—a feat he accomplished with one hand, holding his arms above the water with the other to prevent their getting wet. The enemy's ships now opened fire upon the flying crew, but only two were killed. The rest reached the summit of the cliffs safely just as a terrible explosion and a dense column of smoke announced the blowing up of the *Aschwelotte*. The enemy sent some of his force ashore to pursue the fugitives, and a shower of bullets fell around them while ascending a hill some distance from the river. No one was hurt, however, and the pursuit was abandoned.

While passing along a romantic path through a wood the party came across a rock upon whose numerous points were hung bits of folded paper. M. Collache put out his hand to take one of them. His companions cried out to hinder him, and explained that these papers were *yen mousoubis* (*yen*, "marriage," and *mousoubai*, "to bind"), bearing the names of unhappy lovers disappointed in their hopes of marriage. Before these rocks, thus consecrated, they come to pray to God to remove the obstacles to their union. "I perceived in this," says M. Collache, "one of the most touching traits of Japanese sensibility. Very grave in their outward bearing, the Japanese affect, especially before Europeans, indifference to everything relating to tender sentiment; but beneath this conventional mask beat generous hearts, loyal to the family affections and to hearts."

The first night after abandoning the ship the whole party slept crowded in two rooms of a small village, which was so poor that it did not possess a grain of rice. All that could be obtained was a small quantity of yellow and rather in-



THE LOVERS' ROCK.

insipid grains or seeds, which keen hunger made palatable, as it did also an old and rather tough fowl which M. Collache shared with his Japanese officers. A cordon of sentinels was stationed around the house to prevent a surprise.

The next morning M. Collache held a council with his men to discuss the situation. He proposed that the party should separate—that the Japanese, disguising themselves as peasants, should each seek whatever destination he desired, while



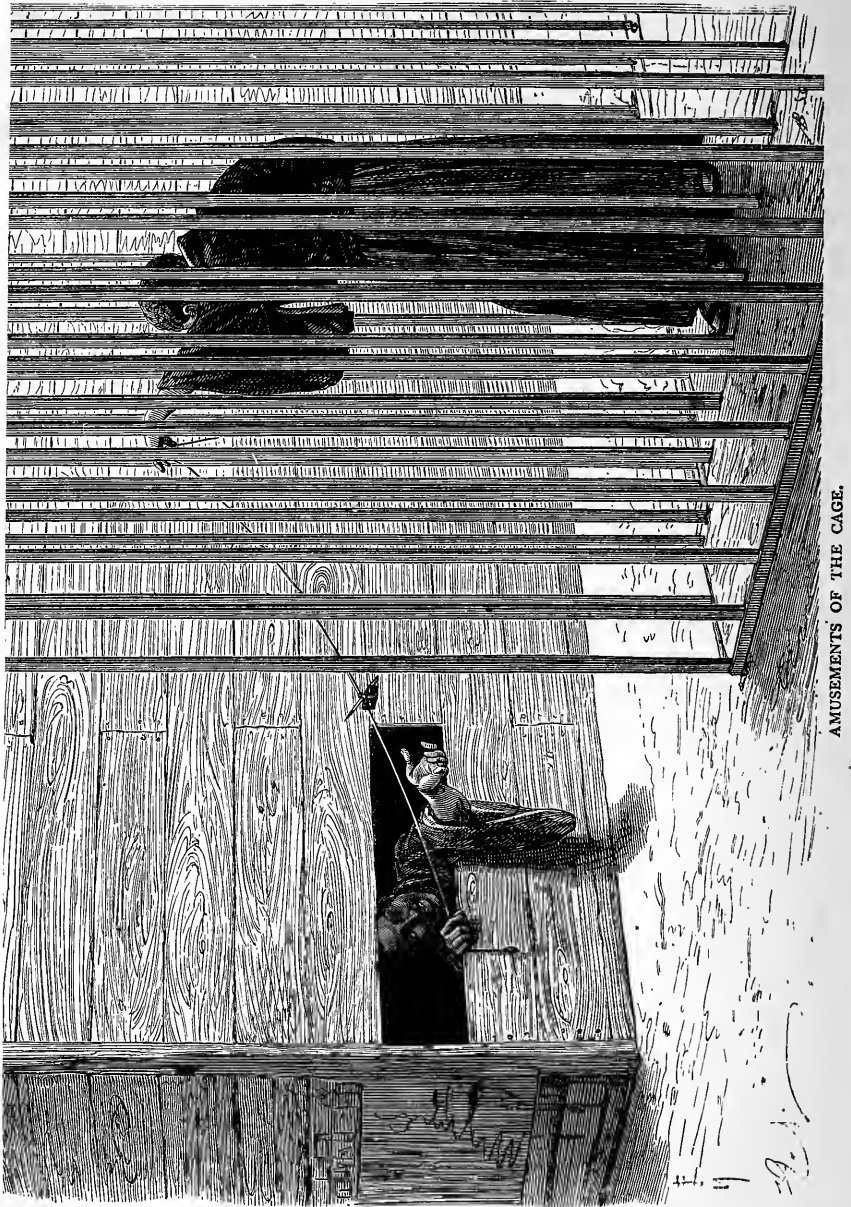
he, their chief, sure to be captured sooner or later, should at once give himself up to the enemy. The rest would not agree to this, but proposed that they should all surrender, commending themselves to the clemency of the victor. This seemed to the chief like a lack of courage, and he reproached them spiritedly, but finally said, "I am not a Japanese: do as you think best;" and without waiting for a reply ordered an immediate departure, the destination being a village on the sea not far distant, where an abundance of rice and other provisions could be obtained. At this place the sight of fishing-vessels anchored in the bay suggested the possibility of hiring a junk to take them to Hacodaté, the place from which the expedition had set out. M. Collache made this proposition to his first officer, who received it with many idle objections, and, being pressed for better reasons, confessed that after a council held among themselves he had written to the prince of Nambou surrendering the party as prisoners, the chief being mentioned as one of the number. To leave after this would be an act of bad faith, and not to be thought of for a moment. This prince had been on the side of the tycoon during the insurrection of the daimios, and had not abandoned his cause until after repeated defeats.

The following morning four yacounins arrived, and after a long conference with the Japanese officers announced that the prince their master received the party under his protection, engaging himself to conduct them safely to Yedo at his own expense. All the men were then called, one by one, to lay down their arms, the chief alone excepted. This was a signal mark of respect, and most gratefully received. An escort of soldiers next appeared with horses and oxen bearing pack-saddles. Each one chose the mount he preferred. "I confess," says M. Collache, "that I could not but laugh at the odd figure of my Japanese soldiers astride these horned beasts, which nearly all of them chose, not knowing how to ride a horse." Each prisoner had two guards, who walked one on each side of his horse or ox, and

thus the cavalcade, numbering nearly four hundred, moved on toward the capital of Japan. The weather was magnificent, and the kindness of the prince of Nambou unremitting. He gave to the chief and to each of the Japanese officers ten rios each (about sixteen dollars), and half that sum to each of the men, for the purchase of extras necessary on the journey. Everywhere they were treated courteously; and as the messengers sent on ahead to engage lodgings carried the news that among the rebels there was a European prisoner, they found a considerable crowd gathered before every inn where they dismounted; but as M. Collache was beardless, bronzed by exposure and wore the costume of the country, he was never suspected of being the European. They always mistook one of the Japanese officers for him—a man wearing a moustache and dressed in the uniform of an American naval officer.

When the cavalcade reached the suburbs of Yedo, one of the officers came to M. Collache and announced with evident embarrassment that he had received the cruel order to take away his arms. Another came with a present of fifteen rios (one hundred and twenty francs) from the prince of Nambou, and a gracious message demanding pardon for all the discomforts experienced during the journey, and apologizing for the modest sum remitted: the state of his fortune did not permit him to do more. M. Collache was profoundly moved by the kindness of the prince, and returned a message to that effect.

From this last halting-place the prisoners were carried in *cangos*, a kind of sedan-chair, to the prison. There they were divested of whatever they carried about their persons, an exact inventory being made in every case, and then conducted to their cells, which were literally cages, having a double row of bars. M. Collache was put in a cage with fourteen others. The sole article of furniture was a bucket of water. He remarks upon the gayety of spirits of his companions, which from the first never left them, and adds that this gayety so reacted upon him that he found himself, despite his position



AMUSEMENTS OF THE CAGE.

and the fact that he might at any moment be led out to execution, joining in their laughter and their devices to while away the time.

Three meals were served to the prisoners daily, composed exclusively of

rice except at midday, when salt fish was added. M. Collache, not liking salt fish nor a diet exclusively of rice, asked for some of the money taken from him on his entrance to the prison. The request was granted, and this enabled

him to procure soup at each meal prepared by one of the jailers.

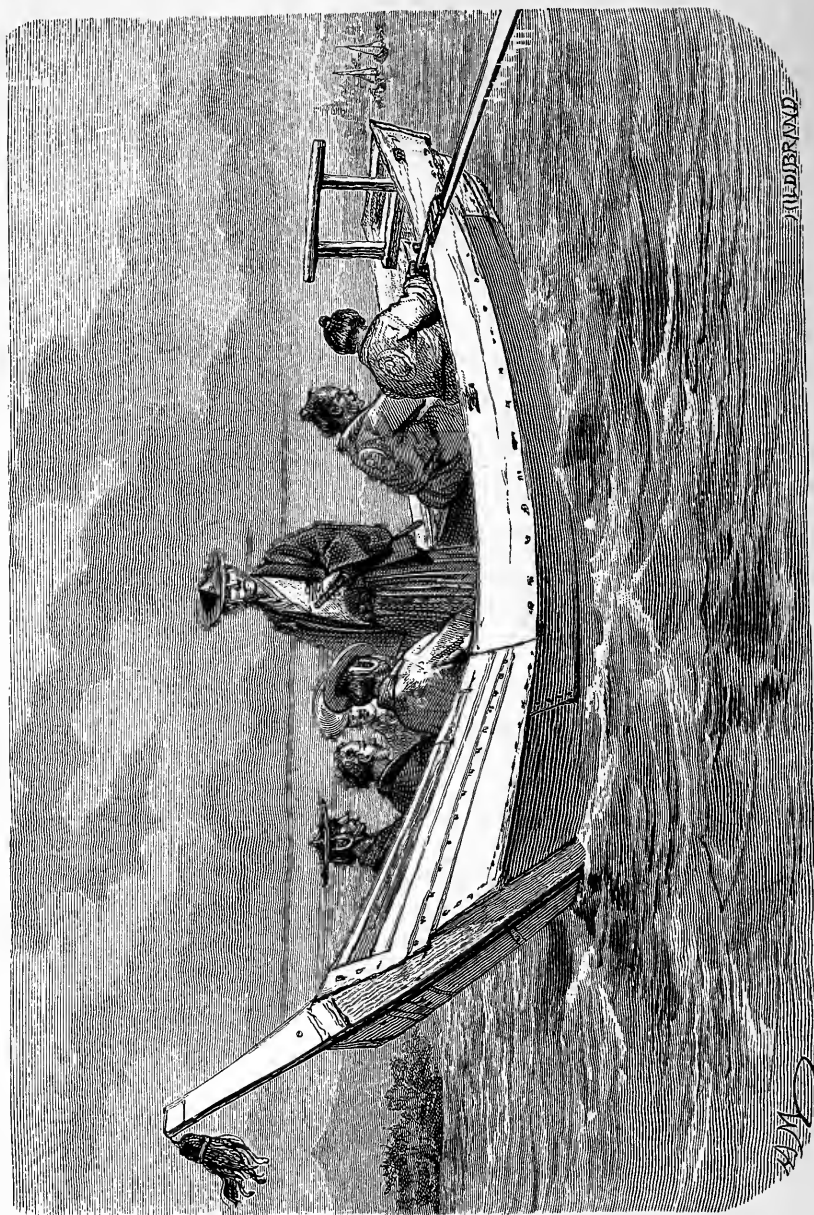
On the third day his companions were taken away, and he was left alone in his cage. "I should have suffered intensely from solitude," he says, "but for a singular adventure which happened the next day. The barriers of my cage were sufficiently far apart for me to pass my arm between them. On three sides I had a view of prison-walls, but they were distant from me about six feet. In these walls, high up, there were very small windows, through which my cage was lighted. By climbing up my bars I could see a small patch of sky and the few trees embraced by my narrow horizon. The fourth side of my cage looked out on a board wall of a neighboring prison. My companions had left me on the morning of the preceding day. As the night approached, and as I felt myself gradually being overcome by a gloomy melancholy, I heard some one call me in Japanese. I trembled in every limb at this call: I could not imagine from whence it came. It was a muffled voice, seeming to come from under the ground. To the prisoner every unusual sound suggests the hope of escape. Visions of trap-doors and underground passages rushed into my mind. I listened intently. The voice called again, but this time all mystery vanished. It came from the board partition. It was only a prisoner like myself. Still, it was a pleasure to have any one to talk with, and an animated conversation ensued. My neighbor was also a prisoner of war. Captured at the opening of the campaign, he had been confined eight months in a dark cell, so low that it permitted only a sitting posture. I expressed pity for his horrible position. He replied, laughing, that he began to be perfectly habituated to his narrow dwelling, and, moreover, he had found a way to render it more agreeable. Before revealing his secret he made me promise the most perfect discretion. Immediately one of the boards of his wall was silently removed, and in the opening there appeared the head of a young man. His face, which was frightfully pale, wore a pleasant

smile. I cannot express the emotion I experienced at witnessing the sudden opening of this solid wall and the appearance of a human face. It was like the opening of a coffin by the dead."

The prisoner explained that in the long silence and darkness of his cell he had occupied his hours in creeping about and feeling every part of his wall until at last he found a nail whose head projected slightly beyond the surface. To work at this nail, and finally loosen and remove it with his teeth and nails, and then to remove the board, was an easy task for him. Thus he had been able to admit a little air and daylight into his gloomy prison. The conversation was kept up until far into the night. The next day, as soon as the guardians were out of the way, the board in the wall was again silently removed, and there being more light, M. Collache had a better view of the unhappy prisoner. "His face was that of a man intelligent and sincere, but the darkness in which he had so long lived had made his complexion the color of porcelain. Still, he was all smiles, and appeared to support his misfortunes in the most philosophical manner in the world."

A way was soon found for other communication than that of words. The French prisoner, with some soft Japanese paper, braided a cord some four yards long, and fastening a small weight upon one end threw it to his friend. On this cord he sent him a little money with which to procure much-needed articles through the turnkeys. The things most coveted were India-ink and pencils. These were strictly forbidden, but M. Collache, by great perseverance, and especially by promising to give the turnkey some sketches, obtained them at last. These he shared with his neighbor, and from this time the continued interchange of sketches of all kinds became the most precious pastime.

Eight days passed. The cage was then opened, and two yacounins appeared. They came to conduct M. Collache before a council of war held in a hall of the prison. A large part of the room was occupied by a platform, in the



CROSSING TO YOKOHAMA.

centre of which sat the president assisted by two judges. On each side sat a reporter with writing materials. By one of the judges sat an interpreter. The four central figures held fans in their hands. Behind them was a folding

screen which concealed a person evidently of high rank. Papers, apparently bearing questions to be put to the prisoner, were continually passing from behind this screen. The prisoner knelt upon an old mat placed before the plat-

form between the two officers who had introduced him, and who also knelt. After the first words the interpreter said to the prisoner that it would be better for him to state his case himself, as he spoke Japanese far better than he, the interpreter, spoke French.

After certain preliminary questions establishing the identity of the prisoner, he was asked why he had espoused the cause of the *Tocoungavas* (the supporters of the tycoon). "I explained as well as I could," he says, "making prominent the fact that the object of the French was one eminently calculated to benefit Japan—that the English, on the contrary, sought to exploit the Japanese. I added that the English, by lending immense sums of money, intended to cripple the government by an enormous debt, and then, having the country at their mercy, dictate their own terms of settlement. I then explained at length the project that we entertained with regard to Yesso, and the method we proposed to make it a grand centre of civilization."

The Japanese listened attentively, and gradually the marked hostility with which they first received the prisoner disappeared. Four times he was led before this council, and each time, on being dismissed, the president asked what he could send to his cell that would be agreeable to him. On each of these days a plate of chicken was added to his rations. He was interrogated in every way and cross-questioned to make him admit that he had been sent on a hostile mission by the French government; and he had great trouble to disabuse their minds of this belief. The examination finally ended: the prisoner was condemned to die.

"You have been taken," said the president, "bearing arms against the Japanese. Now, when a Japanese kills a Frenchman, what is his punishment?"

"He is condemned to death and executed," replied the prisoner.

"What, then, do you think will be your punishment?"

"You will cut off my head," replied M. Collache, emphasizing the sentence with a gesture.

"Right," said the president; and this ended the examination.

The details of the trial were of course communicated to the prisoner before mentioned. He appeared deeply moved at the result. The next morning at sunrise the cage was opened by yacounins, who, not knowing that the prisoner understood Japanese, and not wishing him to entertain any illusion, intimated to him by gestures that his head was to come off. He asked permission to bid farewell to his fellow-prisoners, and was conducted from cage to cage for a brief word and a pressure of hands. In the court of the prison, full of armed soldiers, there was a cango and four stalwart bearers standing ready to carry the prisoner to the place of execution. "I do not wish to attempt the portrayal of my feelings," writes the prisoner, "as the soldiers closed around the cango and the march commenced. I was calm outwardly, for I had long been accustomed to the idea of death: moreover, my pride made me wish to show the Japanese that Frenchmen can die as bravely as they."

After a long march through the populous streets of Yedo the prisoner was set down in an immense court bounded on three sides by high buildings, on the fourth by a canal. The troops all retired, leaving the prisoner alone. He opened the door of his cango, got out, but not knowing where to go, he stood dazed, looking around the court. Presently a door opened, and a Japanese, whose costume showed him to be of high rank, appeared. The prisoner approached him and asked what was to be done with him.

"We are waiting," he replied, "for a boat which is to take you to Yokohama, where you will be delivered to the minister of France."

"I am not, then, to be executed?"

"No."

A terrible weight was removed from the heart of the prisoner by this one word. In a few seconds a boat touched the landing, rowed by two men and bearing an escort of four yacounins. At the French legation a receipt was given for the body of the prisoner. There M. Collache found every article taken from

him on entering the prison carefully preserved. A boat was waiting to take him on board a French ship, where he was amazed to find all his French comrades. Long explanations ensued. The Hannrio, disabled by the storm, had put

back to Hacodaté. The commander of the Kaiten had been grievously wounded, the ship had been captured by the Japanese admiral, and this explained why the signals of the Aschwelotte had not been answered.

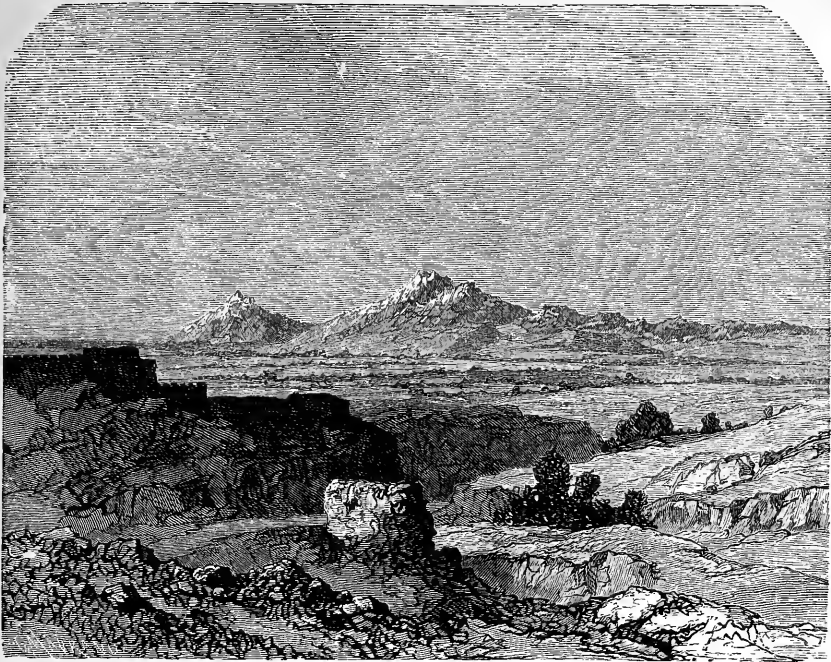
## OUR FLOOR OF FIRE.

### TWO PARTS.—I.

IN the blazing chimneys of a blast-furnace at night we have a very striking spectacle, familiar as it is. By day, the incandescent gases that form the waving red flag of the iron-master are less visible, but great volumes of smoke float abroad over a blackened country, where many forms of vegetation are blighted, grass is smothered and the trunks of trees don a dingy cloak. It is an artificial volcano on a small scale, with several craters, an attendant desert corresponding to that which surrounds Hecla, and a steady accumulation on the soil of the products of combustion. We approach the cupola amid the deafening clank of trip-hammers and whirl of fly-wheels in no feeble mimicry of the groans of the Titans under Ossa or Enceladus under Etna. The heat grows more and more oppressive as we draw toward the centre of activity. Presently, an opening is formed, and a white-hot torrent of slag, or lava, pours slowly forth. This cools so rapidly that the gases imprisoned within its substance have not time to

escape. They thus give the hardened mass, generally, a cellular or porous structure and a comparatively low specific gravity. On the surface a crust forms immediately, and you may soon walk upon it without prejudice to your shoes, as the Vesuvian tourists traverse the still-moving lava and light their way with torches improvised by thrusting their walking-sticks into the crevices. Altogether, the rehearsal of the phenomena of an eruption is, as far as it goes, exact. It would be more so were a mound of earth and rock heaped up around the furnace and its vent, while unlimited fuel continued to be supplied at the buried base. Dump into the chimney a quantity of material like that which surrounds it, add some barrels of water, and hurry out of the way. A violent ejection of lava in a vertical direction will take the place of the sluggish lateral flow we have witnessed. Cooled still more quickly by its more rapid passage through the atmosphere, it becomes more porous and lighter. It may resem-





ARARAT.

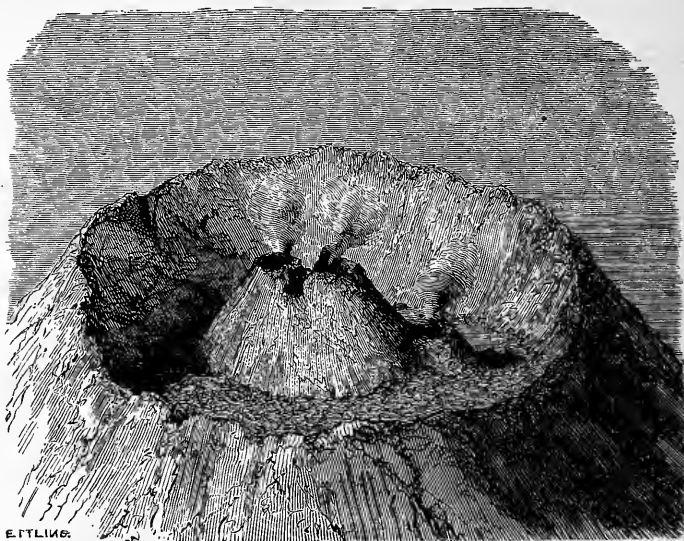
ble pumice. But there can be no such variety of mineral forms as that yielded by volcanoes. Lime, iron and clay, as a rule, comprise the contents of the furnace, with but a trifle of the characteristic element of sulphur, with which smelters of iron have as little to do as possible. The subterranean laboratory is infinite in its resources, and they appear in all the combinations heat can produce. The crystalline marble of the statuary, the granite of the builder, the gold-bearing quartz that enriches states, and the gem that glitters on the brow of beauty are but a few of the fruits of the same alembic. The lava itself varies greatly in the density of its structure, as, to a less extent, does its relative of the iron-furnace. Its gradations in this respect lie between basalt, or the almost equally hard paving-stones of Pompeii, and the delicate floating fibres scattered by Mauna Loa over the island at its base, and termed by the natives the hair of their ancient goddess Pelé. The latter substance is the result of a current of cold

air passing sharply across the surface of an outpour of lava, and has been recently reproduced artificially at the great iron-works of Essen. It resembles spun glass, and may, like it, be used as a textile. Pumice, which is lighter than water, and in great eruptions has been known to cover square miles of sea, is a more familiar form.

Man has naturally been always curious about the chimneys of his spherical dwelling-place. He is fond of observing them from below, and, when he can, from above. Vesuvius is one of the stock shows of Italy, like the Apollo and the Coliseum. Two generations ago "its blaze" was "a usual sight to gaping tourists from its hackneyed height." It is still more so now, the telegraph enabling lovers of the marvelous to stay at home till the last moment, and traverse Europe between the last preliminary throe and the actual outbreak. After the construction of a few more railways on the west coast of South America we shall, on our side of the Atlantic, be able to

make pleasure excursions at short notice to Sangay, Sorata and Antuco, each of which in round numbers exceeds in altitude by fifty per cent. Vesuvius piled on Etna. Or we may at once shorten the

trip and encourage home industry in the eruptive line by taking Mr. Proctor Knott's railway to Mount St. Helen's, a peak of our own, not quite so lofty as its fellow-warders of the opposite end of



CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN 1845.

the Cordilleras, but nearly up to the united inches of the two European cracks.

A course of inquiry which began with the establishment of the first volcanic observatory by Empedocles, and has been pursued in our day by such men as Spallanzani, De Buch and Humboldt, could not fail to have notable results. Let us glance at some of them, and at some of the labors through which they were attained.

Dissection—in the case of so active a subject as a volcano really vivisection—was the first thing in hand. The frame of the giant, his head and arteries coursed by fire, the nervous fluids that made the expansion and contraction of his granite muscles felt across a continent, his chevelure of flame and smoke that darkened kingdoms, and his eruptions of ashes and melted rock that buried cities, were to be probed and analyzed. The task was one eminently calculated to bring out the heroism of science and add to its martyrology. More than one ex-

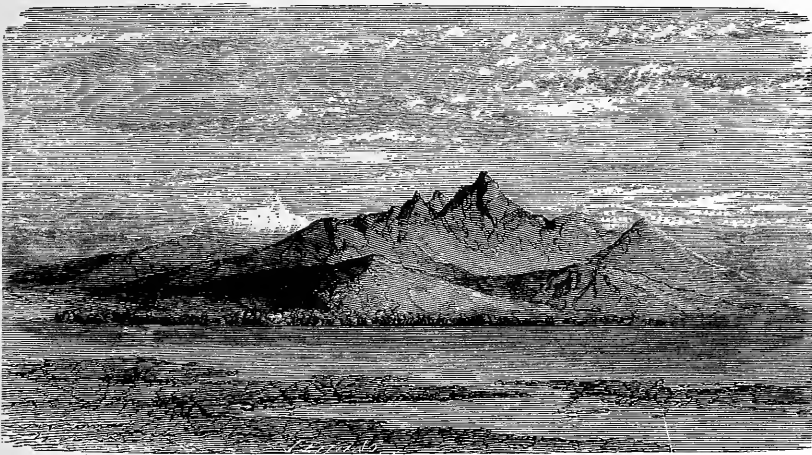
plorer has paid for his ardor with his life, and others have lived to show how savants can behave under fire—and above it. Dismissing the story of Empedocles and his fireproof sandal, we may cite the recent destruction of Count Vidua among the volcanoes of Celebes.

Free from those dangers, seated in a region where the fire-mountain and the mastodon seem equally extinct, let us take a less perilous peep into these fiery secrets of the under-world. We have the advantage over the jackdaw studying the hole in the millstone, in that our view is not met by utter darkness. We climb, for example, with Spallanzani and his successors to the top of Stromboli. A third of the way down the mountain-side, opposite to that by which we ascended, we see the bowl of white-hot broth that has been full and bubbling without the slightest intermission for at least twenty-three centuries. At intervals more or less regular it boils over with a splutter that shakes the earth and sends



a spray of incandescent rocks into the sea, which grumbles the while like a blacksmith's water-barrel when he cools a bar of iron from the anvil. Or, turning our backs on this very moderate specimen of a volcanic vent, we step to the Sandwich Islands and skirt the six square miles of molten lava at Kilauea, the lower and secondary crater of Mauna Loa. It would melt down two Strombolis, and the five hundred feet through which it rises and falls would scarce be so increased, by the throwing of them into the basin, as to cause the overflow which has long been looked for in vain. Vaster still, though not at present occu-

ried by lava, is the cavity of Dasar in Java. Standing on its brim, three hundred feet high, one can scarcely perceive a horseman in the middle, and to traverse its utterly barren expanse, deep with cinders, is a fatiguing march. There are, moreover, craters within craters, like a cup and saucer, the cup reversed and a hole in its bottom. This is a common form, the interior cone being composed of the later ejections, and changing shape and dimensions with the fluctuations in the activity of the volcano. Etna and Vesuvius vary their profile in a course of years by the growth and decrease of this mound. It sometimes rises several



SUMMIT OF PICHINCHA.

hundred feet above the level of the wall of the main crater, and its disappearance correspondingly reduces the apparent height of the mountain. At Pichincha, where the scale is grander, Humboldt saw, twelve or fifteen hundred feet beneath him, what he describes as the "summits of several mountains." They stood in a circular trough three miles in diameter, the bottom of which went down, he had no doubt, to the level of the city of Quito. His feet pressed eternal snow.

The size of the crater does not bear any fixed relation to that of the volcano to which it belongs. The diameter of the summit-basin of Volcano, one of the Lipari Islands, which has the honor of

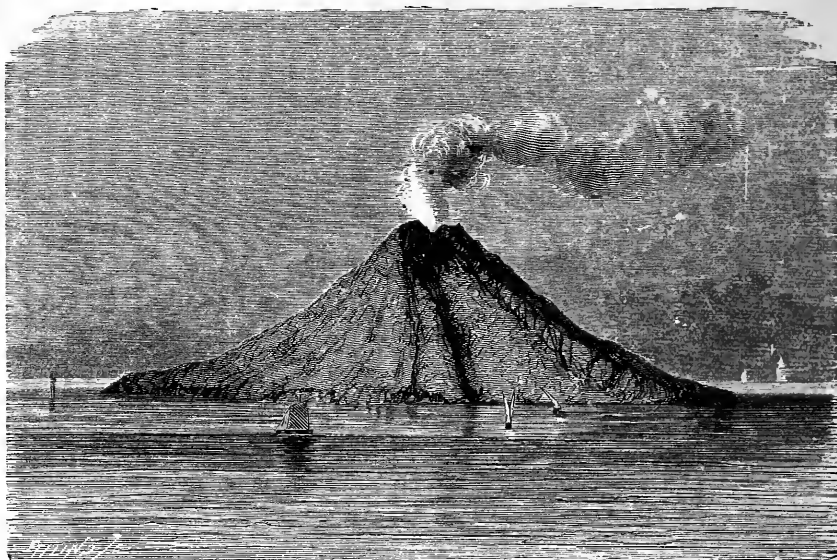
having contributed the generic name, is, for instance, three thousand feet, the mountain rising but twelve hundred feet above the sea; while Etna, with an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet, has a crater but half as large. Etna, in turn, excels in this feature the Peak of Teneriffe, which is fourteen hundred feet higher, and has emitted from its narrow mouth the substance of the whole island upon which in one sense it stands and which in another it composes.

Some mountains have a plurality of craters. Colima, in Mexico, projects smoke and lava simultaneously from two; the volcano of the Isle de Bourbon has three, erected upon cones of consid-

erable magnitude; and the Gunung Salam of Java is provided with six.

Again, not only do mountains which possess craters, or even a relay of them,

frequently neglect to use them in their moments of frenzy, and branch off, like some human spouters, into side-issues, but there are volcanoes devoid of ter-



STROMBOLI.

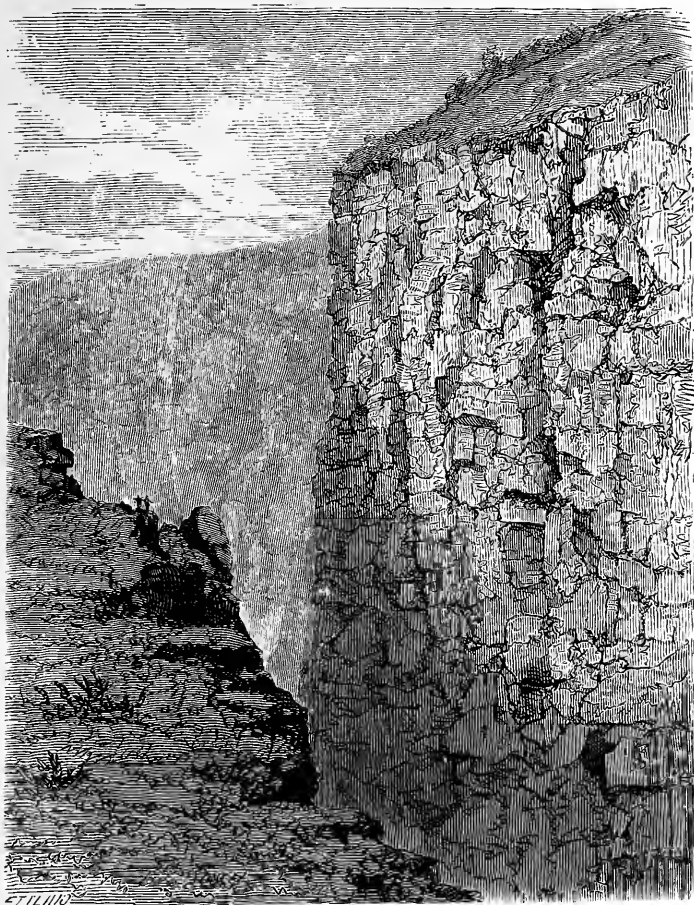
restrial craters altogether. Among those is Antisana, nineteen thousand feet high. Nor can Ararat be said to possess one. This famous hill, 17,210 feet above the sea and 14,000 above the surrounding plain, only took its place in the ranks of active volcanoes in 1840, after a silence running back beyond the event which gives it celebrity. The eruption of that year is unfortunately less minutely chronicled than the voyage of the ark, but it appears to have proceeded from an opening in the flank of the mountain. An internal accumulation of water from the snows which perpetually whiten the inaccessible summit is supposed to have been brought in contact with the subterranean fires. The superficial drainage is very imperfect, only two springs showing themselves. The neighborhood has always been subject to earthquakes, and there are traces of volcanic action at some unknown period of the past.

As water is so important an agent in the production of volcanic throes, it is

looked to by those who have an immediate and fearful interest in the matter to give warning of an approaching convulsion. The wells, they say, sink and the springs disappear, as the departure of the savages from the vicinity of the settlements used to betoken to our frontiersmen an Indian war. The element, so powerful as a friend and an enemy, begins its attack by drawing in its pickets. The time for preparation may be a few hours or it may be some days, but when the wells change level it has come. So it was at Naples in 1779, 1806 and 1822. At the same time, the sign is not infallible, nor does it always manifest itself when an eruption is at hand. A cause for the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon is easy to suggest. The expulsion of an enormous volume of matter, solid or gaseous, must produce a vacuum, and any surface fluid within reach will be absorbed to fill it. An infusion of the water with clay, scorix or other matter by the direct action of the expulsive force,

changing its color to white, red or black, admits of as ready an explanation. When such portents are followed closely by a preliminary growl from the awakening monster, the crisis cannot be far off. The movements of the imprisoned gases which thus make themselves felt may or may not be attended by marked tremors

of the surface. Generally, they are comparatively slight, and are confined to the immediate neighborhood. Of the exceptions we shall speak farther on. The sound is said to be distinct from those which attend the actual eruption, as the indistinct and muffled mutterings of a gagged mouth are different from the ex-



WALLS OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

pressions which follow the removal of the obstruction. In the language of Etna, when well at work, a sharp and clear clangor is sometimes detected that goes to account for the ancient myth of Vulcan's having there located his smithy. The reverberation, among the *dura ilia* of the mountain, of loosened rocks and

blasts of vapor jostling each other in the rush for the outlet, suggests volition.

The sympathy of ocean is sometimes as early in showing itself. Earthquakes are commonly accompanied by an agitation of the sea, but it sometimes occurs at the moment of an eruption. This happened at the destruction of Hercula-

neum, and at the outbreak of the same mountain in 1775. A few hours before the latter eruption, with no perceptible movement of the land the waves fled from the Neapolitan coast so suddenly and so far that the inhabitants thought

the bottom of the sea had fallen through at some remote point.

The revival of a volcano rising beyond the limit of perpetual snow is marked by a thaw which often spreads devastation over the subjacent slopes and plain. Ice-



MOUNT BOURBON.

land, Kamtschatka and the Andes are especially subject to this disaster. In 1742, Bouguer and Condamine were quietly measuring an arc of the meridian under the shadow of Cotopaxi when the summit-snow melted and swept away six

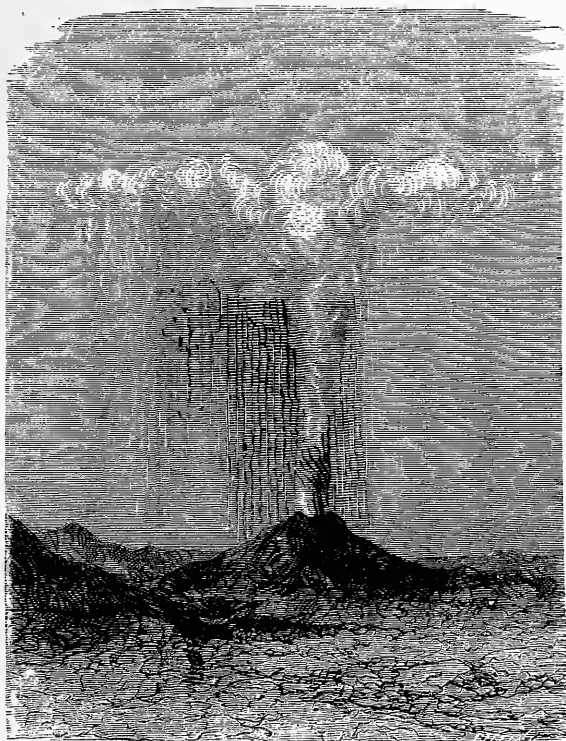
hundred houses and eight hundred human beings. Sixty-one years later the same proud and shapely cone grew restive under a scorching cross-examination at the hands of Humboldt. For fifteen years it had been still and silent, smoke-

less, white and beautiful. At sunrise one morning the mass of glittering snow, spotless the evening before, had disappeared, and in its place stood a stern black mass of rock. Tolima, on the Isthmus of Panama, had for a century after its discovery by Europeans manifested no symptoms of restlessness. Its white cap had never been doffed to the heralds of civilization. They expected such an event as little as "a thaw in Zembla." March 12, 1595, its head was abruptly bared, and it paid its new lords an unwelcome homage in the shape of fire and water.

The dwellers in volcanic lands do not always wait for any of these warnings. Observation and experience seem to have provided them with a special sense they cannot define, and not possessed by strangers. In 1835, for example, Vesuvius gave forth none of the recognized notes of danger, yet those who had spent their lives at its base were conscious of an approaching crisis. The air, they said, was heavy and oppressive—very calm, though not warmer than usual. May this sensation, frequently noted on like occasions elsewhere, be due to a discharge of carbonic acid gas, rolling down the sides of the mountain, and mingling with the atmosphere before it separates and sinks?

This gas, combined with sulphurous and hydrochloric gas, and with steam, exists abundantly in the vertical jet of smoke and cinders thrown out at the moment of eruption—Pliny's "pine tree." This column, the vanguard of the Plutonic invasion, is driven through the before unbroken crust of the crater with immense force. Comparatively light as it is, it rises to a height of hundreds, and even

thousands, of yards before dispersing horizontally. Far above it rise the more solid matters of ejection, especially the hollow globes of incandescent and viscous

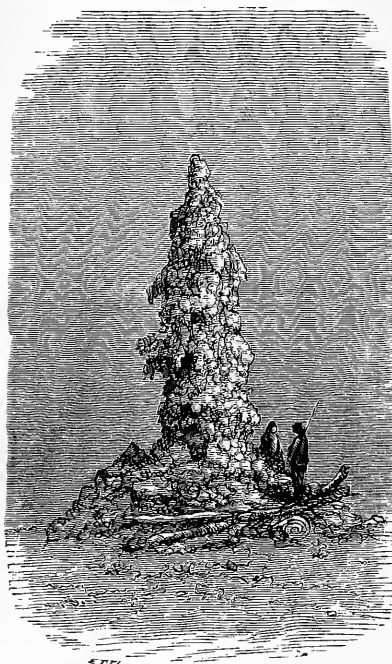


SMOKE-COLUMN.

lava, which, as they cool, derive a spherical form from rotation. A sheaf of these balls of fire was seen one hundred and eighty miles at sea when the eruption of Kotlugaia occurred in 1860—an angle implying an elevation of twenty-four thousand feet, or nearly five miles. They were heard to burst at a distance of a hundred miles. We can have no difficulty in realizing this when we consider the tremendous force with which expulsion is effected. The pressure at the crater of Etna is estimated at three hundred atmospheres, and at that of Antisana fifteen hundred, or twenty-one thousand pounds, to the square inch! The utmost working power of a locomotive or other high-pressure engine does

not exceed one hundred and forty pounds to the inch.

The column of smoke by day becomes, like that of Moses, one of fire by night. This is due to the reflection from the molten lava which boils beneath and is hurled aloft in fragments. Lightning is also produced, visible by day, when a high electrical tension is reached; and thunder from above mingles with that below. The emission of actual flame from the crater has been a disputed point.



LAVA-JET, MAUNA LOA.

Spallanzani, Gay-Lussac, Poulett-Scrope, Brongniart and Waltershausen, after observation during long periods of volcanoes in every part of the world, united in declaring that they never detected it. They denied the presence of hydrogen or other inflammable gas. Bunzen and Fouque, however, detected hydrogen in eruptions on the islands of Iceland, Santorin and Lanzerote. Sir H. Davy, Élie de Beaumont and Pilla avow that they distinctly saw flames issue from Vesuvius and Etna; and the later observations of

Abich seem to establish the existence of flame. It is, however, not conspicuous enough to be notable among the luminous effects of eruptions. Practically, as applied to volcanoes, the word remains a *façon de parler*.

The eight yards of ashes and rapilli enveloping Pompeii cease to surprise in face of more modern illustrations of the mass of these substances sometimes ejected. That thrown out by Hecla in 1766 covered a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles. The cinders from Timboro, half a century later, were carried nearly nine hundred miles. Instances of this kind, in which the actual depth of the deposit at any one point was inconsiderable, are numerous and familiar. More in point is the thickness—four hundred feet—of the layer of ashes spread by Sangay upon the surface of the adjacent country.

The cinders, when they fall, are rarely dry, although incandescent at the time of discharge. They absorb water from the volumes of steam which pass out simultaneously. We have here an explanation of the casts of the human form found at Pompeii and perpetuated by means of plaster. The victims were enveloped in a paste which hardened ere decomposition set in, and attained, under pressure, a consistency capable of resisting the force of the gases resulting from that process.

In chemical composition volcanic ashes vary. Vauquelin's analysis of some from Etna shows, in large proportion, silica, sulphate of lime, sulphuret of iron and alumina; and, in smaller, magnesia, carbon, copper and sulphur. Volcanic soils are, as a rule, noted for their fertility. Gypsum and potash abound in them. The latter is a chief ingredient in granite, which is lava cooled under pressure.

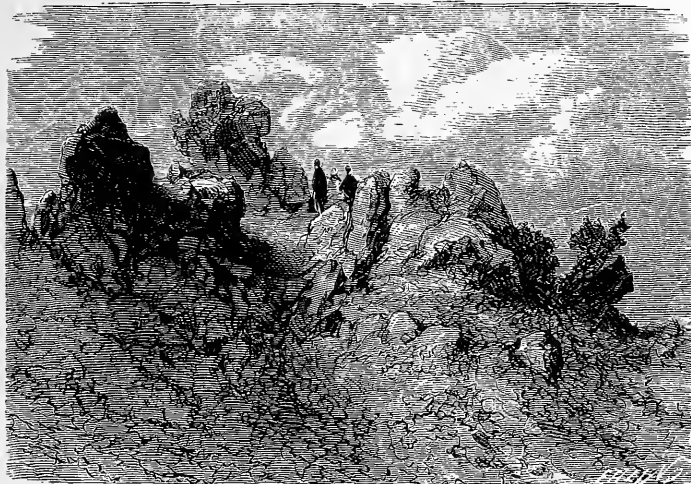
All grades of projectiles are used by the subterranean artillery. The sand and rapilli discharged with the ashes correspond to drop-shot. The bombs, already mentioned, are of dimensions as various as those employed by military engineers. They are alleged to differ in size according to the elevation of the mountains from which they are fired. A howitzer like Stromboli carries shells of



a few inches in diameter, while such Rodman monsters as Cotopaxi bombard heaven and earth with hollow shot of two or three yards calibre. They leave the crater with about the same velocity imparted by gunpowder—from twelve to fifteen hundred feet per second.

Most of the ejected solids fall back into the crater, where they are remelted and again ejected, keeping up this alter-

nation of liquid and solid, of repose and movement, as long as the eruption lasts. The lava which rejects and receives them varies much in fluidity. In some cases stones cast upon its white-hot surface give back a ring as if from a hard substance, and in others they are instantly swallowed up and liquefied. A fluctuation of consistency between that of water and that of thick gas-tar of course gives



LAVA-FIELD, HECLA.

rise to marked differences in the speed of the escaping torrent when it overflows, and in its aspect when cooled. The velocity of the stream, sometimes barely perceptible to the eye, and again—as at Mauna Loa in 1840—reaching the rate of nine miles an hour, is checked by the refrigeration of the surface, which encloses the glowing mass in an elastic sac. When this crust is so strained as to give way, the jet results in knobs and stalagmites of botryoidal form, as in the examples we engrave from Hecla and Hawaii. A more common appearance is that of scorix or scales formed by the contraction of the surface in cooling, like those from heated iron. On Etna, in 1820, a stream of lava which had commenced its exit more than a year before was still in motion at the rate of a yard an hour. It resembled a mass of cinders which rolled upon each other with

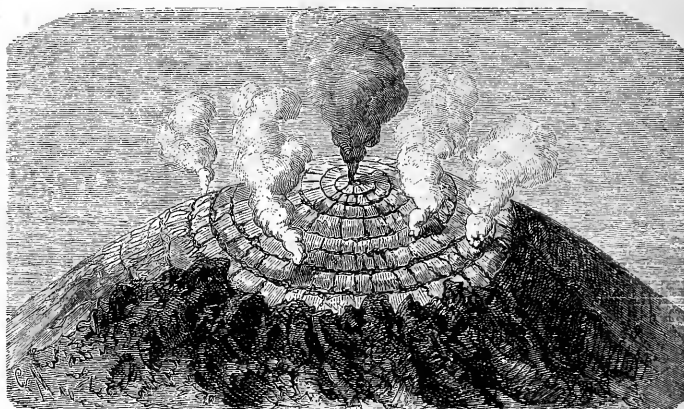
a metallic rattle. The enclosed core of lava glowed at night with a dull red, and quantities of steam escaped constantly from the crevices. A similar degree of viscosity has left, at Mauna Loa, indurated bubbles or mamelon-shaped hills a hundred feet high, and at Bourbon the pasty slag is slowly ejected in ropy coils like those of a cable.

Experiments made by Ste. Claire Deville indicate seven hundred degrees of heat in lava outside of the crater. The rapid cooling of the surface aids in retaining the internal heat; so that we cease to be surprised at its continuing to be perceptible, in large masses, for half a century, the crust varying little, if at all, in temperature from the surrounding soil. This fact seems to militate against the theory that the tropical climate which fossil forms indicate to have prevailed in the high latitudes during

some of the geologic epochs was due to the interior heat of the globe. A crust but a few inches thick enables us to walk and breathe comfortably over lava as hot as melted iron; and the spherical, and, so to speak, finished, form already assumed by the earth at the periods in question prove that its shell must have attained a very considerable thickness, perhaps closely approaching that which it now possesses. No good evidence exists, we believe, that volcanic activity has much decreased since the first appearance of animal life. The giant ferns and club-mosses of the northern coal-measures grew and died as tranquilly as their miniature descendants, and the sedimentary

strata in which their remains are imbedded prove ages of rarely and but locally broken repose over the breadth of continents. For a solution of this question we must look up, and not down—to the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not to the central fire of our planet. Oscillations of the earth's axis relatively to the ecliptic will probably furnish it.

A curious fact has been noted in connection with the formation of lava. Many of the minerals composing it give no evidence of having undergone complete fusion. Crystals of augite are expelled by Stromboli; and in the lavas of other volcanoes occur other crystalline substances easily fusible, and yet unchanged by their

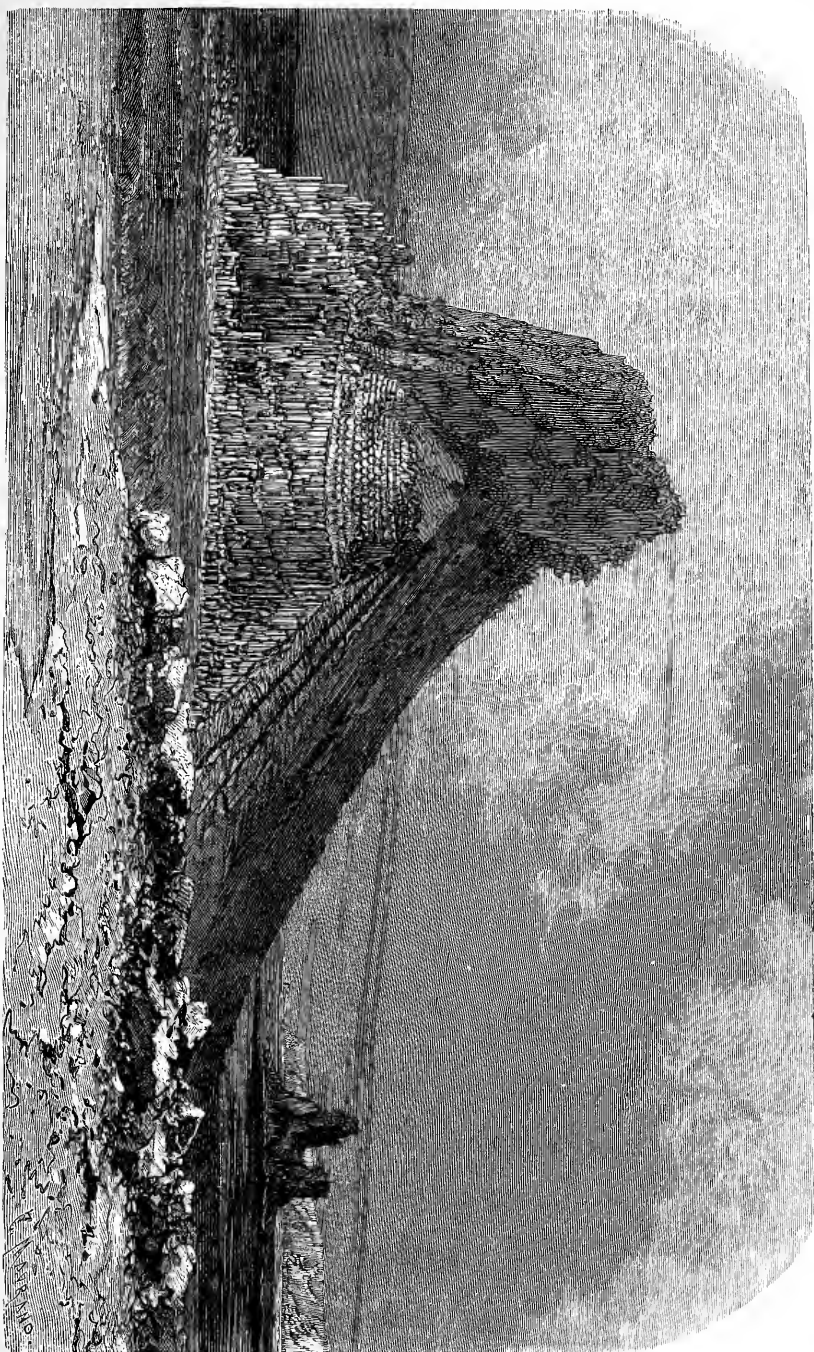


LAVA-BED, MOUNT BOURBON.

incandescent matrix. The large crystals of feldspar found in porphyritic granite, with the sharp mechanical separation of the other constituents of that rock, are additional illustrations. Dolomieu undertakes to explain this by supposing that the volcanic heat insinuates itself between the molecules of crystals like water among the particles of the salts which it dissolves, the one like the other leaving the original forms intact when it disappears. The same philosopher takes sulphur to be the flux that imparts fluidity to granite. Others maintain that sulphur is by no means an invariable component, and that another flux must be sought. This they conceive to be found in water, abundant in all lava when

erupted, escaping in the shape of steam when it cools freely in the open air, and absorbed by crystallization when the cooling occurs quickly or under pressure. The most remarkable and conspicuous effect in the latter case is the formation of basalt. Of this rock we shall have more to say in noticing pre-historic volcanoes, for it is so rarely associated with recent eruptions that its igneous origin was, down to the present century, warmly disputed. It exists, however, at the base of Etna, and in excavations made through the lavas upon its side. A prismatic formation of the same character is found in the crater of Vulcano. The prisms, usually hexagonal, but exhibiting many other polygons, are erected perpendicu-



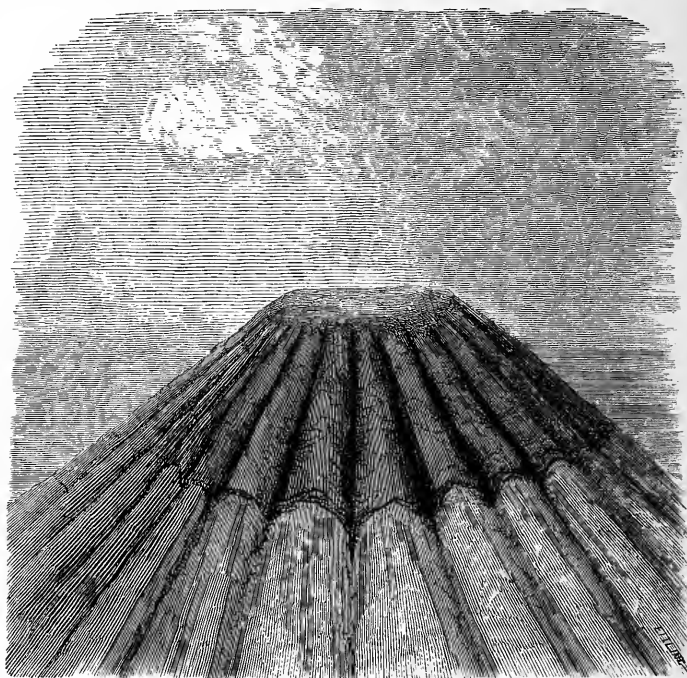


ISLANDS OF THE CYCLOPS.

larly to the plane of refrigeration. They are therefore inclined at every angle. They are, according to the thickness of the bed, of all lengths, from an inch to nearly four hundred feet. The two illustrations (pp. 37 and 39) we present, taken from the harbor of Catania, display the columns in every position.

We must here refer to some odd results of the contrast between the internal and the superficial temperature of lava. Trees which lie in its way are often only car-

bonized on the outside, instead of being at once overthrown and reduced to ashes. The sap protects the wood, produces a hard and comparatively cool film on the invading liquid, and so far saves the tree. This repellent power of steam is not difficult for any one to apprehend who ever ran a rifle-ball in a damp mould and had the lead driven into his eye. Much dryer subjects than green trees have overcome the volcanic ardor. The traveler is shown at Catania the arcade formed



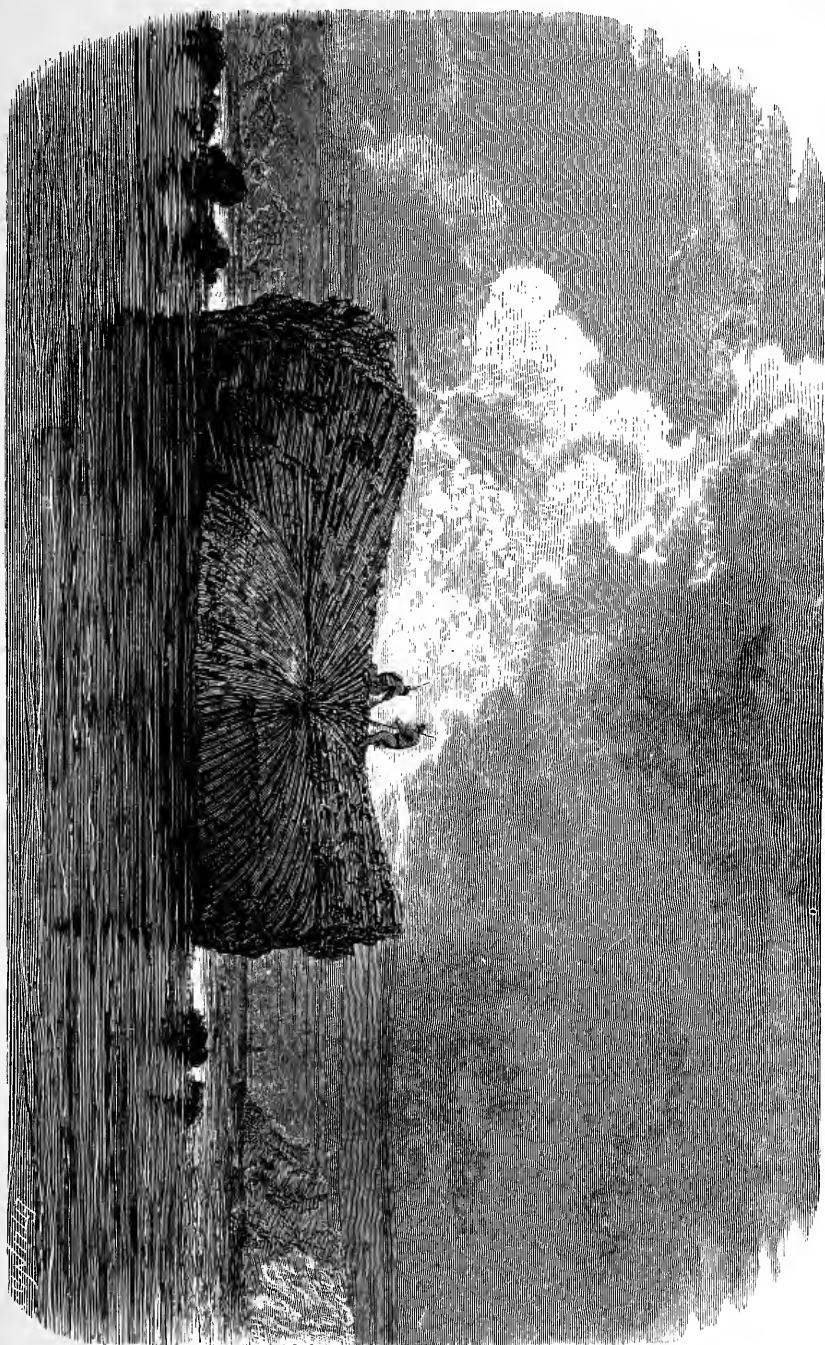
THE GUNUNG SUMBING.

in 1669, two centuries ago, by a current from Etna which overtopped, without prostrating or destroying, the city wall.

Even in the prevailing character of their volcanic ejections the Old and New Worlds differ. Lava, the chief product in the former, is comparatively rare in the latter; while eruptions of mud, little known in Europe, are frequent among the Cordilleras. These are not to be confounded with the turbid floods sent down by the melting of snows under a sudden access of heat from the interior.

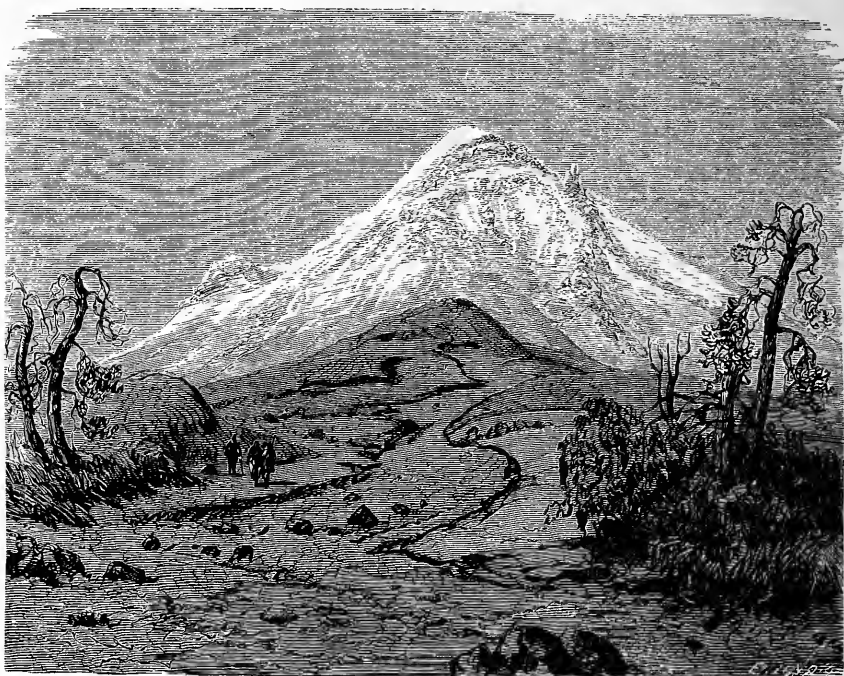
They are veritable outpours of clay and water, mixed often with fish caught up from the subterranean retreats where they spawn. Cotopaxi, Sangay, Tunguragua and Carguairazo are in the habit of scattering fish and mud in highly objectionable quantities—so profuse as in more than one instance to have caused pestilence from the effluvium. The far East shares this distinction with America. The Japanese volcano Miyiyama in 1793 is said to have buried fifty thousand of the inhabitants under a torrent of water, rocks

BASALTIC FORMATION, TREZZA.



and clay. Java was similarly ravaged in 1822. The regularly-grooved cone of one of the volcanoes, the Sumbing, shows an exceptional effect of such flows upon the shape of their source. Emissions of clay,

like those of lava, proceed from crevices on the slope or at the base of the mountain, as well as from the crater. The infrequency of an outpour of lava from the summits of the volcanoes of the Cordil-



POPOCATEPETL.

leras is due to their immense height, and the consequent weight of the column of melted matter. The surface-water, for the same reason, has farther to sink before reaching fire, and is apt to be expelled in company with the earth, cinders and other comparatively light materials through which it passes.

Volcanoes, like all other classes of natural objects, have their individual characters. Let us glance at some of these idiosyncrasies—themes of contemplative inquiry to us, but obtrusive enough to those who have direct practical experience of them.

Chili is exceptionally rich—if such a term can be applied to so unpleasant a kind of wealth—in volcanoes. Her limits include the loftiest in the world. Aconcagua and Tupungato rise to the

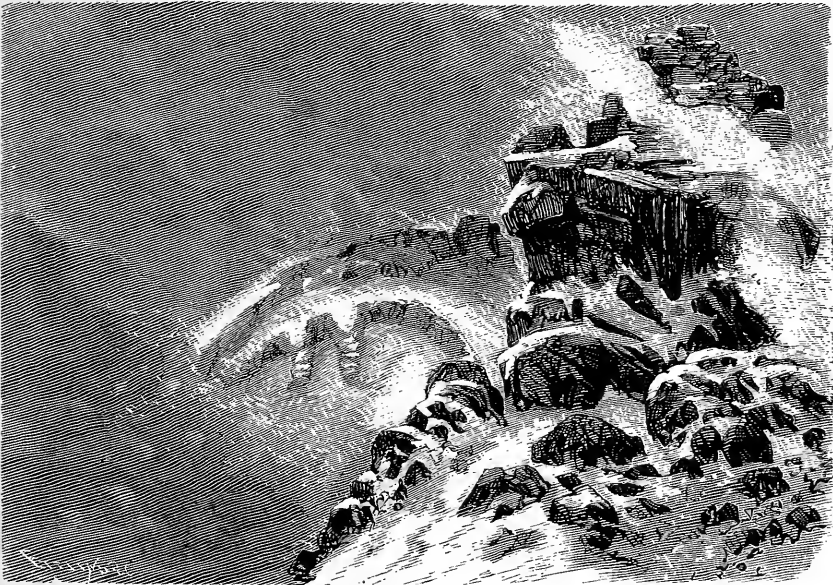
heights respectively of 23,100 and 22,000 feet. The former rears its central cone in the midst of twelve others, the baker's dozen playing together with perfect unanimity, and not by turns, as usually happens with neighboring vents. Antuco, of nearly the same height, has been more thoroughly explored, owing to its greater accessibility. Far exceeding Cotopaxi, and still more Teneriffe, in elevation, it joins them in the exceptional sharpness of its apex among the volcanoes of the globe. It rises by three stages or stories. The lowest is composed of the prevailing rocks of the Andes, and swells from the foot-hills of the coast with a comparatively moderate slope, which increases to a grade of fifteen or twenty degrees on the main cone. The upper portion of this, for twelve hundred feet, is white

with perpetual snow, and is terminated by a circular platform or ledge around the base of the smaller cone, which ascends with the still sharper inclination of thirty to thirty-five degrees, thus giving a beautifully-curved profile to the whole mountain. The crater is elliptical in form, not more than two hundred yards in its longest dimension. It never sends out lava, that substance finding egress from crevices a long way below, but is in the habit of projecting heavy stones to a height so great that they have been known to fall among passing caravans twelve leagues off. Such is the statement of M. Pöppig, based upon local accounts. A steady column of smoke rises from two thousand to three thousand feet above the summit. White steam blends sometimes with the smoke,

and, rising to a vast height, separates itself and floats off in a broad cloud. Before this has been absorbed by the atmosphere or the distance, another and another will take shape and follow in its wake, all visible at once. Slowly they drift together and coalesce, and a rain-cloud gladdens the green valleys far below.

Antuco has the additional trait of winding up each of its actual eruptions with a jet of cold water. This, the explorer was convinced, came from the crater, but whether it entered from the snows or from a fathomless lake which adorns the western side of the mountain and bears its name, remained a question.

A phenomenon wholly peculiar to the Chilian volcanoes has been noted by a number of scientific voyagers. This is



THE FRIAR'S PEAK.

a glow, like broad flashes of lightning, which in the nights of summer crowns the summits and brightens the whole sky. It is neither preceded nor followed by storms, and its electric nature is doubted. Perhaps the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere at a height so far above the other volcanoes of the globe

permits the inflamed gases to traverse a wider space before extinction, and to be more distinctly visible. The Peruvian craters, however, nearly as high, differ only in being nearer the equator and in a warmer zone. Whatever the as yet unascertained cause, the spectacle lends a rare charm to the Chilian nights.

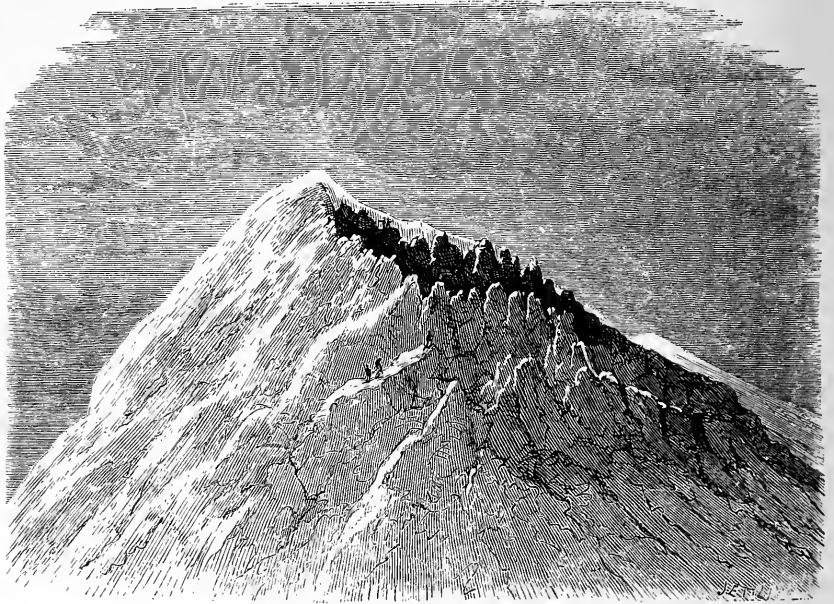


Beautiful names are a heritage of Cis-atlantic volcanoes. However mischievous in other respects may have been the amalgamation of Castilian and Indian, it has certainly produced a musical nomenclature. The long penultimate vowel makes a chant of each name, and of none more than Popóca-tépetl, that word so barbarized by our school-boys young and old. The reader will recall the versicles of John Quincy Adams, one of the men "whose foible was omniscience," in

paraphrase of Horace's "Integer vitæ," etc.:

In bog and quagmire, deep and dank,  
His foot shall never settle:  
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,  
Or Popocatepetl!

This mountain, and its mate of almost identical stature, of eighteen thousand feet—Orizaba—are our next-door volcanic neighbors, and were once for some months American territory. Very quiet neighbors of their kind they are, too;



ORIZABA.

only a little smoke placing them on the active list. They are interesting as showing nearly their whole height above the plain which borders the Gulf, and presenting to the eye in a single picture all the vegetable zones. Orizaba offers the interior wall of its crater invitingly to the spectator at Vera Cruz, but rarely indeed is the challenge accepted. The circumference of the abyss is about five miles, in a long ellipse, which declines with the southern slope of the mountain, and is literally a conic section. The outline of Popocatepetl is equally striking, being broken, above the snow-line, by a

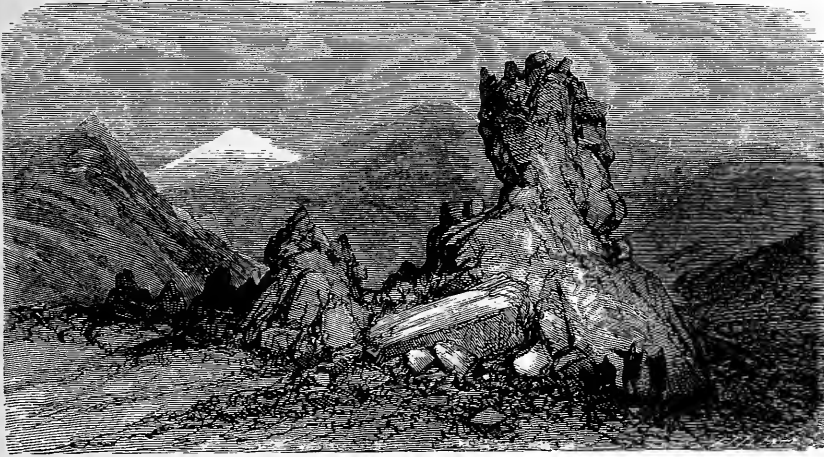
rock called the Pico del Fraile, answering as a landmark to the Grands Mulets of Mont Blanc. The crater, nearly a thousand feet deep and four thousand by five thousand in horizontal extent, is actually inhabited, the exhausted giant having yielded his crest to the yoke of commerce.

Halfway down  
Hangs one who gathers *sulphur*. Dreadful trade!

That irreducible flux, most volatile yet most persistent of elements, is gathered from beds and efflorescence. Sulphurous vapor constantly exudes from many crevices. The nearly perpendicular walls de-

rive from it a prevailing tint of yellowish-white, yet they are remarkable for strata of porphyritic lava with crystals of feld-

spar. Hand in hand with science and commerce, history climbs this dreary height. Cortés drew from the white



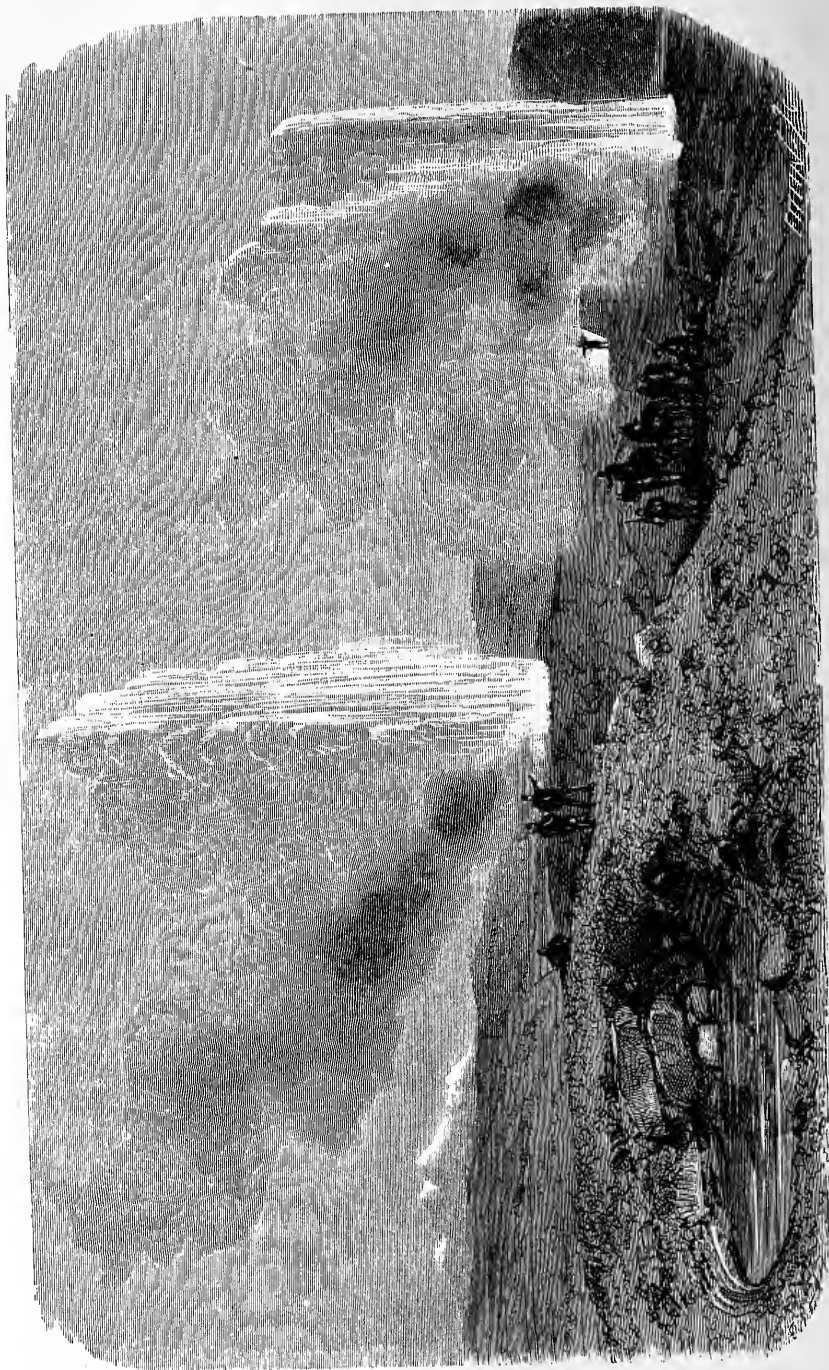
HECLA.

peak, looked up to by the Aztecs for unknown centuries with superstitious reverence, the means of their enslavement. It is a moot-point still whether the sulphur he used for replenishing his ammunition-boxes was drawn from openings on the mountain-side or from the crater; but as it is known that his followers astonished the Indians by ascending Orizaba, the presumption is that they reached also the summit of its mate.

Hecla, if placed by the side of one of the Mexican mountains just mentioned, would hardly play the part of a cinderbank, its height being under five thousand feet. Yet it is the boss of a lava-shield that covers the bosom of the North Atlantic for a space of forty thousand square miles. The whole island may be pronounced one volcano. Among its matters of eruption figures common salt, derived either from the deposits of rock-salt frequently associated with volcanic regions, or, as some think, directly from the sea. The force which brought the island into being devoted itself with steadiness and perseverance to its desolation until, in 1763, the work seemed tolerably complete. Hecla then rested for eighty years. In 1845 it suddenly re-

vived, and the vault of lava which formed its top fell in with a fearful crash. The other chimneys of this roof of Hades meanwhile were not idle. The lava from Skaptar-Jökul in 1783 flowed in opposite directions till it formed a continuous line of ninety miles—the distance between New York and Philadelphia—with a depth of from one hundred to six hundred feet. Lava in beds comparable in extent to this is familiar in other regions of eruption. In Iceland the climate adds at once lightning and ice to the machinery of destruction. Twelve ponies and a man were killed by a single flash from Kablegia-Jökul. The glaciers are projected both in fragments and in melted torrents. Summer snows, hail large and thick enough to destroy the smaller animals, and rains of tropical volume, if not wholly superinduced by volcanic action, at least accompany and are aggravated by it. They do not prevail elsewhere in that latitude.

The simile "kindling fire through ice like Hecla's flame" loses its point when we recall the buried deposits of ice found on Etna and many other volcanoes. An overlay of loose and porous rocks—bad conductors of heat as volcanic rocks gen-

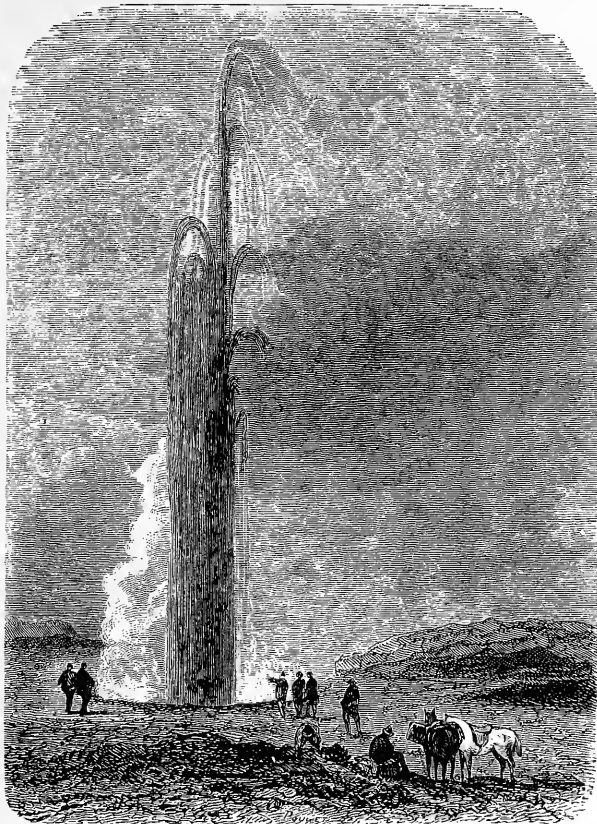


OLD GEYSER, GREAT GEYSER AND STROCKER.



erally are—produces these natural, or unnatural, refrigerators. We have already had occasion to note the singular alternation of alliance and antagonism between fire and water, resulting in the most violent repulsion and the most intimate combination. Nowhere is the association more striking or multiform than in Iceland. There, the two elements have separate sets of craters. The Geysers have ceased to be unique since the discovery of fountains resembling them in California, in New Zealand and on the headwaters of the Missouri, but for magnitude and beauty they remain unrivaled. In their structure and methods of action we see something regular, finished and artistic. They rank with the symmetrical crystal, the calyx of a flower and the perfect level of the sea among the workmanlike, as opposed to the accidental and amorphous, shapes of creation. The funnel of a volcano, when inactive, cannot be probed by the eye. Heaps of scoriæ or indurated lava conceal the opening, and we can only speculate as to whether it is capped with a vaulted coverlid or corked with a long core that penetrates to the internal fires. At the Great Geyser, on the contrary, you stand upon a regularly-formed mound some eighty feet across and of slight elevation. At your feet opens a circular basin of half that diameter and eight or ten feet deep, coated with silicious concretions like moss encrusted with silver. In the centre of this cavity you see, when the perfectly-transparent water is at rest, a cylindrical canal, ten feet across at its

mouth and gradually narrowing as its enameled tube sinks out of sight. The water, when in repose, fills the basin to the brim, and the fiercest and loftiest jets cause but little of it to flow down the sides of the mound. These explosions are preceded by sounds like distant cannon. Large bubbles rise to the surface,



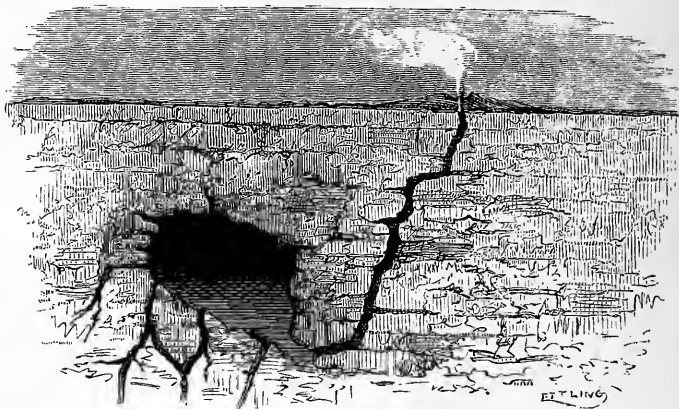
THE STROCKR.

which grows convex, and the boiling column shoots to a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.

The Strokkur (Churn) has formed no mound, but rises from a slight depression in the plain. Its water, of a yellowish tint though perfectly clear, sometimes sinks twenty or thirty feet below the orifice. This is five feet in diameter. The tube, perfectly round, dwindles as it descends. Its jets attain even a greater

height than those of its neighbor, and are longer sustained. Henderson reports having seen one rise for three-quarters of an hour continuously to an elevation at some moments of two hundred feet. Ohlsen saw the column maintained at a fourth less than that height for a period more than twice as long.

These spasms occur, like those of the Great Geyser, at measured intervals. Tourists have learned, however, that they need not wait upon the good pleasure of the Strochr. A contribution of stones is speedily responded to by an outbreak. The ebullition constantly going on at the bottom becomes feebler



FORMATION OF A GEYSER.

and more feeble till all is silent. The elastic reservoir of steam which supplies the motive-power momentarily recedes before the lowered temperature, as the gauge of an engine flies back when the furnace-door is opened and fuel thrown in. Soon the recoil comes. Ebullition is again heard, faintly at first, but growing louder, until at the end of a few minutes the water is seen to rise to the mouth and spring seven or eight feet above it. The column, solid as a tree-trunk, gains by successive leaps its normal elevation of over a hundred feet, only a few drops falling without the margin, so that the aggressive inquirer may stand close by, fearless of the vengeance of the irritated giant. Retaliation is related to have befallen an innocent horse. The animal slipped into the Churn, and was returned in a few minutes thoroughly cooked.

The Strochr is modern, having been an inconsiderable hot spring eighty years ago, when the third and oldest of the stormy trinity, the Old Geyser, was silenced. A convulsion of the soil swept off thirty or forty feet of the low hill on

which it rose. The canals which fed the fountain were thus brought to light. The Geyser of history dwindled to a couple of basins, the larger perhaps fifteen feet across. The water stands at the same level in both. At the bottom two channels are seen to pass into a sort of cave, clouds of steam from which reveal the boiler that fed the ancient fountain.

An idea of the Geyser apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The jets are due to a reciprocation of pressure between water and steam in an underground reservoir. Heat is supplied by volcanic fires far above the boiling-point. When the steam reaches a sufficient pressure, its expansion drives out the water; the weight of which, in returning at a reduced temperature, combines with the lowered heat to compress the steam until it can muster strength for a new effort. Water in the liquid and water in the vaporized state have by turns the mastery. The vertical pipes are never empty, so that the pressure of the water is constant, and the steam can gain only temporary and partial relief.

A number of other hot springs are scattered over the plain or basin of six square miles in which the Geysers are found. They keep the air full of steam, but their surface never rises into jets. At Rotomohama, in New Zealand, a similar depression is occupied by a hot lake, the edges fringed with boiling fountains and the terraces above seamed with boiling cascades. In the production of these jets the siphon would appear to play a more prominent part than in Iceland.

In the crevices which exhale hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, sulphuric vapors, naphtha, and mud impregnated with different salts we have other secondary forms of volcanic action. These often occur at points remote from living craters, and farther inland than we usually see the latter. Inflammable gas emerges at Barigazzo, Pietramala and other points in Central Italy; near Grenoble in France, six hundred miles from any active volcano; in Persia and in China, as well as in the volcanic region of Central America. The fires of Bakou, kept alive by the Parsees for some thousands of years, supply a familiar example. Equally well known are the springs of naphtha—not to be confounded with the petroleum-wells of Pennsylvania and Virginia—existing in the same region and in one or two of the West India Islands. The salsas or mud-springs of Java and the Apennines emit a strong bituminous odor. Neither of these localities possesses coal, so that the fossil vegetable or animal matter which furnishes the bitumen has not yet been traced. It is probably disseminated through strata of bituminous limestone, of which the Seyssel mastic, used for asphaltum pavements, is an example.

The solfataras, illustrated by that of Pozzuoli near Naples, have a closer connection with existing volcanoes. They represent an earlier stage on the road to extinction marked out by the other classes of foci we have just named. That of Pozzuoli, like everything else on the

shores of the marvelous bay, has been exhaustively studied. Geologists are a

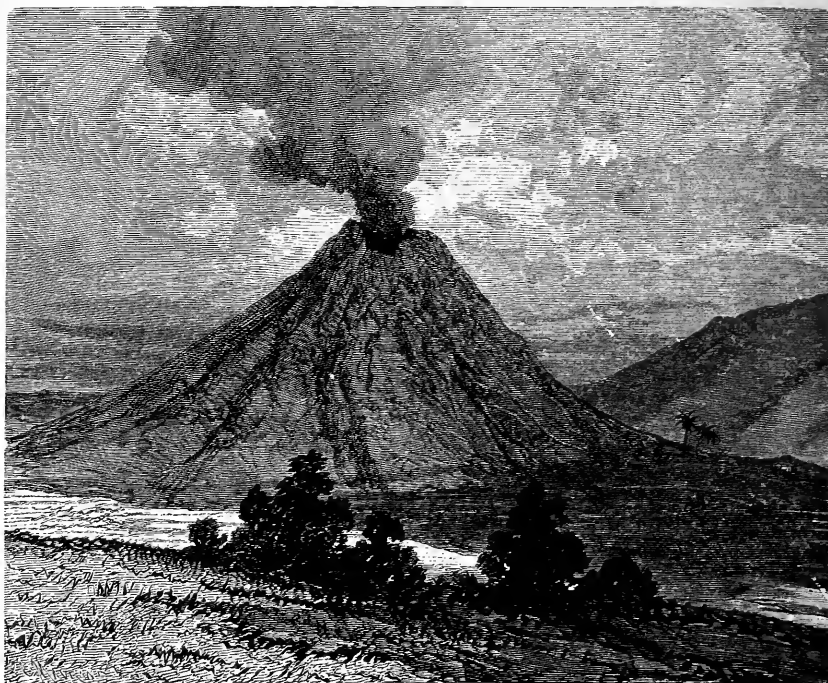


TERMINAL CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

unit in pronouncing it a half-dead volcano. The monster's rocky ribs have almost ceased to heave, his bronchial tubes are clogged, and his parting sighs are dense with sulphur. The sympathizing sages who watch his last moments detect from year to year his failing strength. But he is very likely to outlive them. The process of dissolution with so vast a body is slow. It may be preceded by intervals of coma covering four or five centuries, and the vital fires may then again flicker up into convulsions. The Titans measure their threescore and ten not by years, but by æons, and their dying hours by ages.

## OUR FLOOR OF FIRE.

### CONCLUDING PART.



IZALCO.

**B**EFORE considering the embryology of fire-mountains, let us begin with their birth. This was formerly provocative of disputes not unworthy in their ardor of the fiery theme. The theory of "craters of elevation," or the lifting of a great mountain bodily by subterranean force in the form of a gigantic vesicle or bubble, was asserted and defended by no less authority than that of Von Buch and Alexander von Humboldt. It was opposed by Lyell, Poulett-Scrope and the great majority of modern geologists. Von Buch, the father of the theory, based it chiefly on his observations in the Canary Islands. One of them especially, Palma, seemed to offer support to it by the shape in which the mountain was projected above the level of the sea. From all the

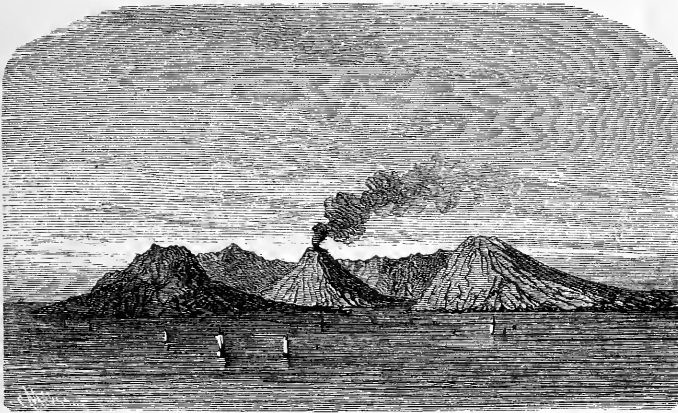
coasts of the island the ground rises gradually toward the centre, attaining a height, at the rim of the hollow interior, of over five thousand feet. The depth of the central basin is nearly as great. At one point it is cut through by a ravine which opens a passage to the sea. Along this furrow, called the Barranca de las Angustias, the almost perpendicular inside walls of the great crater continue themselves at a diminishing elevation. The external slope, much gentler, is studded with cones of scorix, many of them having miniature craters which formerly sent forth lava.

Von Buch conceived that the layers of volcanic matter which compose the island, and are now tilted toward a common centre, lay originally in a horizon-

tal position at the bottom of the sea. Raised thence, the hollow summit, after enduring the strain to a certain point, fell in, and left the immense cavity now occupying its place. To subsequent accretions by ejection he allows but little effect in swelling the mass of the island. Finding in the centre of the reversed and fallen cone the point of least resistance, the forces beneath effected there a new outlet, and formed a crater of eruption, the matters expelled from which gradually filled the cavity and raised themselves above it. Hence the familiar spectacle of an active cone rising in the centre of an amphitheatre. Barren Island,

in the Bay of Bengal, offers a clear illustration. The Somma, or ancient wall which encloses Vesuvius, and a similar erection which has been traced around Teneriffe, suggest themselves among many others we could cite. Volcano, represented in these pages in profile and in plan, has a secondary crater on the exterior circuit.

Another argument in favor of this view was based on the assumed impossibility of lava coming to a stand upon an inclination of more than six degrees to the horizon. Observations are, however, numerous and positive of its having arrested its progress and formed sheets upon a



BARREN ISLAND.

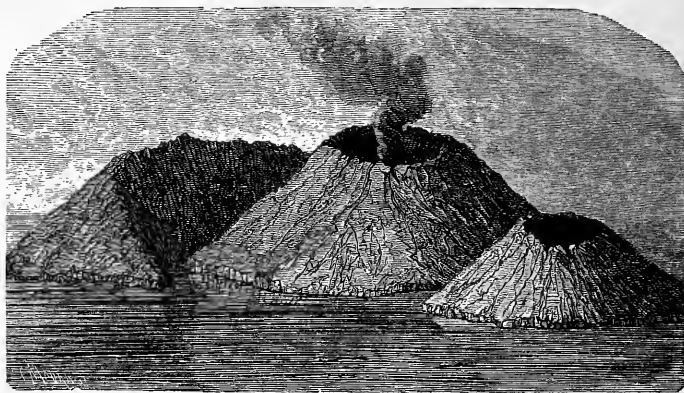
surface of fifteen, or even at Mauna Loa of twenty-four, degrees slope. At Lanzarote, in the eruption of 1750-56, a stream of basaltic lava formed a layer from two to four feet thick on a grade of thirty degrees. The sharply-drawn furrows at Palma, supposed by Von Buch to be crevices opened in the process of elevation, are wider at bottom than top, contrary to the shape required by such an origin.

According to the view of the opposite party, a comparatively slight opening, like the fissures through which water passes down, having been effected in the crust of the globe, ashes and melted stone, simultaneously or in various shades of alternation, are projected in volumes which in the course of time build up the

volcano, with no great local disturbance of the penetrated strata. The canal or vertical pipe, inconsiderable it may be at first, enlarges its dimensions—like that, for instance, of Vesuvius, which was widened to a diameter of one thousand feet by the explosions of fifteen days. The ejected matter rolls back into the enlarged funnel, and thus, aided by the secular sinking of the exhausted focus beneath, forms a vast cavity, sometimes miles across. The showers and currents which reach the scarp are subject only to the influence of gravity and the rains. Thus, their thickness increases. The apparent height of the enceinte is enhanced also by the breaking through, generally at a single point, of water or lava from the cavity. The

degradation thus caused often forms peninsulas in the sea and corresponding deposits on land. In the Pacific are many hollow islands like Palma, with the floor more depressed, so as to lie under water.

One of this character furnished a refuge two or three years ago to the water-logged transport *Megæra* and her crew. If we draw a horizontal line across the lowest point of the crater of Orizaba, we have



VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

one of these islands reproduced and their formation illustrated.

Upon the perpendicular walls of the tremendous seam called the Val del Bove, three thousand feet deep, the anatomy of Etna is depicted. It presents a succession of inclined beds of lava, tufa and scoriæ, cut through by dykes or narrow injected clefts, which traverse them nearly at right angles. Such fissures, we may remark here, are the channels into which pass, either originally or after the decomposition of their first contents, the sublimations which leave metallic ores.

It is a fair presumption, were there no facts to justify other than a presumption, that the great volcanoes are born like the little ones—like *their* little ones, for we adverted in a former article to the secondary cones which are ejected from the flanks of the primary. They are frequent attendants upon cataclysms in all volcanic regions. Two small mountains called Monte Rossi were formed in a fortnight on the side of Etna in 1669, the ejected cinders covering a space of two miles. These are members of a large family that flourishes around the same hearth. It numbers about eighty at present, but is liable to change from the

diseases which afflict infancy. Many are swept off in early childhood, while others grow up through a *jeunesse orageuse*, and finally fill the place of their enfeebled parent in the active world.

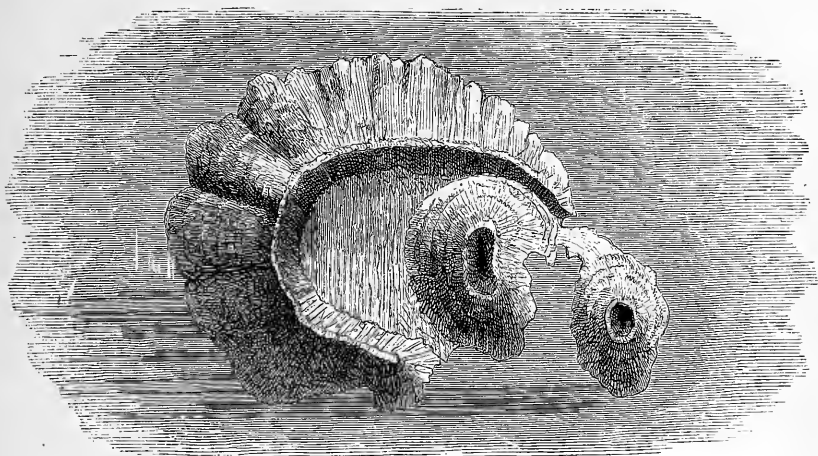
But the study of nascent volcanoes is not limited to specimens like these. Hills of greater size and in detached localities have erected themselves before the eyes of modern observers, and added to the long list sent down by their predecessors. The Chinese and Japanese records note occurrences of the kind. Aristotle tells us of a submarine eruption in his day. Strabo describes a flaming mountain that sprang up in a night, and made the sea boil to a distance of five furlongs. Ovid speaks with the scientific precision to be expected from a poet of his stamp of a like apparition on the promontory of Methone.

We shall refer to events not dependent for their authenticity on Mongol chroniclers or Roman poets. On a September afternoon in 1538 the sea suddenly backed a thousand yards from the Neapolitan coast under Monte Barbaro. Next morning the earth sank in the place afterward occupied by the crater. Water flowed from the spot; at first cold, but afterward tepid, with a strong odor



of sulphur. Toward noon, the sea, which had lowered its level twelve yards since morning, rose again, and at the same moment a crater opened near Lake Avernus, hard by, and ejected smoke, flame, cinders, stones and mud with the noise of cannon. The air was black with ashes and scorice, and in four days they had built up in the valley between the lake and Monte Barbaro a hill nearly as high as the latter, and three miles in circumference. The eruption began

on the 29th, and four days after, the 3d of October, it was possible to climb the hill, three thousand feet high. The work had been done, however, in forty-eight hours. That the blister theory gets small comfort from Monte Nuovo is clear from the fact that the columns of the ancient temple of Apollo at the base of the mountain maintained their perpendicular. A result, either of the immediate outburst or of the earthquakes which had afflicted the neighborhood for two years previous-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

ly, was an upheaval of the adjacent shore to an extent of thirty-six feet, as a deposit of recent shells at that elevation indicates. This is a rise utterly trivial by the side of that attained by the mountain, and it appears to have been but one of several oscillations experienced on the same shores within the Christian era, as Lyell has pointed out in his remarks on the so-called temple of Serapis.

Monte Nuovo has been idle since the year of its birth, only a little smoke representing the once formidable life that filled its crater. But it may revive at any time, as perhaps even may, after a far longer period of repose, its classic neighbors, Lucinus, Acheron, Avernus, and a host of others silent for many centuries, but still breathing heavily, and sometimes stertorously. From 1500 to 1631 A. D. the crater of Vesuvius was as

placid and pastoral as when Spartacus, the Roman Robin Hood, pranked it there gayly with his merry men in dells dense and fragrant with ilex and myrtle.

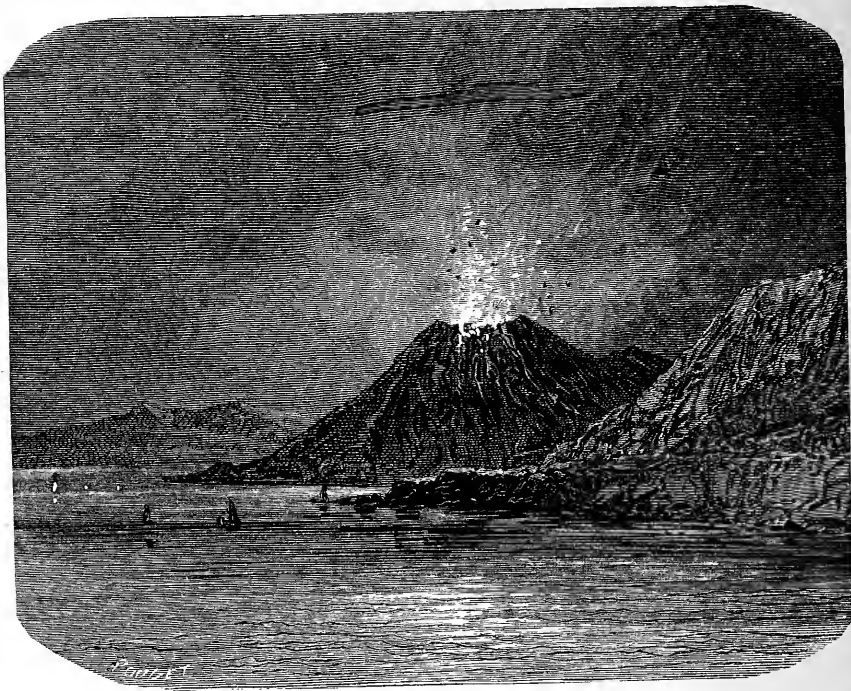
It was on the 29th of September, two hundred and twenty-one years later, and on the opposite side of the Atlantic, that Jorullo saw the light. It rose, and stands, fifteen hundred feet above the plain, thirty leagues from the coast and more than forty from any other volcano. The basaltic rocks of the neighboring mountains, however, indicate an ancient seat of volcanic activity. This apart, its isolation from the ordinary sources of irritation is, as compared with Monte Nuovo, complete. Jorullo rose so suddenly that the first warning was the discovery of ashes on the hats of peons at work on the spot. These infernal snowflakes, "soft and mute," preceded the tempest.



It burst in all its fury by the time the natives had fled to the hills.

Jorullo appears to have burned for about a year, and to have ejected in that time four sheets of lava, and covered a tract four miles square, thenceforward known, from its utter desolation, as the

Malpays, or Bad Lands. It, with five other cones reared at the same time, and somewhat less in height, emits in our day only a little smoke. The plain around it is nevertheless covered with jets of smoke and vapor from thousands of little fumaroles three or four feet



MONTE NUOVO.

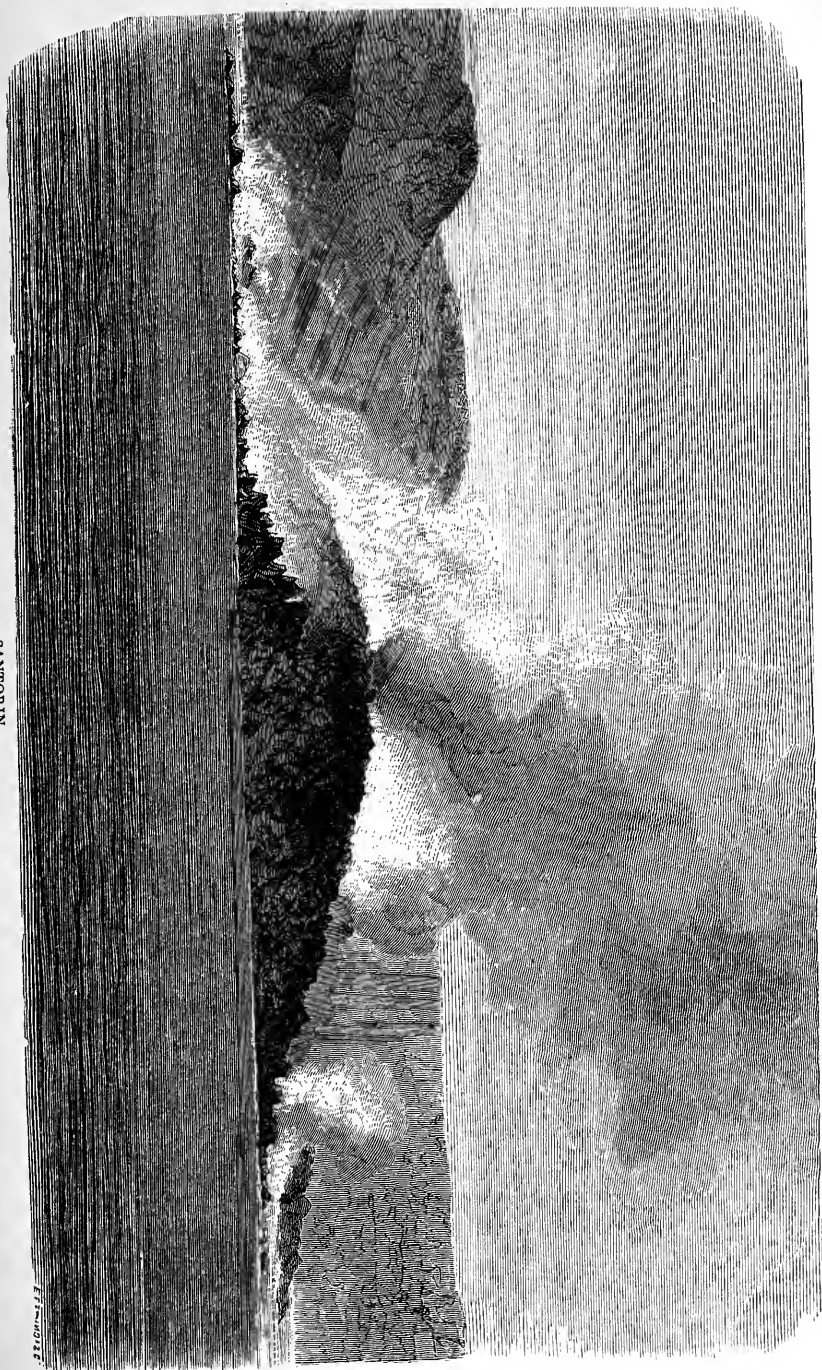
high, styled by the inhabitants *hornitos*, or ovens. This lava-strewn plateau was thought by Humboldt to have been raised five hundred feet above the surrounding level at the instant of Jorullo's appearance or just before it; but modern explorers agree in the opinion that what elevation exists is due to emissions of lava. It does not exceed a fourth of the distance from the original surface to the summit of the new mountain, nor does it amount in bulk to a greater mass than that repeatedly ejected at a single eruption elsewhere.

Izalco, in San Salvador, is ten years younger than Jorullo. Its birthday was the 25th of February, 1770. It came up

through a farm, the occupants of which had for some months been disturbed by subterranean shocks and noises. The earth opened half a mile from the steadying, and sent out lava and smoke. No tumescence is mentioned.\* It could not possibly have been great enough to give any countenance to the bubble theory, or the hacenderos would have been abruptly poured off the sides of their unfortunate plantation. They had no care but to get out of the way of the cinders, which were borne by the wind eighteen miles.

Unlike the two others, Izalco did not exhaust itself with a single effort. It continued, and still continues, to rage

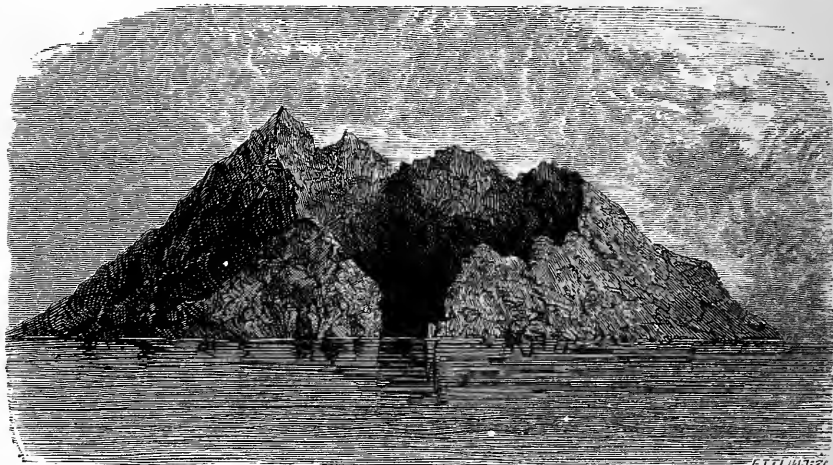
SANTORIN.



and to increase in height. It has attained the stature of Vesuvius, and there is no reason why it should not, in the remote future that shall make our age geologic, rank with the existing giants of the Cordilleras, created doubtless in substantially the same way.

It is barely a quarter of a century since Central America was further enriched with a new volcano. Mr. George Squier

witnessed the occurrence, and describes in his lively way an ascent he soon after made to the cone. The volcano was a lusty infant, but ceased to breathe before the neighboring clergy could follow their custom of blessing and baptizing it. All the Nicaraguan volcanoes were thus Christianized soon after the Conquest, with the exception of one fiery heathen who never sent back the deputation of



JULIA ISLAND.

monks commissioned to plant the cross upon his crest. Unregenerate Momotombo still speaks in the old thunder to the strange idols of stone that stare up at him from the woods below.

Religious honors were likewise accorded to islets of volcanic origin in the Mediterranean. Deios and Rhodes the classic historians and naturalists could report only on the strength of tradition as having suddenly sprung from the waves. To the birth of others, as Thera, Theraica, Hieria and Thia, they were able to affix known dates. Their accounts have been verified by modern geologists, who trace the eruptive rocks in all these islands. Collateral evidence has been furnished by the actual elevation of additional islands in the same sea, and out of the substance of the ancient ones, within the Christian era.

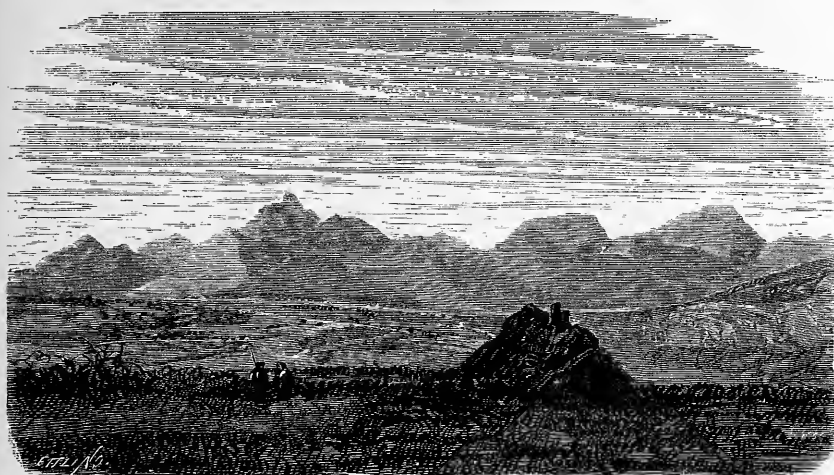
In A. D. 726, Hieria and Thia were blended by a new eruption into one isl-

and. This, now called Great Kaïmeni, was enlarged in 1573 by the accession from the same source of a fire-blackened rock styled Little Kaïmeni; and in 1707-12, New Kaïmeni, two thousand yards across and two hundred feet high, was added to the group. In 1866 this persistent focus was again convulsed. New Kaïmeni was enlarged by a promontory two hundred feet long at one point, and a projection of nearly equal dimensions at another part of the coast. During this eruption an incandescent rock set fire to a vessel and killed the captain.

Elevation and depression were alike traits of these convulsions. The new islands rose and fell several times before establishing a firm submarine foundation, and their elder neighbors suffered at some points a lowering of their level. The road of Santorin, in which they lie, may be accounted the mother-crater.

Meanwhile, far west of the Cyclades, Etna was giving signs of a propensity for annexation. In July, 1831, in the open sea off the harbor of Sciacca, on the southwestern coast of Sicily, the skipper of a

Sicilian brig was astonished by the spectacle of a wave that swelled to a height of eighty feet, and when it subsided gave way to a dense column of smoke. This happened several times, at intervals of



EXTINCT CRATERS IN AUVERGNE.

fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoriæ and dead fish floated ashore in great quantities. In twelve days an islet had been formed, crateriform in shape, and capped with a sheaf of smoke and ashes two thousand feet high. The greatest breadth of the mound was eight hundred feet. Its height was variable, but usually at the extreme point sixty feet. The materials ejected were too light to build a solid substratum or resist the action of the waves. Hence the short-lived island, with a flag and a name—Julia, Graham, Nerita, Ferdinanda—for each month of its existence, had in November disappeared. On the 25th of December the sounding-line showed twenty-four fathoms on its site. Etna's first outlying colony was a failure.

The island of Sabrina, in the Azores, had a longer lease of life—from 1811 to 1822. That of Johanna Bogaslawa, in the Aleutian Archipelego, has passed three-score and ten, but shows plain marks of age and portents of dissolution. Like Sabrina and Julia, the hyperborean recruit was rickety from the cradle. His bony framework was defective and deficient. The softer tissues predominated;

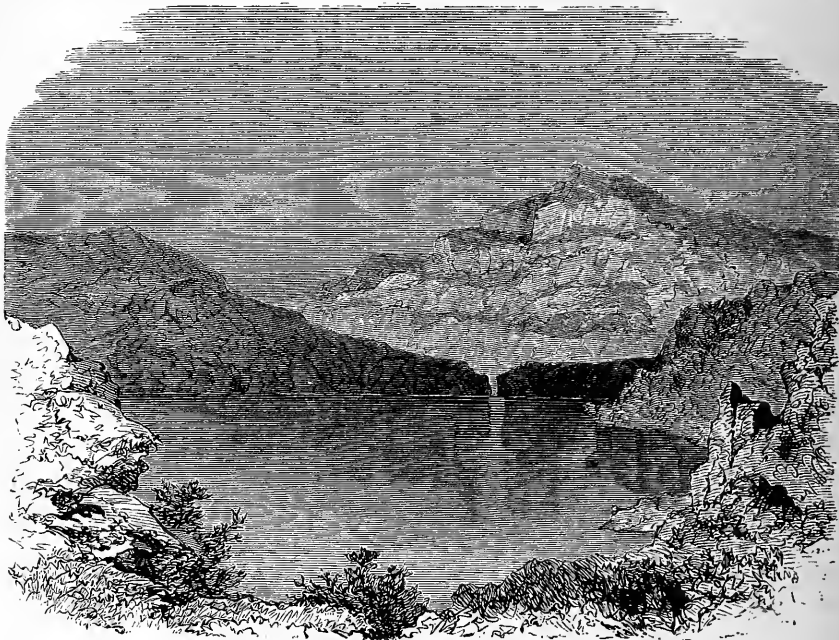
and as neither men nor volcanoes can live like jelly-fish, he must perforce succumb. He lacked the stamina of the Grecian striplings, the lusty sprouts of Olympus.

From the young and the effete let us pass to those which may be safely declared lifeless. Italy contains a number of them, as we have before intimated. Mont Albano overlooks Rome and the Campagna. Its lavas have overflowed the tufa ejected from many craters on the latter plain, and furnishing the Eternal City itself with both its natural and its artificial foundations. At Baccano is found another large extinct crater.

The traces of superficial volcanic action, perfectly apparent to the tourist of to-day in Germany, Hungary, Spain, Greece and its islands, were not detected, or certainly not openly recognized, before the beginning of the present century. Lyell has made us familiar with the beautifully-marked groups of craters in Catalonia and Auvergne. In the latter are pointed out thirty-nine, besides some others less unmistakably marked. They all lie within a space of twenty-five

or thirty miles. Lava, scorix, calcined stones and soil of the character due to the disintegration of such materials leave no doubt of the forces which have once been at work, even were the conformation of the country such as to admit of question on that point. The most cursory reader who glances at the engraving of the beautiful Lake Pavin, slumbering at the foot of Mont Dialme in its cradle railed in with basalt, must pronounce its basin a duplicate of those of Etna and Kilauea. "Its fires are out from shore

to shore," and the probability of their rekindling may be postponed at least to some remote period in the future when the continent shall have been remodeled. They have been extinguished from the Pliocene period, and deposits containing the bones of the hippopotamus, tapir, etc. interleave with their latest lava-beds. Yet these beds, one of them thirteen miles long, are as fresh-looking in their texture as though the eruption had occurred last year. The surface of the country, in its relations to the sea-level,



LAKE PAVIN.

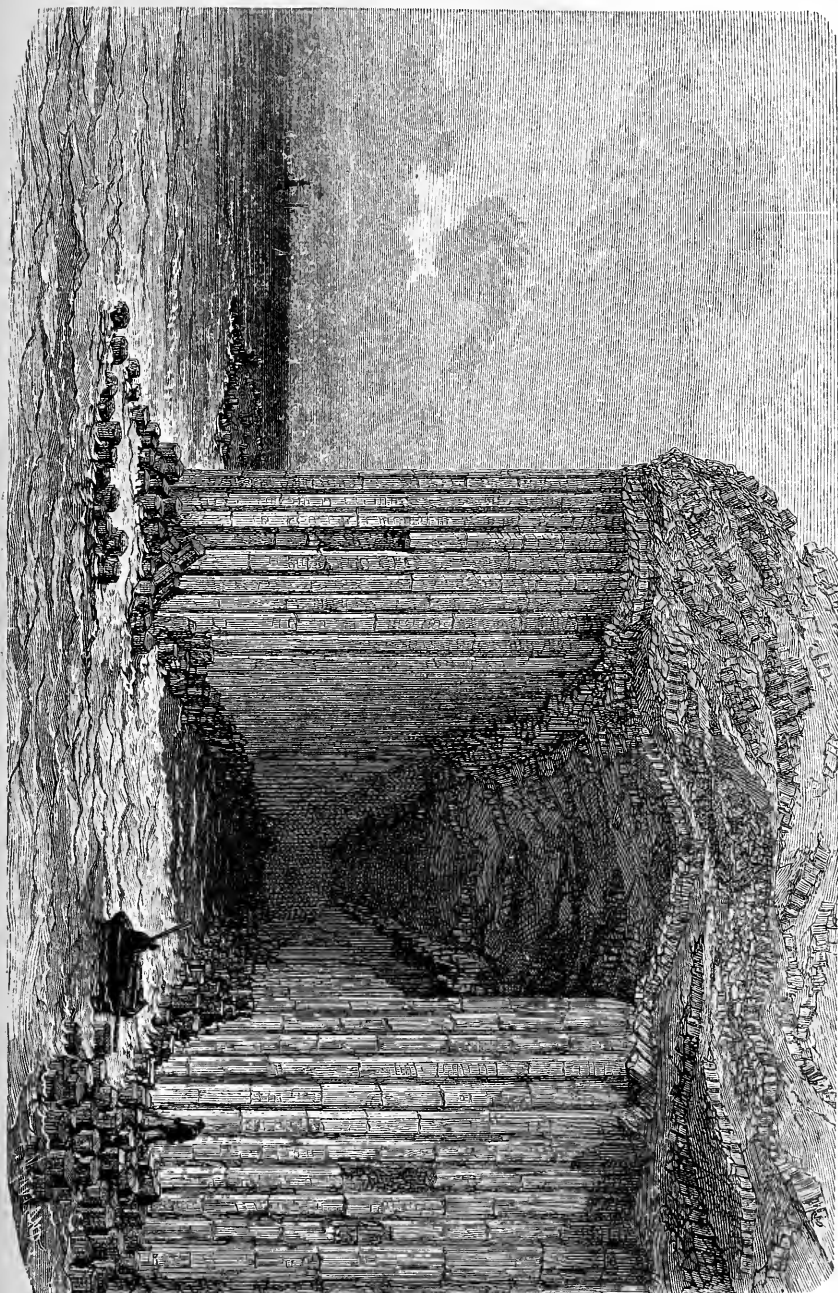
has not been materially changed. The region was then, as now, inland, and the volcanic outbursts sub-aërial.

Very different in the conditions of formation are the traces of the same force we encounter in Staffa and on the coast of Antrim. The famous causeway and cave were shaped at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystallized into columns, subsequently upheaved by a movement extending over a wide area, and acting so smoothly and uniformly as to cause little or no disruption. The pillars

are as erect as when the whale swam above them. A reproduction on land of Fingal's retreat is seen in the Cheese Grotto near Coblenz. The basalt there flowed from a height on which craters are traceable to-day. Beds of the same rock in the Bay of Trezza, illustrated in these pages, carry us back to the sea, and lead us south toward another island of volcanic origin, not dependent on tradition or fable for association with giants, but trodden within living memory by a mightier than Fingal. For Napoleon,



FINGAL'S CAVE.



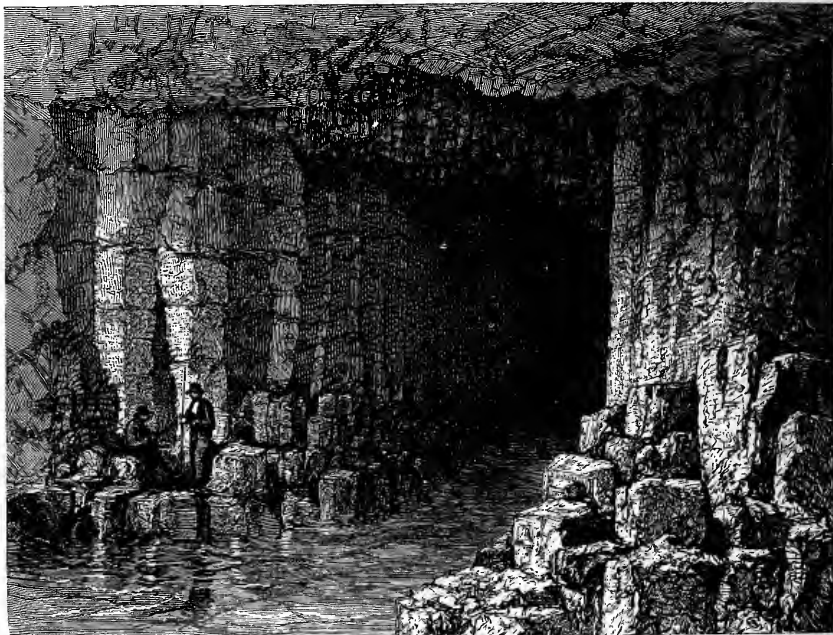
born of the fire-fraught soil of the Mediterranean, the summit of an extinct volcano was a fitting tomb.

Our own territory affords singularly few signs of igneous activity, ancient or modern. In a breadth of three millions of

square miles the United States can claim but two active volcanoes—St. Helen's, a fellow-picket, far removed, of Jorullo on the line of the Cordilleras, and its file-closer on the north, St. Elias, a twin in height of Orizaba. Pre-historic craters are nearly as rare. Oddly enough, the chief one we have to cite, that of Mount

Shasta near the California and Oregon line, has associated itself with the single military event which the meagre annals of our Pacific coast have contributed to history.

Taking no note of the extinct volcanoes of the Pacific, many of which would be invisible and unknown to us but for the



ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

labors of the coral-insect in erecting is-lands upon their slowly-sinking walls, it is obvious that the ocean must conceal a vastly greater number of effete craters than are discoverable on land. This results not only from the superficial excess of the sea over the continents, but from its greater depth as compared with the average elevation of the land. Very few volcanoes are as high as the average, and none so high as the extreme, depth of the sea. Judging from the number of submarine outbursts observed during the past few centuries, immensely numerous must be those which have occurred since the land upon the face of the globe assumed or approached its actual configuration. The depth below the new islets,

abortive or complete, is but a fraction of the prevailing depth of the ocean. Many must, within a few generations, have failed to reach the surface, and others still may have sent to it smoke and ashes unseen from ship or shore. All have left a foundation-platform of trap or granite to rise to light, perhaps, in the future, when the points of eruption now above ground shall have descended in turn.

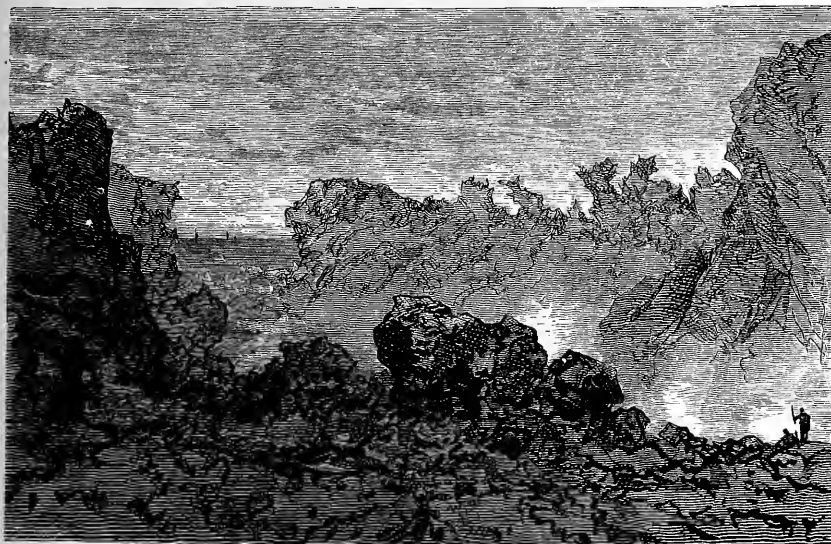
Until the system of soundings now in its infancy shall present us with better profile maps of the floor of the ocean, the eruptive centres there concealed will refuse us their assistance in arriving at definite conclusions based on the distribution of volcanoes and the tracing of lines of disturbance. We must be con-



tent with deductions based on the known minority.

Two-thirds—after one estimate 155 out of 225, and by another 190 out of 270—

of the volcanoes in action are found in islands. With very few exceptions the others are all within a few leagues of the sea or of large bodies of water. The



CRATER OF TENERIFFE.

same proportion holds among those which appear to be temporarily at rest, or have been so since geologic times. The latter, when found far inland, are attended by vestiges of ancient lakes or shore-lines. The craters of Auvergne and the Eifel adjoin broad basins long since filled up with fossiliferous deposits. In Central Asia the gas-springs fortify the testimony of the landlocked seas that the Caspian, the Aral and a chain of smaller salt lakes were once connected with each other and with the Northern Ocean. The solitary eruptive demonstration the United States east of the Rocky Mountains has been favored with since tradition began, and since long before, was that at New Madrid in 1811. Mud and water are said to have been thrown as high as the trees, but sulphurous exhalations are not proved to have been emitted, nor were other indications of igneous activity noted. If this immediate cause did exist, it was doubtless due to irritation from surface-water in the Mississippi or its swamps passing through old cavities in the strata

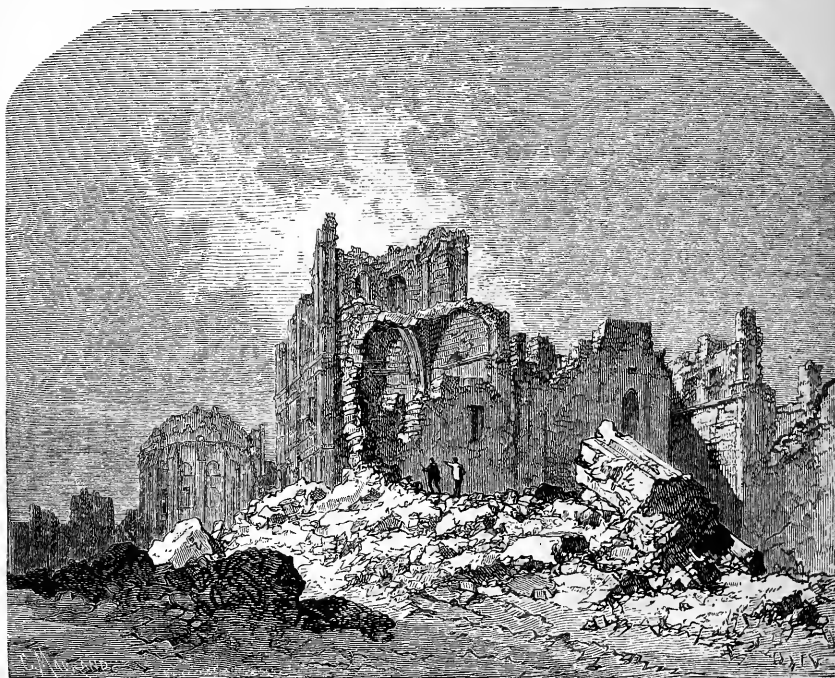
or new ones formed by convulsions of the earth connected with the great earthquake of Caracas. More probably the absorption and ejection of water, as shown in the rising and sinking of shallow lakes, was a result of the earthquake passing along a long-cooled subterranean duct, and in no way connected with local igneous action.

The eastern and northern coasts of the Pacific are formed by a volcanic range, as every schoolboy knows. Starting from Tierra del Fuego, it passes through Mexico and our western limits to Behring Strait. There, deflected south-westwardly, it makes stepping-stones of the Aleutian cluster, and goes through Kamtchatka, Japan and the Philippines to the Moluccas. There it divides—one branch turning westward by Borneo, Java and Sumatra to Birmah, while a second threads the New Hebrides and New Zealand toward its culmination at the South Pole in Mounts Erebus and Terror, making a tolerably continuous oval. Looking to the Atlantic, another system

may be traced from Iceland past the Hebrides, the middle Rhine, Auvergne, and the Apennines to Vesuvius, Etna and the Grecian Archipelago. This line may be connected with the other system on the east by Ararat and the Thian-Shan, and to the west by Madeira, the Azores, the Caribbees and Venezuela. From this branch an offshoot skirts the African coast in a line parallel with it, and strikes, by way of Teneriffe, St. Paul and St. Helena, toward the same objective point at the South Pole.

Upheavals and depressions on a great

scale, and operating slowly over vast areas, have made broad gaps in these lines, and obliterated others formerly no doubt quite as clearly marked. No one of these rows of chimneys is at any time continuous and synchronous in activity; but the clefts supposed to underlie and be tapped by them reveal their continuity frequently by sympathetic movements involving points separated by thousands of miles. Paroxysms in Hecla, Vesuvius and Etna have more than once been palpably coincident. In 1835, Coseguina in Nicaragua, Corcovado and Aconcagua,



RUINS OF LISBON.

burst into eruption on one and the same day. The first and last are separated by an interval of thirty-five hundred miles. What vehicle of communication is it that travels with such velocity? Sound would traverse the distance named in about five hours. It is on record that Coseguina was heard at Bogotà, eleven hundred miles as the crow flies. The atmosphere could not have accomplished this. The reverberation must have been

conveyed along the crust of the earth through the secret speaking-tube of the fraternity. The mere concussion may have caused the explosions, by unsettling the equilibrium of the slumbering forces, much as the Strocker is summoned into action by a pebble. Without requiring the existence of hollow cores to the mountain-ridges, we may justly assume a horizontal prolongation of such ducts as supply active craters, or grooves which fa-

cilitate the passage of gases along certain lines. The products of combustion must have the means of reaching their definite and permanent outlets. When any of these are found to act in concert, the conviction of their having a subterranean

connection cannot be escaped. That acute and systematic observer, Charles Darwin, long ago made such a declaration, and facts to sustain it have since accumulated.

When the gases rising from the molten



DESTRUCTION OF SAN SALVADOR.

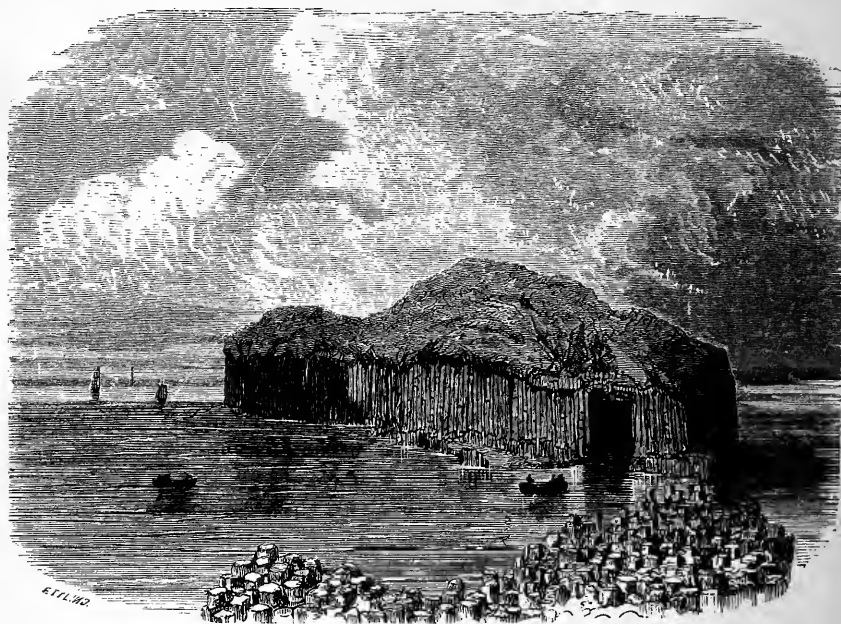
interior lake seek egress, they force their way in a broad sheet through the space between its surface and the under side of the incumbent shell, and the enormous tension cannot fail to tell upon the inelastic crust. As a rule, the volume of these fluids seems insufficient to produce a serious tremor unless steam be added to them by an influx of water. Even then, the vibration they cause before reaching the escape-valve is, even in extreme cases, relatively very slight. The most terrible earthquake does not compare, when measured by the body upon the surface of which it acts, with the twitch of a horse's skin in shaking off a fly. It is imperceptible to the eye of those who experience it in an open plain. Men and the lower animals are seldom overthrown by the movement of the soil. Their injuries are due to the fall-

ing of walls, and less frequently to the sudden opening of crevices in the soil. These disruptions, a few feet across, dwindle to an infinitely small dislocation as they sink toward the centre of disturbance. Usually, the shocks last but a few moments, room for expansion into sea or air having been found by the imprisoned vapor. Sometimes, however, they are repeated during days, and even months. The destructive earthquake which warned the Pompeians of their approaching doom, and gave them a foretaste of it, preceded the eruption six years. Of the prolonged series of shocks heralding other outbreaks, and those especially of new volcanoes, we have heretofore made mention.

Slight as the oscillation may be, it never fails to terrify all who feel it. No one ever gets broken in to earthquakes.

They sap the fundamental belief of all. Men who have faith in nothing else believe in the solidity of the ground they stand on. To doubt it never occurs to them. It possesses them even in their sleep; so that when, in the dead of night, the whole foundation of things reels beneath them for an instant, and to the extent of an inch or two, horror,

unconscious in inception and uncontrollable in course, snatches them from their beds and sets them, staring awake, face to face with the end of all things. The beasts of the field show as unmistakable affright, for they too have their basal beliefs. Stricken dumb or bellowing with terror, they contribute to the general effect of the situation. They are seized



STAFFA.

upon by artists who undertake to depict such scenes as powerful accessories, little as the actual spectators are apt to trouble themselves about what becomes of the brutes. In fact, an earthquake, unless of such violence as to throw down buildings, or experienced so near the shore as to display the advance and recession of a billow, is not a spectacle. It does not address the eye. A voyager in a balloon, looking down upon the spot, would be at a loss to comprehend the cries and the rushing to and fro of the people.

The South and Central Americans have become by long usage connoisseurs—though never amateurs—in earthquakes. They classify them into varie-

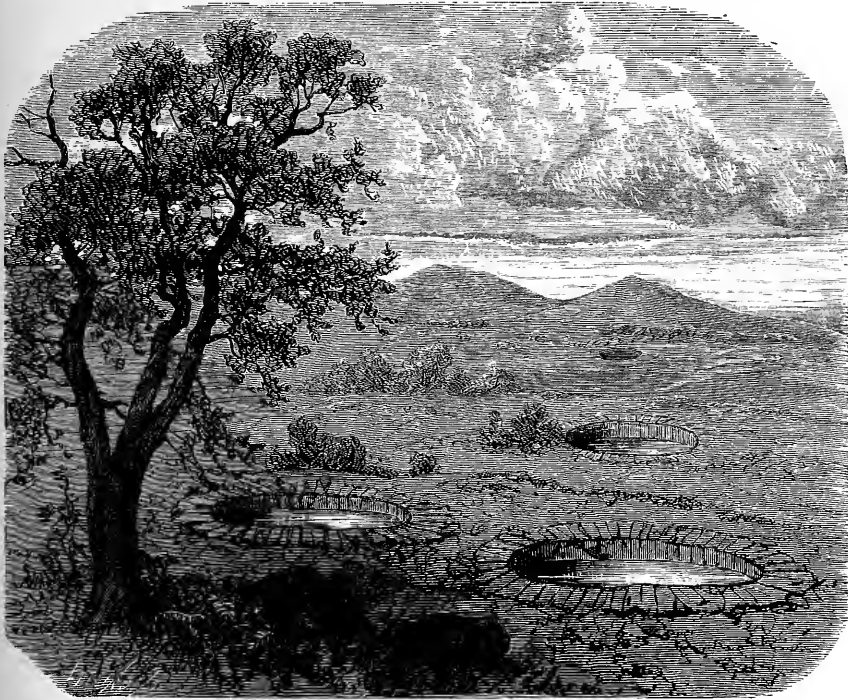
ties. The name of *temblor* they give to a moderate shudder, with sounds like those habitual in the immediate neighborhood of volcanoes. The noise resembles the rattle of a distant skirmish, interspersed with the muffled "diapason of the cannonade." Some tiles may fall and some glasses be shattered. Beyond such disasters the damage is *nil*. Such movements wander occasionally far beyond the regular theatre of convulsion. In these excursions they appear to be the sequelæ, or more properly the dilute effect, of the severer species, named by the Spanish Americans *terramotos*, the visitants from below so fraught with human misery and suffering.

In their intensest efforts the shocks

act in a vertical, horizontal or gyratory direction. The first is sometimes so sharp as to raise objects clear of the ground. At Riobamba, in 1797, "les cadavres d'un grande nombre d'habitants furent lancés sur une colline haute de plusieurs centaines de pieds, et située au delà du ruisseau de Suican." Thus Boscovich. We are afraid to translate his statement. He follows Humboldt.

The Spanish province of Murcia was visited by a projicient thrust of this kind

on the 21st of March, 1829, but we cannot believe that the thirty-five hundred houses then and there destroyed were tossed bodily into the air. Hamilton is more circumstantial in describing the convulsion of Calabria in 1783. The mountains, he says, rose and fell: "some houses were transported without material injury to more elevated situations, and others were torn from their foundations and overset. Some of the inhabitants were abruptly lifted and deposited safe



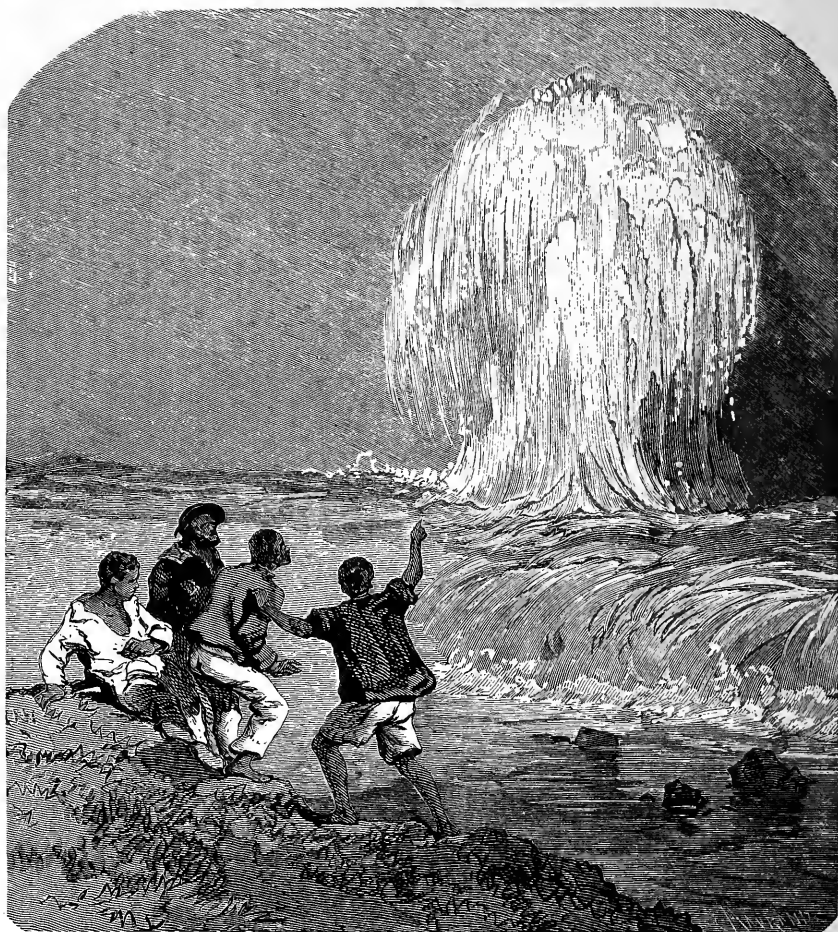
WELLS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKES.

and sound on the adjacent heights, and one woman who was up in a lemon tree found herself deposited upon the ground without the slightest damage"! Such events are apt to enliven the rural imagination, as we infer from the remarkable accounts brought over by the sturdy beggars whom an eruption of Etna frequently throws across the Atlantic.

More puzzling and perilous than the propulsive is the rotatory style of agitation. We may well believe that notes

from calm and curious observers of this phenomenon are not plentiful. The soil is described as whirling like the surface of coffee when stirred with a spoon. It seems to be liquid. The land-waves may be regular or irregular. The results of both astonish, whether with ruin or the inexplicable arrest of ruin. Cultivated fields slide one over the other. In the Calabrian earthquake above mentioned the pedestals of two obelisks in front of the church of St. Etienne del Bosco





ERUPTION OF WATER IN HONDURAS.

maintained their normal position, but the capstones were twisted some inches upon the centre. Still greater is said to have been the wrench undergone by a tower in Majorca in 1851. The base turned sixty degrees upon its axis, while the upper part stood firm.

The climax of these saltatory transports of staid Mother Earth is attained in the combination of all these movements. The result is but faintly shadowed by our native representative of an earthquake—a steamboat explosion. At Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692, everything, alive and inanimate, was thrown together pell-mell. The earth was like violent-

ly-agitated water. Some of the people are reported to have been thrown from the centre of the town into the harbor, where they retained presence of mind and strength enough to swim ashore!

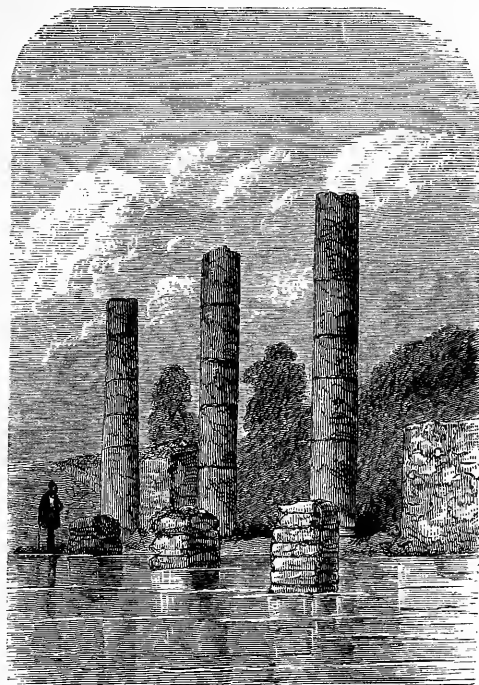
Humboldt was shown, when surveying the ruins of Riobamba, a spot where the furniture of one house was extracted from the ruins of another a considerable distance off. The respective proprietors preserved their bodily health sufficiently to have the question of ownership settled by a lawsuit. Fancy New York or Philadelphia thus "thrown into hotch-potch," and the profits thence ensuing to the lawyers!

San Salvador, built upon a bank of volcanic sand three or four hundred feet thick, was destroyed in ten seconds on the night of April 16, 1854. It had memory of several serious shocks, but the latest was half a century back, and the inhabitants had gained confidence from the immunity of two generations. To slight innocuous movements, so frequent as to gain for the city the sobriquet of "the Hammock," they had become habituated. The catastrophe was not unattended by premonitions in the shape of heavy detonations and more decided agitations than usual, and many of the people anticipated it by taking up their quarters, some hours previously, in the open plazas and the patios of their dwellings. Hence the comparatively slight loss of life. A few of the older and more solidly-built houses stood, but none remained habitable.

Of numerous and equally disastrous earthquakes in more recent years, none have eclipsed in the general mind that of Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The attack and instantaneous reduction of a European capital by a new and terrible invader made an impression that will yet be long in dying out. The accounts of eye-witnesses are abundant and full. Even in our day, a hundred and twenty years later, new ones are discovered in private letters written at the time, and since buried in desks and chests. Many English were in the city or on vessels in the Tagus who could describe the event in its two aspects on land and water.

In this case there was no warning. At half-past nine in the morning a tremendous noise was followed by a shock which prostrated the most solid structures of Lisbon in an instant. Some minutes after the movement was renewed in a kind likened to that of a chariot rolling with extreme violence over a rugged surface. First and last, the terrible blow occupied six minutes. The bed of the river rose in several places to the level of its waters, and the great quay of the

Prada was swallowed up with a crowd who had sought safety upon it. For a brief space of time the harbor was left almost dry, but the water returned in a billow fifty feet high, which swept many walls left standing. Toward noon another shock, more feeble than its predecessors, closed the tragedy, which was not confined to Lisbon. Oporto, Cadiz and Madrid felt the shock at the same time, almost to a minute. Other towns and some of the loftiest mountains of the



TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

Peninsula experienced it with more or less marked results, but it did not restrict itself to the bounds of Spain and Portugal, nor was its severity by any means measured solely by distance from any supposed focus. The convulsion is estimated to have affected an area equal to a twelfth part of the surface of the globe. Not only was all Europe shaken, but a part of America and North Africa. The disturbance, however, was not simultaneous over this extent. It distributed itself



through some days. Turin and Milan felt it seriously, the latter on the 1st of November, and the former on the 9th. In Brieg houses were overthrown. The Lake of Neufchâtel overflowed its banks. The small Lake of Morat near it sank twenty feet, and remained at the new level. Vesuvius, in eruption at the time, was suddenly silenced, and its column of smoke reabsorbed into the crater. Churches in Rotterdam were shaken ten hours after the Lisbon shock. Lakes and springs in many parts of Germany, Norway and Sweden were affected. A littoral wave swept the coasts of Western Europe, rising eight or ten feet on the coast of Cornwall, and doing great mischief there. The Scottish lakes rose three feet. Tetuan, Tangiers, Fez, Mequinez and other African towns approached Lisbon in the completeness of their destruction. At Mequinez a mountain opened and discharged torrents of turbid water—one of the escape-valves, possibly. Westward across the Atlantic the vast oscillation took its way. At Madeira the sea rose fifteen feet. A billow twenty feet high is said to have entered the harbor of St. Martin's in the West Indies. On the 18th of November the impulse reached New England. In Boston chimneys were overthrown or cracked, and among the farms stone fences had the like mishaps.

The shocks are social. They like companionship, and are wont to travel in company. Yet they have a chief, responsible, like other chiefs, for all the mischief. The procession may last for hours, days and months. At San Salvador, in 1856, 118 shocks were counted. At Lisbon, after the decisive crash, the earth did not wholly attain repose for two months, and when Bâle was overthrown in 1356 the soil was in motion for a whole year.

Periodicity has been averred to characterize the recurrence of earthquakes, but the proofs are few and feeble. Out of so many recorded it would be strange not to find coincidences going to sustain such a view. Lima had a visitation on the 17th of June in the years 1578 and 1678. Copiapo's period has been placed

at twenty-three years on the strength of three returns. Syria and Southern Italy are said to alternate with each other, their orbits intersecting a ring of earthquakes at equidistant points. The two countries are said never to have been convulsed at the same time. Extraordinary instances in the reverse direction are furnished by the tremor which on the 16th of November, 1827, devastated Bogotá, and shook less seriously the city of Okhotsk in Siberia, nine thousand miles distant, and by the convulsion of January 19, 1850, simultaneous at Schuscha in the Caucasus and in Italy, Chili and California. The vibration here, however caused, must have moved with the velocity of sound, and without interruption from the subterranean dams alleged by the dwellers on the Andes to stop at certain points the transmission of shocks, and called by them bridges.

The tread of the earthquake is not stamped only in shattered cities. It rends the rock they stood upon and pierces the soil with living wells. The granite of Monte Polisterra in Calabria was split in 1783 for a distance of nine or ten leagues. At Terranova and Oppido houses disappeared utterly. Rosarno shows a bequest of the same convulsion in cylindrical wells which recall the Geysers. These are but examples of crevices and wells opened in other parts of the world recently and anciently. Dykes and "faults," or slides, thus originating, are familiar to quarrymen, miners and geologists.

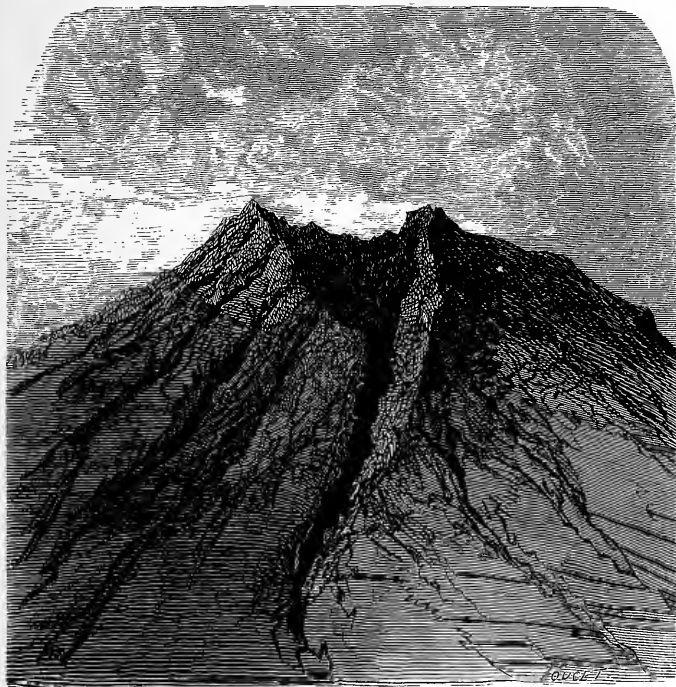
A cup-shaped depression at the bottom of a sheet of water, suddenly formed, has been seen to throw up a magnificent column due to the rapid confluence of the water to a common centre. An elevation, on the other hand, will pour a temporary torrent on the surrounding shores.

Evidence is wanting of permanent elevation or depression of the soil over any considerable area due to these sharp and sudden commotions. Localized effects of this kind have been often traced to them. Since the shock of 1750 at Concepcion in Chili, vessels have been unable to come within three leagues of the old port, and the rise of the coast is

estimated at twenty-six feet. Again in 1822 the level of the coast at Valparaiso is said to have been changed four feet, and in 1835 a shock which followed an eruption of Coseguina raised three hundred miles of the Chilian coast five feet, and immediately depressed it three feet. This last change was so very slight as to be contested. Adiniral (then Lieutenant) Wilkes tested the point by sound-

ings, and came to an adverse conclusion. An elevation of the surface of New Zealand over a space of 4600 square miles to a height varying at different points between one and nine feet, by a violent shock on the 23d of January, 1855, seems to be better avouched.

In the oft-cited case of the Neapolitan ruin which antiquarians dub the temple of Jupiter-Serapis the alternate elevations



CRATER OF MERBABU.

and depressions are probably secular. The preservation of absolute verticality by the remaining columns, and absence of dislocation in the pavement on which they stand and constructions around them, is at war with the allegation that the movements were due to a cataclysm.

Could broad changes of level be freely referred to earthquakes, the fact would be easy of proof in view of the vast number of tremors of which we have dates and other data. In the basin of the Rhine 539 have been recorded since the ninth century, and 4620 in the whole

world in seven years ending with 1857. The alterations traceable to any or all of these in the relative elevation of land and ocean are a trifle to those known to have been slowly going on for centuries in non-volcanic regions, to say nothing of those, incomparably vaster in the aggregate, chronicled on the stony parchments of geology.

A gradual depression of the western coast of Greenland, continuous during at least the past four centuries over a length north and south of six hundred miles, is established by incontestable

proofs. Another northern peninsula, that of Sweden, has been for a longer period in process of upheaval. This movement covers a line of a thousand miles north and south. The rate at the North Cape is calculated at five feet in a century, diminishing toward Denmark.

From such facts we may conclude that the subterranean forces act with a steady, equable and prolonged effort, as well as with sporadic and violent blows, and that they accomplish more by the former than by the latter method. We have seen that the two forms of movement may coexist without interfering, earthquake shocks shooting across areas of upheaval and depression like lightning over the plain, as the vast succession of strata enveloping the earth "like the coats of an onion" are penetrated by injected clefts.

Are these forces, various in their manifestations, complex and distinct in their character? Are they all to be summarily ascribed to a molten interior? If so, does liquefaction by heat extend to the centre of the sphere? Has the shrinking of the earth from either pole and expansion at the equator, productive of a

present difference in diameter five times greater than the height of the loftiest mountains, nothing to do with the erection of those mountains, of the long ridges they stud, and of the broader and more gentle plateaus upon which they stand? May not the assigned fluctuation of two and a half degrees—granting that to be its extreme amount—in the inclination of the equator to the ecliptic, perpetually changing, as it does, the distance of each point on the earth's surface from its centre of gravity, combine with the former influence in affecting gradually or suddenly the distribution of land and water?

The temptation to generalize upon volcanic phenomena and their origin is very great: scientific men of the first rank have often yielded to it. But certainty will not be approached until the treasury of facts shall have been far better filled than now. The actual conformation of the planet's surface is yet to be traced. Until that be effected the study of the forces which have acted, and are still seen to be acting, upon it must lack the bases of precision.

## AN AFRICAN FAIRHAVEN.

IT was on the 4th of May, 1787, that Stanislas, Chevalier de Boufflers, was doubling Cape Verde, with the island of Goree in sight, and with the further prospect of landing there before the next morning. He was "sick as a puppy," as he wrote to his wife in his diary, but he had left behind him the monotony and torrid oppressiveness of St. Louis of Senegal, and was approaching, not for the first time, a delightful abode. It was not flat, to begin with; and that, after the melancholy sandspit, the "tristes sables," of St. Louis, was a great deal. It was the first elevation he had seen since Teneriffe. Imagine, he writes his dear countess of Sabran, a rock set upon a plane surface whose outline resembles

a leg of ham. On this rock is a little fort; at its foot, a little village; to right and left, batteries three-quarters demolished. There are gardens, well fenced and cultivated; houses, by no means badly built of stone, mostly thatched with straw. The air is so pure and invigorating that to breathe it is like taking the waters at Spa. It is the same on crossing to the neighboring mainland, where one may make an excursion amidst delicious freshness, green meadows, limpid waters, trees of a thousand shapes, flowers of a thousand hues, birds of a thousand kinds. Not here, as at Senegal, a dangerous bar and shallow water, but the safest anchorage at all times: no risk of famine; no uneasiness about the

climate. "I shouldn't have the slightest fear to bring *you* here," are his words to the countess. Then he takes to day-

dreaming, this ambitious governor of the French coast of Africa: "I will transfer my residence to Goree, where there are



SAINT LOUIS OF SENEGAL.

no impediments to navigation, and I can consequently better receive the orders of the court; where I can keep large

ships, and more of them; and to whose fertile and healthy neighborhood I may attract French and Acadian families, and

thus lay the foundations of the greatest establishment that ever existed outside of France."

All things seemed easy to a favorite of the French salons, a newly-fledged Academician, an ex-abbé, a soldier and a lover—the unpublished husband of one of the most charming of women. Of the days that were coming—of '89, of revolution and exile—he had no prevision. At Goree his spirits rose above every evil, immediate or remote. He even gayly records, in his home letter, the fact that he has had a stomach-colic during the past forty-eight hours. On the 10th of May he gave a grand ball to all the ladies of Goree, doubtless without distinction of color. On the night of the 12th he took, though he little thought it, final leave of the island, returning to St. Louis by the shore of the continent; and for forty leagues we watch his retreating figure journeying along, "always between the roaring of the sea and the roar of lions, with only the unnavigable waves in view on the one hand and the impracticable desert on the other."

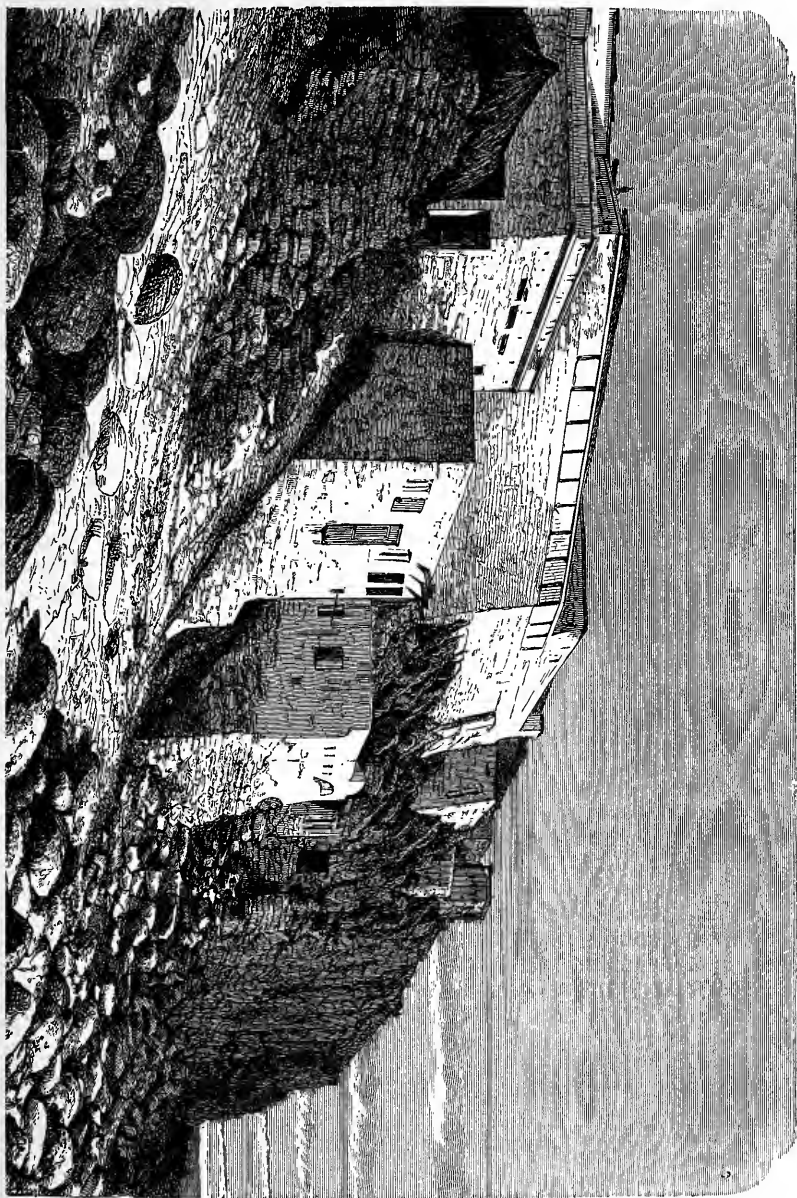
Homely as is the chevalier's comparison of Goree to a leg of ham, its aptness will be confessed by any one who has visited the island, or who will consult the map which accompanies Golberry's *Fragments d'un Voyage en Afrique pendant les années 1785-6-7* (1802). Golberry went out to Senegal with De Boufflers as captain of the engineer corps of the colony and first aide-de-camp. He describes himself complacently as a soldier and a man of the world, and he appears to have attracted the attention of Boufflers by his *esprit* and his talents, and thereby to have gained his appointment. But the governor early discovered the self-sufficiency of his subordinate, and got to have a hearty dislike of him both for his character and for his uniform. Golberry's professional ability, he says, perhaps too harshly, was not above that of a pupil of the *Ponts et Chaussées*. "He is the feeblest architect I know," and withal he cannot bear criticism or rebuke. He carries in him a sort of leaven that keeps him always in a state of ferment and spoils all his good qual-

ities. "He has a great deal of *esprit*, but reserves it altogether for his conversation: he makes no use of it in his behavior." Whenever he took ship he made himself obnoxious to everybody on board. "In quitting my post," remarks Boufflers on his return to France, "I experience regrets for all my poor friends. I except M. de Golberry, because he is neither poor nor my friend. He has just been trafficking in the most indecent manner. On his voyage he quarreled with all the officers, beginning with the captain. . . . I commissioned him to bring me the various curiosities that might be found in the countries he should visit. He brought back only a ragged old mat, and kept everything else for himself, albeit acquired with goods which I had lent him. He has neither sensibility, nor honor, nor talent, and I think I shall rid the colony of him."

After this warning, perhaps the less we have to do with Captain Golberry the better; but having gone to his book for our map, it is only fair to proceed a little further in it if we would judge the man on his merits, and not simply on the prejudices of M. de Boufflers. And first we must admit that this uncomfortable aide-de-camp had more of the scientific spirit than his chief. He wanted to have Central Africa explored by way of Senegal; and if he lacked the courage or the opportunity to engage in such an enterprise, he could not help envying the British for the lead they had taken in the same direction when Mungo Park's narrative was first given to the world. In that shabby transaction, too, by which he stocked himself with African curiosities at another's expense (to put it mildly), one recognizes and perhaps half excuses the too ardent "collector"—a creature not so well known then as now-a-days. Moreover, he was a good observer, and should have been highly useful to any but a lovesick administrator. He extols the gum of Senegal as the best in the world; says that the Moors of the Sahara live on it, and that six ounces of it will sustain a man for twenty-four hours; that, besides, it has pectoral qualities, and he suggests making it into tablets after

the fashion of "what is called in England portable-soop" (*sic*). He reports gold-mines in the country of the Bambouks;

notes the sterile dunes along the land-route from Senegal to Goree; describes the coast natives and their habits; gives



THE PORT OF GOREE.

details concerning the commerce of Goree; and in short, except that he applauds Bonaparte's re-enactment of slavery in

the colonies, creates a very favorable impression of his character. He shared the opinion of his superior concerning



the value of Goree as a central government station for the whole coast from Cape Blanc to Sierra Leone. Between these extremities of the colony the island was equidistant, and, uniting in its limited area many of the advantages of Gibraltar, was, he declared, capable at a small cost of a great power of resistance.

In 1786, however, both the batteries or water-forts mentioned by Boufflers and the main fort at the southern end of the island were in a wretched condition. For nearly twenty years no enemy had appeared in either harbor to test these works. Thirty years before Golberry, the famous philosopher Adanson had also judged them inexpugnable; but the irony of Fate willed that his English translator (London, 1759) should be able to append a brief note in these terms: "Commodore Keppel has lately demonstrated our author's mistake." And, in truth, in the presence of Keppel's fleet of two hundred and seventy-four guns the garrison of three hundred Frenchmen and their black auxiliaries could only surrender at discretion. During the four years of British occupation that followed (1759-62) the works were probably fairly maintained, but from that time till Boufflers's advent we may suppose them to have fallen away through neglect. It would seem as if each new possessor of the island, overrating its natural strength, had settled down in a false security, for few strongholds have so often been contended for or oftener changed hands. The Dutch, who got it of King Biram of Cape Verde in 1617, made haste to fortify it after a fashion, and after enjoying it without dispute for nearly half a century, are not to be reproached for having lost it in 1663, seeing that they were attacked in time of peace, without any warning whatever. The hero of this exploit was that English captain whom Dryden describes in his *Annus Mirabilis* as

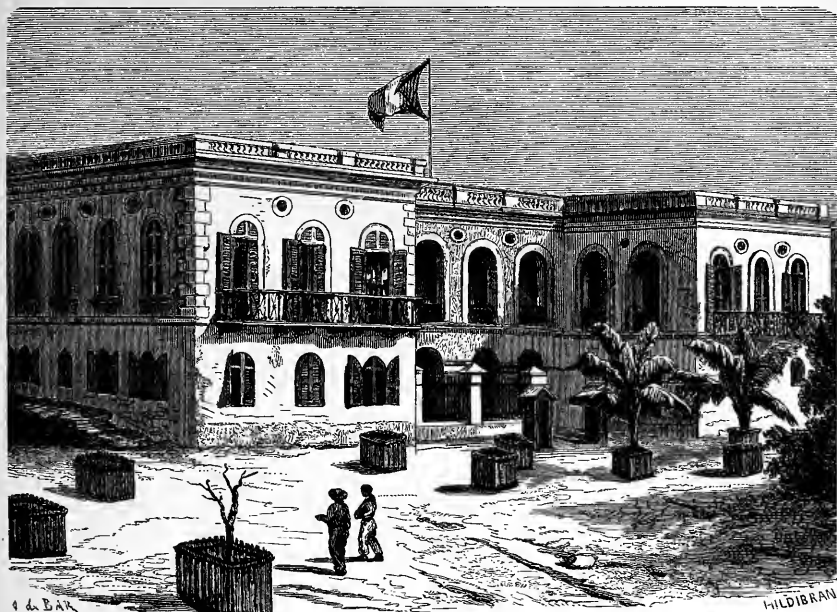
Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight,  
Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold:  
As once old Cato in the Roman sight  
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

Very little good, however, did the Royal African English Company derive from this immoral proceeding. The Dutch

West India Company found a vindicator in no less an admiral than De Ruyter, who slipped away from the Mediterranean in "wine-month" (October) of the very next year, and on the 24th had reversed matters at Goree, turning out the British garrison of sixty, and putting in their place a hundred and fifty of his own men under Johannes Cellarius, who at once set to work to repair the defences. They were sadly dilapidated, for, as Oliver Dapper relates, in the bad season whole batteries melted and crumbled away under the copious rains. Cellarius strengthened Fort Orange on the heights by adding three feet to the parapet, but when he came to Fort Nassau on the neck or peninsula at the northern extremity of the plain, he was obliged to remake it altogether. Unlike the upper fort, which was built of thick-jointed masonry, the lower was constructed merely of loose stones piled together and cemented with earth, so that when a gun was discharged from it whole courses of stone and earth would come rolling down. The whole seemed tolerably strong to Dapper, writing in 1676, but "strong" is a relative word, and a year later a French fleet under the Comte d'Estrées readily captured the island, and a third set of traders—the Senegal Company—committed their fortunes to this barren rock. Their Dutch rivals returned no more, for the capture was confirmed to France by the Peace of Nimeguen (1678), and over the upper fortress, now dubbed Fort St. Michel, as over the latter, rechristened Vermandois, and the forty acres included between them, the lilies of France floated undisturbed till Keppel, as already related, showed his flag in those waters. He bore a Dutch name, answering to the Dutch blood in his veins; and his war-vessels, the Torbay, the Nassau and the Fougueux (among others), singularly represented by their names the three nationalities which by turns had held and been forced to relinquish the bit of basalt that forms the subject of our narrative.

Captain Golberry remarks that the air at Goree, as at Cape Verde, is always cooler than at St. Louis of Senegal, and





GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT GOREE.

that convalescents at the latter place are with decided benefit transferred to the island hospital elevated some thirty feet above the sea-level. In the winter season, however (November to May, inclusive), which is the most healthy, the air as soon as the sun is up is dry and devouring; the disk of that luminary seems double what it is in Europe, so that one tires of its brilliancy ("*on s'ennuie de la gloire de ce bel astre*"); and the coming of the rainy season is welcomed on account of the clouds. But on the general subject of the temperature and the prevailing winds the curious will find abundant particulars in the *Annales de Chimie* (July, 1793) from the pen of M. Prélong, another of De Boufflers's lieutenants, who was made director of the hospital at Goree. The rainfall from June to October he gives as fifty to sixty inches, and says that it sounds like hail in France: during the rest of the year it does not amount to two inches. It is instantly absorbed by the red soil, a volcanic product (*pouzzolane*) which Prélong turned to good account, for, finding it to resist acids, he made it into a cement with which he re-

paired the cisterns of the fort. A great part of his meteorological observations were made at night, sleep being scarcely allowed him by the heat, the rats and a variety of insects which he takes some comfort in calling by names familiar to him in his native *pays*. Of that cool region he was often reminded, but never more pleasantly than on the 14th of September, 1788, when his eyes were gladdened by the sight of wagtails (*bergeronnettes*) arriving from the north. He bethought him that Adanson had seen swallows at Senegal on the 9th of October, and he remembered their leaving the department of the Hautes-Alpes toward the end of September. In their spring migration back he bore them company, setting sail from Goree about the middle of May, 1789, duly fortified, we may suppose, by his favorite remedy for sea-sickness—twenty drops of sulphuric ether in a spoonful of water—and reaching Paris on the 2d of July. "On the 14th," he remarks, "the Bastille was taken; and I make bold to believe that no patriot felt a livelier or sincerer joy than mine." In this sentiment the Che-

valier de Boufflers could hardly be expected to join.

Next to that of Gaboon, the harbor of Goree is the best on the coast of West Africa. To its excellent qualities the island owes its name, as old Dapper expressly states, the Netherlanders having found it a *good* and safe roadstead (*goede Reede*), or, as we designate it, a "fair haven." Ships may anchor, indeed, on either side, in the bay proper (*rade superbe*, according to Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle), or less securely in the Straits of Dakar under the lee of the Cape. Quite likely the first Europeans who availed themselves of this snug refuge were those bold sea-rovers, the Normans of Dieppe, traces of whose settlements on the neighboring main in the latter part of the fourteenth century are still said to exist. The Portuguese traders were fifty years behind them, and it was February, 1502, when Vasco da Gama, on his second voyage to Calicut, reached Cape Verde, "well five hundred miles from Portugal," and remarked that "the people there walk stark naked, men and women, and they are black, and they have no shame." Nearly at the same time, Vespuccius, on his way to Brazil or homeward bound, may have tarried in these waters, which presently were to become the scene not of peaceful commerce, but of inhuman violence. The colonization of America quickly changed the nature of the factories on this coast, and added to their previous dealings in palm oil, gum, ivory, and gold-dust the traffic in slaves. As this traffic increased in importance, the port of Goree rose into prominence, and became the secure rendezvous of the slavers from Europe and America. In Dibdin's time the common British sailor knew it well by visit or by hearsay, and could sing with unction the polygamous lay of his Bold Jack "In the Ways:"

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,  
A pigmy at Goree,  
An orange-tawny up the Straits,  
A black at St. Lucie:  
Thus whatesoever course I bend,  
I leads a jovial life:  
In every mess I find a friend,  
In every port a wife.

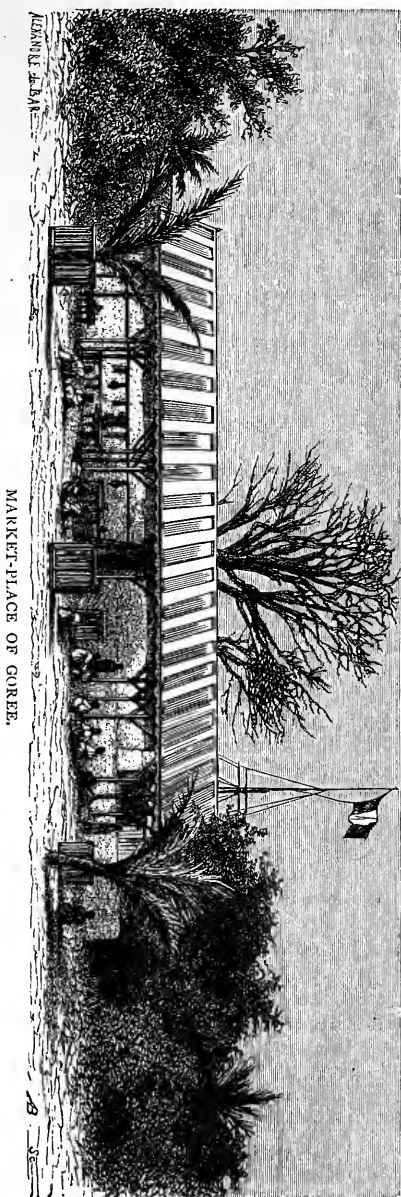
Nor were the seamen of our Bristol and Newport behind the British tar in their familiarity with Goree. Both in Great Britain and in the colonies a lively interest was felt in retaining control of the slave-trade there. The *Boston News-Letter* of January 11, 1763, copies from an English paper Mr. Alderman Heathcote's letter to the lord mayor of London, "in which are the Sentiments of this great Man upon the Concessions which we are now said to be about to make at the ensuing Peace. The first Extract relates to the Restitution of Goree." On this subject the worthy alderman (whose name has not been preserved in our biographical dictionaries) was of opinion that Senegal was not worth anything without Goree to supply America and the Sugar Islands with negroes. The contracting sovereigns, however, regardless of his aldermanic importance, agreed in Article IX. of the preliminary articles of peace signed at Fontainebleau, November 3, 1762, that "His Britannic Majesty shall restore to France the Island of Goree in the condition it was in when conquered [by Keppel]; and His Most Christian Majesty cedes in full right, and guarantees to the king of Great Britain, Senegal."

Clarkson was then barely out of his cradle, and *Émile, ou De l'Éducation*, had but just seen the light. Neither the one nor the other was visible in Alderman Heathcote's horizon as a greater enemy of the slave-trade than the Treaty of Fontainebleau. The Rights of Man had a long battle before them. France had not yet finally emancipated her colonies when (by the treaty of May 29, 1845) she joined England in an effort to suppress the slave-trade by maintaining fleets on the African coast. Captain (in our day Admiral) Bouët-Willaumez, was sent out with fourteen sail by the Second Republic, and mustered them at Goree about the 1st of December, 1848. He was eminently successful in re-establishing the authority of the French flag along the coast, and early in the following year could report as registered at the port of Goree one hundred and twenty-five French trading-vessels of one hundred

tons burden and upward, and one hundred and thirty smaller craft. But as for the slave-trade, he was forced to admit that it was still in full blast (*en pleine activité*), though almost wholly on account of Brazil. Since then the trade has of course been completely suppressed.

Under the Second Empire, in the interest of regular communication, the French occupied the peninsula of Cape Verde (1859), and proceeded to lay out the town of Dakar along the bay of the same name. Two long moles for the protection of shipping were securely built of the loose basaltic rocks along the shore; and now the sentinel on the parapet of Fort St. Michel opposite relieves the tedium of his promenade by watching the arrival and departure of the steamers of the Messageries, which put in to Dakar to coal en route between Bordeaux and Brazil, or the British steamers to Fernando Po. The batteries which protect the moles cross fire with the guns of the fort on Goree, so that Dapper's measurement of the strait—"a pederero-shot" (*een goteling-scheut*)—has still some appropriateness. Modern improvements in artillery, to be sure, have somewhat changed the standards of such measurement, and his dimensions of the island itself (*een halve kanon-scheut in de lengte, en een musket-scheut in de brete*) would be hugely increased if Krupp or Remington had the firing of the shots. A thousand yards long, and on the average two hundred and thirty-five yards wide, is what the learned Dutchman wished to indicate for the island, and three thousand yards for the straits which separate it from the parent volcanic mass of Cape Verde. This narrow channel once crossed, there is instant communication between Goree and St. Louis by means of the coast telegraphic line which was built in 1862; and De Boufflers, were he alive now, might reasonably hope to see such an extension of ocean cables as would enable him to converse with his dear Sabran at either seat of his tropical empire. It was in these straits that Adanson, the pupil of Bernard de Jussieu and of Réaumur, nearly lost his life while endeavoring to land at Cape

Bernard in a small boat—perhaps the "chaloupe" which Golberry used as a ferry on one occasion; perhaps the Yolof



"pirogue" still in dexterous use by the natives, for whom the surf has no terrors.

The French naturalist's first view of

Goree was had September 4, 1749. He had been eight days in coming from St. Louis in an easterly storm whose abatement was foretold by the fire of St. Elmo, which "winded near a minute about the top of the mast and the extremity of the weather-flag, and then it dispersed," with the sailors' blessings for a lucky omen. Here is his account of Goree after landing:

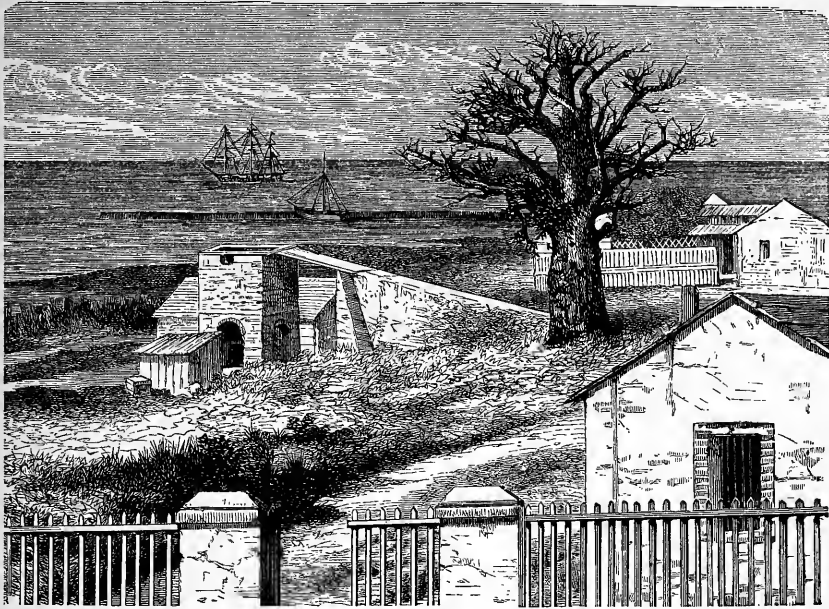
"This island consists of a low, narrow piece of land, a small but very steep mountain, the whole the sixth part of a league in length. Notwithstanding its confined extent, the situation renders it a very agreeable place: toward the south you enjoy a prospect terminated only by the sea; northward, you discover at a distance Cape Verde and all the other capes and neighboring promontories. Though it is in the torrid zone, yet they breathe a cool and temperate air almost the whole year round, which is owing to the equality of days and nights and its being continually refreshed by alternate breezes from the land and sea. M. de St. Jean, the director of this island, has embellished it with several fine buildings: he has likewise fortified it, and is adding every day to the works, so that it is now become impregnable. By his diligence several fresh springs have been discovered; the gardens have been planted with excellent fruit trees; legumes have been made to grow in great plenty: in short, by these different advantages, of a small barren island he has made it a safe and delightful residence."

He found that the rocks which surround the island produced an infinite number of shells and fish, and a little later (end of January, 1750), in the fish-season, the sea was full of fish of moderate size, so that they rushed upon the land in shoals, and the negroes wading secured them by the basketful. Adanson put some in pails for specimens, and kept them in his chamber. At that time he was lodged on the plain, in a hut built, negro-fashion, of straw. A month after it was finished the naturalist had a clear prospect through it, thanks to the white ants, who had also penetrated his trunk and gnawed his books, and even

his person while in bed, and would not be drowned out by salt water nor vinegar, nor any other strong liquor. Their first attack on him woke him up, and he was startled by a light pervading the room as of fire: it proved to be only the phosphorescence of the fish in his pails. But a grander sight awaited him out of doors, for the whole sea was aglow from the same cause.

Numerous were the excursions which Adanson made, with Goree as his base. Perhaps as famous as any of his observations were those in regard to the baobab trees on the Magdalen Islands, an uninhabited basaltic group some four miles west from Goree and about two from Cape Manuel, resembling in their prolonged unbroken outlines the island of Campobello off the coast of Maine. The baobab (*Adansonia*) is met with not infrequently on the adjacent main—in groves particularly on the slopes of the Paps, and sparsely on the promontories, where they occasionally serve the mariner as landmarks. The trees which Adanson examined on the Magdalens had a diameter of five to six feet, and all showed the names of Europeans cut very deep into their bark. One of them bore the date of the fifteenth century (1449), another of the sixteenth. But this was pigmy vegetation compared with a baobab afterward encountered on the way to Cape Verde, which was no less than twenty-five feet in diameter, and was, as he imagined, "probably the largest tree on the terrestrial globe." But as everybody knows, the *Adansonia* has since met its Waterloo in the *Wellingtonia* (*Sequoia*).

One other observation by this savant perhaps deserves mention in passing. On the night of September 9, 1750, at the island of Senegal, a vessel's mast forty feet high, done all over with pitch and tar, was struck by lightning, which made a furrow two inches deep from one end to the other without touching the iron-work, tackling or any of the pitched cordage surrounding it, and spent itself on the quarter-deck, covered with a large tarpaulin of thick canvas, also done over with pitch. Upon this Adanson remarks



VIEW OF DAKAR.

that "it seems as if the rosin broke the violence of the thunder" [*sic* in the English translation], "and diverted it another way. . . . I leave it to philosophers curious about this sort of phenomena to judge whether there can be a greater analogy between the ordinary effects of electricity and those produced on this occasion by thunder." Two years afterward Franklin was flying his kite to prove the identity of lightning and the electric fluid.

According to Captain Golberry, the population of the town of Goree in 1785 consisted of 116 proprietors, both free negroes and mulattoes—say 522 souls, plus 1044 *captifs de la case*, or domestic serfs, plus 200 slaves of commerce, plus 70 to 80 soldiers, officers, employés, etc.—in all 1840. In 1868 it was described as very dense, and probably amounted to 6000. The native inhabitants have an excellent reputation—the men for their boldness and skill as navigators and their commercial enterprise; the women for their beauty and chastity. Catholics by faith, they lead sober and useful lives; and to those who remem-

ber the days of slavery and the display of barbaric ornaments of gold and jewelry, and the gay *botaïs*, or balls, which doubtless came down from the time of De Boufflers, the town has a rather sombre aspect. The moralist easily finds a compensation in the new order of things, and scarcely regrets the disappearance of the outward signs of levity. Across the channel the Mussulman blacks of Dakar, the Volofs, are remarkable for their physique, which is suggestive much more of the Hindû than of the Ethiopian. They tolerate four wives, and maintain patriarchal usages. Their language is described by Golberry as meagre, but agreeable and pure, and especially gracious and tender in the mouths of their women. Arabic was introduced after their adoption of Islam, and a few Portuguese words occur in their speech. They formerly counted by fives with the right hand, and very rapidly. When De Ruyter surprised Goree he was in turn surprised on being accosted by an old negro who had known him as a cabin-boy in Flushing more than forty years before, and who was in fact recognized by the

admiral. But nothing could induce him to return to Zeeland.

Our tale draws to a close. During the Napoleonic wars England again took possession of Goree. On the 17th of January, 1804, it was held by Colonel Fraser with fifty-four white men, all told, in poor condition; on the 18th they were obliged to surrender to a French squadron commanded by Lieutenant Jean-Michel Mahé, after an engagement in which a third of their little garrison was put *hors de combat*. On the 7th of March a British frigate with a significant name, the *Inconstant*, brought Captain Edward Stirling Dickson upon the scene, and on the 8th the French garrison had capitulated, and the British colors were once more hoisted from the citadel. A year later, Mungo Park, in his second ill-fated expedition to the Niger, enlisted at Goree thirty-five men of the Royal African Corps, stationed there, together with Lieutenant Martyn. In 1809, Major Charles William Maxwell, of the same corps, was in command of the garrison. In 1811, while the British were still the masters at Goree (it was restored to the French in 1815), a weary vessel dropped anchor there after many days of calm. She had on board an old gentleman of seventy, reduced with gout and with the privations of the voyage, for they had fallen short of water, and were barely saved by begging a supply from a passing vessel. He belonged to one of the old families of Newport, and moved in the society of the Wantons, the Coddingtons, the Gardners and their equals. He had in his younger days frequented the coast of Africa, and had more than once been at Goree, no doubt engaged in the traffic which centred there, and which not even John Woolman could make disreputable at Newport. When in middle life he returned to his native place, the story goes that he brought with him wealth that could be measured in bottled gold-dust by the wheelbarrow-load. Late married—too late, to a too-youthful bride

—he made his home in a grand dwelling (still pointed out), from which there was a glorious prospect over the harbor. Then (to compress a tragedy into a few lines) a blot fell on his scutcheon, and he became a wanderer, with the pleasant image of Goree luring him to cross the ocean. It was to be for him the end of earth. The day before Christmas he was overcome by his infirmities. "Death," in the language of a Providence paper, "closed this transitory scene, and removed him to another and, we trust, 'a better world.' . . . His remains were very respectfully entombed on the day following, attended by the governor and officers of the British garrison at Goree, with a number of private gentlemen."

Lightly as we have touched upon the dark side of the history of Goree, it is impossible, on reviewing what we have written, not to recall how many thousands whose descendants count the hours of gradual emancipation in Brazil, or as freedmen still bear the marks of servitude in the West Indies and the United States, found this much-fought-for port anything but a Fairhaven. Regarding it as one extremity of that horrible "middle passage," the accepted etymology of its name seems a sarcasm and a mockery. On the East Coast, as Livingstone tells us in his *Zambesi*, the heavy yoke by which slaves are driven from the interior, and which he calls a slave-stick, is known as "goree;" and this forked log seems a fitter emblem than an anchor for the arms of De Boufflers's principality. But time, we must admit, has changed all that, and made the emblem of honest commerce justly supplant that of greed and rapine. The volcanic pile which might once, in the name of humanity, have been cursed twenty fathoms under the sea, now lifts as high in the air its beneficent pharos, by which no slaver steers, and whose penetrating rays seem to dispel not alone the blackness of night, but the moral darkness which for more than two centuries enshrouded Goree.





## PICTURES FROM SPAIN.

TWO PARTS.—I.



THE ESCORIAL.

**B**EFORE entering Spain, stop at Biarritz in France and look about you. If it is the bathing season when you arrive, sit down upon the sands near the

sleepy surf and watch the gayly-robed bathers as they come and go, singing merry songs and gesticulating madly. You will have come from Bayonne,

which is hardly interesting in itself in ordinary times. It is only important now because it is on the high-road to Biarritz, the most fashionable of French watering-places. It is true that it gave the bayonet its name, and that it exports good wines; it has a magnificent promenade down by the sea, and a consulate or two, with consuls who are perpetually absent on fishing excursions; but it is only moon to sun, compared with Biarritz. When there is trouble in the Spanish mountain-country, Bayonne is filled with refugees—dark, asthmatic-looking men in huge cloaks—men who smoke cigarettes and drink sugared water all day at the cafés, and who generally have no money with which to pay their bills. All the inns have both Spanish and French signs; the diligences which climb the hilly route to Biarritz are drawn by hardy little mules imported from beyond the Pyrenees; and the drivers speak the dulcet dialect of old Spain more readily than the staccato language of France. The old men love to tell strangers tales of 1814, and to point out the ground fought over by Soult and Wellington. In the hotels you will encounter Spanish habits—slovenliness in the service, viands cooked in rancid oil, and strong black wines, traitorous to Anglo-Saxon brains.

Eugénie made Biarritz what it is. The emperor Napoleon would never have thought of going so far south to build a royal residence; but the Spanish-born empress made her "*Todos*," as she liked to call him, do very much as she pleased, and the result was a palace by the sea. In the prosperous days of the Empire distinguished company thronged at Biarritz: the ambitious Bismarck lifted the burden of his care while he loitered there; the venerable Thiers dipped his white head in the whiter salt spray; the imperial court graciously bestowed its smiles there now and then; and Spanish grandees were innumerable. To-day fashion still makes its rendezvous on the high cliffs and the pleasant stretches of upland with their superb outlook over the waves; but Bismarck and Thiers, Napoleon and Eugénie, come no more.

Out of Biarritz to Bayonne the road winds over high hills, among avenues of noble poplars, which throw friendly shadows to protect you from the glaring sun. Suddenly, *O gioja!* the beauty of the romantic coast of the Bay of Biscay bursts upon the view. In mid-October all the villas that dot the hills and peer from the luxuriant foliage are filled with visitors. In the broad avenues of the central town you will meet Americans, English, Russians, and even Turks, all intent upon pleasure. On the beach hundreds of lithe Spanish and French women are disporting in the water, rushing out occasionally to roll cigarettes under their umbrellas after the wetting. The Spanish men, who hardly cease smoking even when they are asleep, go in bathing with their cigars in their mouths, and consider it an art never to let the highest wave cover their heads. A favorite amusement is to drive a train of mules loaded with screaming and cringing ladies into the most furious part of the surf, and to see how long the beauties can prevent themselves from being washed off by the incoming crests. Nowhere is the bathing really dangerous, and the beach extends for miles along the base of the steep cliffs. On the diligences, which arrive every quarter of an hour all day from Bayonne and San Sebastian, are hosts of merry travelers, singing and rallying the pedestrians: the private carriages are wonderful in style and variety. The railroad does not disturb the tranquil seclusion of the place. Toward evening a charming silence pervades the town, only to be broken later by the rumble of the diligences or the conversation of the couples engaged in flirtation as they walk along the perfumed avenues. Under the awnings of the green-latticed cafés sit dark-eyed beauties listening to the liquid accents of the Spanish peddler who has trudged from Burgos or Valladolid to sell glaring blankets, long knives with beautifully-carved handles, and scent-bottles from Tangiers. At last the moon peers up over cliff and thicket; a cool breeze blows inland; the semi-tropical trees hide the green, delicately-veined insides

of their leaves, not to turn them until the morrow's dew invites; the peasants gather in groups and sing soft melodies in *patois* to guitar music; a band at the countess's ball mingles its notes with the

sea's innumerable sounds; and the various echoes seem to merge in and enhance the majesty of

—the solemn roar  
Of the ocean's surf-returning.



AN ESTUDIANTINA.

From Biarritz to San Sebastian is but an hour's ride on the rattling diligence, yet in that single hour the traveler feels that he has in some unaccountable manner left Europe behind him. The archi-

ture has changed; the costumes of the people by the wayside are different; manners, speech, gestures, are no longer the same. The grave and earnest Basque, ignorant but conscientious and virtuous,

salutes one with solemn courtesy as he passes. Here and there one touches upon a wayside relic of the abortive campaign of Don Carlos. A priest saunters slowly by, smoking a cigarette and lazily swinging his umbrella. Glaring white walls, low, coarse and generally out of repair, are capped by immense sloping roofs. The fields have a neglected look, except where a Basque farmer has been busy. He suffers but little negligence or unthrift about him.

San Sebastian is a delightful little city, coquettish, fresh, flooded with brilliant sunlight, set down at the base of lofty mountains whose summits shine like blocks of crystal. It extends from the pretty bay of La Concha, at the mouth of which is the island of Santa Clara, to the mouth of the Urumea River, which ripples gently and melodiously among green and sloping hills. Seaward, from the promontory of Bilbao even to Biarritz, one sees the waves lapping crags and masses of stone whose yellow and reddish colors contrast strangely with the white foam dashing now and then over their summits. The traveler goes to San Sebastian to remain one or two days: the enchantment, which he would be quite at a loss to give any definite reason for, gains upon him; and he finds himself still there, or at some point on the neighboring coast, at the end of a fortnight. If from time to time he wearies of the jocund life of the town, he has only to penetrate the mountains half a mile away. There he finds valleys full of shade and mystery; deep gorges through which bridle-paths wind in perplexing fashion; pinnacles from which he can look up to mightier pinnacles beyond. Priests, smugglers, muleteers, peasant-girls in red and yellow petticoats, graciously salute the wanderer with grave bows and curtsies. If one stops at a wayside inn, he is treated with the utmost honesty and consideration: he may leave his purse on the table where he took his supper, and the landlord will restore it to him—something that cannot be said of hosts in many other portions of Spain.

The railway route from San Sebastian

to Madrid runs through one of the most picturesque and impressive countries in the universe. The scenery is of the wildest description: the road traverses yawning valleys, runs along the edges of precipices, plunges into sombre and deserted plains, winds through passes cut out of the solid rock, and pierces the very hearts of the mountains sixty-nine times before the environs of Madrid are reached. All the way to Burgos the express train, which moves as slowly as an "accommodation" in the United States, affords one a panorama of wildness and primitive life or of positive desolation. The villages are far apart: it is a relief to come upon one after a toilsome journey across one of the most forbidding landscapes in Europe. At the stations where the trains pause motley crowds gather and beg, and when the engine starts again ragged children run along the roadside while they can keep up, crying, "O gentle señor! for the love of God! for the love of Christ! one little coin! O señor! O señora! O señorita! one little coin!" If they see that begging is useless, they fall back with grieved and sullen faces. Sometimes the railway's slender line winds beside an embankment which allows the traveler a glance up one of the tremendous defiles, at the end of which blue ranges of mountains seem to melt gently into bluer sky: through the defiles generally winds a wide strip of road, fringed with fantastic foliage and enlivened by a string of mules carrying merchandise to the nearest town, and driven by bare-legged peasants. The "posadas" and "haciendas" which ambitiously offer rest and refreshment are of the dirtiest, and bring to mind a country stable in America rather than a rustic inn. The window-sills outside are stained with slops thrown carelessly from them; the walls are hung with tobacco-stalks and flax drying; and the pig reigns supreme in the front door. Some of the mountain-sides which are cultivated are so steep that the unoffending donkey that draws the primitive plough has to brace his feet and slide down the furrow, dragging the shouting peasant after him. Agricultural imple-

ments are of the simplest character. A plough is in some districts a straight piece of wood, a beam sharpened at one end, and fastened to the rude harness by a clumsy contrivance. Donkeys and dwarf

yellow oxen do all the draught-work: one rarely sees a horse outside any large town.

In the express trains one meets with dark-haired, dark-visaged gentlemen



A SUPPER WITH BRIGANDS.

who draw their hats down over their eyes and puff cigarette smoke continually through their nostrils, who converse little, and who only unbend from their haughty demeanor when some beautiful

girl, with her lace mantilla draping her fine neck and shoulders, enters the carriage. But in the slow trains one gets even more knowledge of the Spanish populace than he is desirous of acquir-

ing. The Spaniard when he travels appears to fancy that he has an inalienable right to take with him in the same car in which he rides all his household goods and farm produce. A stout farmer, clad in a blouse, a pair of white corduroys, leathern sandals and a broad hat with little tassels around its edges, clambers into a compartment already overcrowded. He hands his nearest neighbor a cage of chickens, deposits a small bag of flour in a young girl's lap, pulls his growling dog in after him, sets a basket of eggs on an old woman's gouty toes, scrambles into a fraction of a seat, smiles, makes a hundred apologies, and lights a cigarette. Two or three muleteers, clad in long striped cloaks, perfume the car with garlic. A soldier, with his gun slung over his back, pokes the muzzle of the dangerous weapon into his neighbor's eye occasionally. Every one interlards his or her conversation with interjections, and often with oaths shocking to ears polite. If the journey is long, some clever fellow pulls a guitar out of a bag, thrums its strings, hums a ballad in which the others join, laughing and puffing smoke between the refrains, and now and then keeping time by clapping their hands and stamping with their feet.

At a railway station, at Miranda or Burgos, when the train stops to allow the passengers to refresh themselves, no one hurries at all. Suppose twenty minutes to be the time allowed: every one seats himself solemnly at the long table in the dining-room and slowly eats and moderately drinks, smoking between the courses. As the twenty minutes' period approaches its end the guard rings a bell loudly and calls the *señores* to the train. A few persons look around languidly, as if astonished at an unusual noise, but they do not bestir themselves. On the contrary, they settle into their chairs and address themselves to the dessert. When the train is five minutes behind time the guard rings again, with no better success. After he has rung a third time, and, stalking majestically up and down the platform of the station, has begun to feign closing the doors of the carriages, the travelers rise slowly,

wrap their cloaks around them with great care, arranging each fold as if they were about to be presented to the king, and, lighting fresh cigarettes, stroll to the train. They stand talking at the doors until the guard pushes them into the compartments, when they glare out at him as if he were guilty of a great discourtesy.

Passing Burgos, he who does not care to stop in the old town and note the wonders of its streets and the discomforts of its beds, can see from the railway, by day, the spires of its marvelous cathedral. He will wonder at the incomparable richness of the façade, at the walls, on every square inch of which are the marks of the chisels of the grand sculptors of the thirteenth century, and he cannot help moralizing on the curious taste which placed this Gothic wonder in an arid and dreary country, where it rains without benefiting the soil, and where a cold wind chills the very marrow. Beyond Burgos the road leads through a vast desert. The shepherds, shrouded in their coarse cloaks, shiver as they watch their flocks in their efforts to worry a scanty pasturage out of the rocky fields.

Sometimes a train is invaded by a rollicking *estudiantina* on its way back to the university at Salamanca after a vacation of wandering through villages and towns and many a rough adventure. The students whose parents are poor organize musical excursions yearly. A dozen of them form a little orchestra, playing upon guitars, flutes, violins and *panderillos*, and clad in the curious costume which they wear in the university—a long black robe descending almost to the feet, and a three-cornered hat, with spoon and fork stuck in one of the folds of this last-mentioned article of clothing—they enter some village at nightfall and boldly serenade the damsels listening from behind the blinds upon the balconies. If they arrive half famished at an inn in the mountains, they order the best dinner that is to be had; devour it gayly; then, when the moment of reckoning comes, they take their instruments from their bags and offer to pay in music. The host curses the *estudiantina*, but, while



grumbling, yet accepts this form of payment. At night they climb upon the balconies and serenade the ladies so boldly that they occasionally encounter rough receptions from husbands or lov-

ers. When their vacations are over they fly to the nearest railroad, and re-enter Salamanca and the university walls as gravely as if they had been at prayer ever since the close of the last term.



THE PROCESSION OF GIANTS.

As one approaches the environs of Madrid he is struck with the sinister and desolate character of the country. He sees pine forests, huge rocks which overhang narrow paths along mountain-

sides; caves in which brigands hide; little torrents which leap over precipices close by the railway. Here are plains filled with rocks which have been shaken into the strangest forms by volcanic ac-

tion. The high crags shut out the sunlight from this plain.

Shortly before arriving at the Escorial the route passes Las Navas, one of the vilest and most dangerous little places in Spain. The houses are of one story, built of coarse stone, rudely carved: black swine wander freely in and out of them. Here the people are grossly ignorant: dozens could say with truth that they have never visited Madrid—that they know nothing of politics; and as for reading and writing, they are not even acquainted with any one who possesses those extraordinary accomplishments. At Las Navas girls, dark-brown as Arabs, offer the traveler fresh milk in little clay pots such as one sees in Algerian towns; a hunter strolls up with a wolf slung over his shoulder, and proposes to sell it; a hare may be had for ten cents. Life is not difficult in this region, yet the people live miserably. A blight seems to overhang the whole country round about. As I wandered through this plain and toward the frowning Escorial one dark October day, I could not help fancying that a curse had fallen on the locality where Philip II. lived and prayed and sinned against God, when he fancied himself zealously serving him.

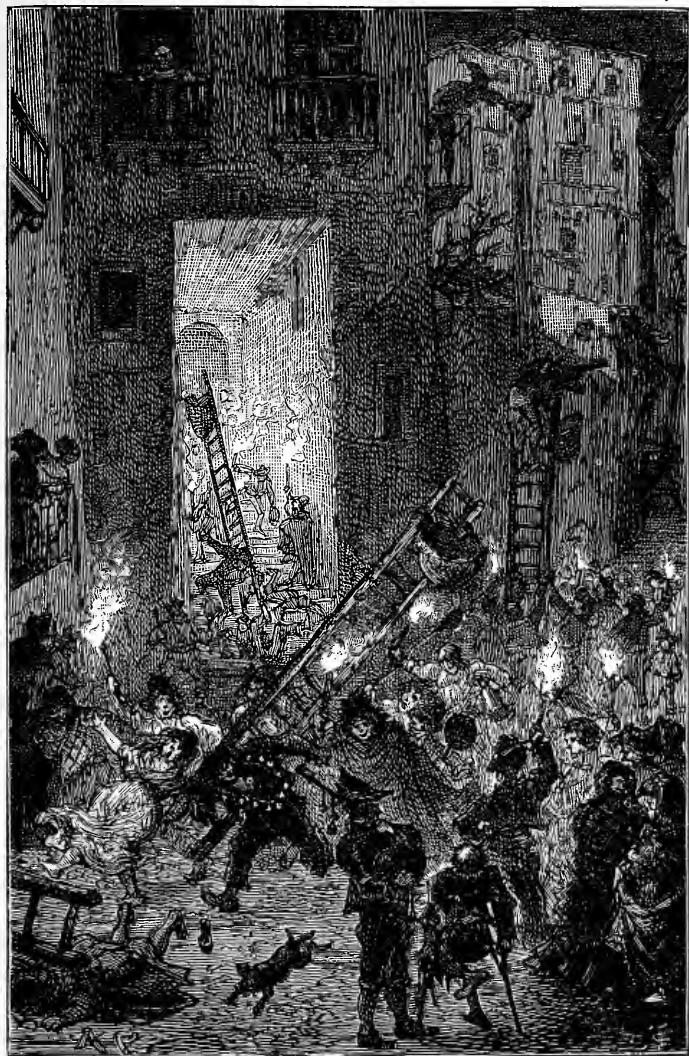
This impression of blight and curse is heightened as one proceeds across the rocky and uninviting country between the main line of rail to Madrid and the monastery of the Escorial. Leaving the comfortable first-class carriages of the express train to plod across the waste is not very agreeable, but one is well repaid by the sights within the monastic walls. Shepherds, beggars and priests are the only persons one encounters: the shepherds are dirty and ragged, and handle their crooks very much as if they would like to knock one on the head with them. They answer questions civilly enough, nevertheless, and point out the cross perched on a high rock which marks the spot where Philip II.'s dreadful orders were carried out—where wretches were hanged almost daily. Beneath the loose bits of rock the curious tourist may sometimes find pieces of whitened cords

which crumble as he endeavors to pick them up. The shepherds handle these ghastly souvenirs of a horrible past as if they still had the taint of heresy upon them.

A winding road between high rocks clothed in brown moss leads one to a ruined square in which a dismantled church rears its forlorn front. A few steps up a steep hill beside a thick wall bring one to a point whence he can see the Escorial, with its immense dome and the four gloomy towers rising at the four angles. Philip II. built this colossal edifice in the middle of the sixteenth century to replace the church of San Lorenzo, which was knocked over by cannonballs during the siege of San Quentin. The cynical imagination of the over-religious architects of the period could devise no better form for this monster monastic palace than that of the gridiron upon which the unhappy Lawrence suffered martyrdom. The four towers are supposed to represent the feet and the royal apartments the handle of the frying instrument. Gloomy and unimpressive gardens stretch away on all sides to stone walls which border greenish ponds and lakelets. The entrance to the edifice is wonderfully impressive. A monumental gate leads into the "Court of the Kings," and brings one face to face with a gigantic portico of severe simplicity. At the summits of Doric columns are six mighty caryatids representing the six kings of Judea, supporting a triangular capital of immense size. Out of a block of granite a broad staircase is cut. The church, decorated with Luca Giordano's daring frescoes, reminds one of the many curious freaks of which artists were guilty during the decadence of the Italian school. Luca's tranquil colors and strongly-accented designs show clearly the struggles of a great artist to rise above the follies and failings of his epoch. The rich reliquaries; the delicately-chiseled coffers in which repose the bones of saints; the massive altar built of jasper and marble and surrounded with gilded bronze; statues of Charles V., Philip II., queens and infantas, kneeling with clasped hands and upturned eyes; the stalls in precious

woods; the missals filled with Gothic vignettes; the heavily- and coarsely-decorated ceilings,—produce an effect of cold and confused magnificence. In a small chapel in the rear the eye is consoled by

Benvenuto Cellini's incomparable sculpture in white marble of Christ upon the cross. In the sacristy are many admirable paintings—Grecos and Coellos which chill the imagination, but lead one



THE KINGS.

to admire the artists. The painting by Claudio Coello, representing the procession which received the holy Host sent to Philip by the emperor of Germany, is astonishingly rich in color: the hard, im-

perious faces of the Catholic dignitaries surrounding the king strike one unpleasantly: the visitor recoils from them.

Wandering through a labyrinth of cold and gloomy corridors, one at last reaches

a little staircase by which he may climb to the dome of the Escorial and look over the vast plain. Far away, out of an indistinct mass of buildings, rise the roofs of the royal palace in Madrid. To the left one sees a dense forest, with a few straggling hamlets on its edge; and at the base of the monastic palace's thick and frowning walls nestles a little village, whose precipitous streets are horribly paved with cobble-stones set on end. A few wretched trees struggle for existence in a small market-place. At a stone fountain's basin a bevy of laughing girls are filling water-jars, and some dejected-looking donkeys are greedily drinking and cynically whisking their tails.

The Pantheon of the kings, the great vault of the Escorial, where lie the mortal remains of the mighty Charles, of Philips II., III. and IV., of Charles II. and Charles III., of the queens Isabella, Anne, Margaret, and Elizabeth de Bourbon, is an unwholesome cellar, from which one is glad to escape into the open air. Even the sublime and pathetic figure of Christ which surmounts one of the altars seems to bring no ray of tender hope, no blessed consciousness of immortality, into this royal charnel-house. It is impressive and repulsive at once to look from the present into the past, as one does in peering into the sarcophagus of one of the greatest of emperors. One may see under the glass lid which seals the coffin of Charles V. the body of the royal dead man only partially covered by its shroud. The face is still in an almost perfect state of preservation: one nostril and one of the eyebrows have crumbled because of contact with the air, but the profile is still distinguishable, and fragments of the reddish beard yet cling to the chin. Perhaps it is not wrong to feel annoyed, while in this tomb of the sovereigns, that one cannot also thus freely contemplate all that is left of Philip II., the terrible. But he is securely shut in in a black marble sarcophagus denoted only by a plain plate bearing his name. One is curious to know whether the calm of death gave any sweetness to the imperious and un-

forgiving face of the monk and tyrant who scourged Europe in the bitterness of his malicious zeal. Ascending to his private apartments, which are left much as they were when he passed into the silences beyond, one almost fears to encounter his spectre walking through the narrow chambers or seated in the niche which permitted him to hear mass without entering the chapel, muttering his prayers and nursing his gouty limb as he supports it upon a velvet cushion. One can fancy him seated before his little wooden table brooding over the papers which contain secrets of the state—a blond tyrant, with grayish-blue eyes; with a thick, protruding under lip; with lean and bony cheeks, covered with livid skin; with small ears, which catch the slightest sound; with his cruel chin concealed beneath a symmetrical beard. Or one seems to see him musing in his quaint old chair, whose back is studded with copper nails riveted into leathern bands; to watch him as his hands wander over the bosom of his velvet doublet, feeling for the chaplet which so rarely quits his person. This terrible mocking spectre of Philip the tyrant, Philip the monster, seems to pursue the hapless visitor as he roams through the museum, to which an uncivil monk grudgingly admits him, looking at the paintings by Ribera, Giordano, Bosch and Tintoret, and does not quit him until he has gained the open air and left the village and monastery of the Escorial far behind him.

The Spaniards, who are so very fond of killing people, pay but small attention to the disgusting condition into which many of their cemeteries fall through neglect and the poverty so general in great numbers of the small villages. In some of the northern sections of Spain the most horrible spectacles may often be witnessed. The common ditches in which the poor are hastily interred are so lightly covered that the effluvium from them is nauseating to the last degree. The dead who have left behind them some little wealth are cemented into tombs constructed in immensely thick walls: in most provinces the bodies of the rich are

placed in a horizontal position in these curious cells, and inscriptions upon marble or stone tablets indicate the rank and importance of the deceased. Once a year, on All Saints' Day, the cemeteries

are visited by crowds bearing flowers and garlands, which are strewn upon the walls, and here and there upon the trenches in which repose the unhonored remains of the poor. In the evening



A GYPSY CAMP.

servants in livery stand before the walls in which the representatives of noble families are entombed, and hold torches which cast a weird light over the burial-place. In Madrid the "common ditches" are covered with a black cloth, upon

which the rich carelessly throw a little of the money they so scrupulously withheld from the unfortunates during their lifetime. One corner of these cemeteries always remains dark and unvisited amid the general illumination: it is that in

which those who have suffered upon the scaffold are buried. A funeral among the poorer classes is a very unceremonious affair: the priest and the mourners often smoke their cigarettes as they proceed to the cemetery. Nothing can be more repulsive in the eyes of the more decorous Northern nations than the spectacle of the funeral procession of a little child in some of the Spanish towns. The diminutive coffin is covered with flowers and gaudy decorations, and a host of chattering children surround the bier of the little one, laughing and disputing places with each other. The face of the corpse is always exposed, so that every passer-by in the streets can make his comment upon it.

In numerous provinces the insane are allowed to wander about the streets and public squares, and Spanish law does not always require that even those who are dangerously crazy shall be shut up in asylums. A few years since I encountered a madman, crowned with straw and armed with a formidable club, in a street in Saragossa. This irresponsible person fancied himself marshaling an army, and motioned to all who approached to give him a wide berth, that his soldiers might pass. I kept prudently out of reach of his stick, but ragged children ran after him, teasing him and mocking at the unhappy man, who sometimes foamed at the mouth with rage. Two French travelers were once promenading in the little village of Las Rosas, when they were alarmed by a frightful noise behind a low wall. Peering over the mass of stones into a small yard, they saw a miserable man afflicted with the worst symptoms of hydrophobia. His lips were white with foam, and he snarled at them and showed his teeth. While they were planning a retreat the alcalde of the village appeared, accompanied by a group of armed peasants. Three or four stout fellows lassoed the madman, dragged him into a ruined cottage near by, and, at the order of the alcalde, shot him, leaving the body unburied where it fell. The alcalde, questioned by the travelers, informed them that "the rage was frequent" among the

people over whose destinies he presided; and the reason which he gave for it was as remarkable as revolting. He said that the homeless dogs in the neighborhood often disinterred the corpses of the poor in the cemetery, and, feeding upon them, straightway became mad, and ran to communicate their madness to the living people whom they encountered. When asked why he did not keep the cemetery in repair, so that such things could not happen, he answered, "No funds."

The stories of brigandage in Spain have doubtless been greatly exaggerated, but there are still brigands enough in the country to make a journey in the mountain-districts somewhat unsafe and adventurous. Now and then bandits upset and rob a diligence, and within the past few years several railway trains have been sacked by daring fellows, who have generally escaped capture. In the vicinity of Toledo, ancient and romantic city filled with architectural wonders, brigands have many fastnesses into which the soldiery never succeed in penetrating. The proprietors of the lands upon which these bandits take refuge dare not inform against them: assassination would surely be the result. In this singular region of ravines and precipices among the rocky cliffs, or the plains through which the Tagus winds amid olive-groves or past mighty oaks whose broad shade is never visited by the sun, the brigand makes his home: from it he sallies forth when anxious for adventure; to it he returns unmolested. Sometimes a joyous band arrives, flushed with success and wine, at the house of a well-to-do farmer but a short distance from the city. The brigands post their sentinels at his doors, compel him to serve them meat and drink, and to carouse with them until dawn, when they steal back to their haunts among the hills, where wolves prowl along their track, where vipers hide in the recesses of the rocks, and where the hoarse cry of the crows echoes from the tops of the tallest trees.

Once in a while a brigand is taken by strategy. One evening five members of the civil guard who had been sent in quest of a famous leader of banditti en-



tered a little hostelry near Toledo, and sat down to rest. They unbuckled their sword-belts, laid sabre and carbine aside, dined judiciously and drank injudiciously. After they had reached their second

score of cigarettes the identical man they sought dropped in. He saluted them gravely, noticed their condition, covered them with his cocked rifle, sat down and ordered supper. It was served, the



A MARRIAGE IN SPAIN.

host obeying under compulsion. A stout priest happening to enter, the bandit invited him to sup with him, intimating that should he refuse there would be one priest less in Spain. The holy man

accepted, ate and drank freely, mingling in his conversation much pious advice to the brigand. When supper was over the robber, emboldened by wine, called up one of the civil guards and demanded

his boots. "They are newer than mine," he said, "and I want them." The trembling guard, overcome with fear and liquor, approached. The bandit, thinking the priest a harmless fellow, turned his back upon him as he stooped to look at the guard's boots. No sooner had he done this than the priest sprang upon him like a tiger, threw him down, seized his rifle, broke the ruffian's leg with a well-directed shot; then, rousing up the guards, had the bandit bound upon a mule's back and taken to Toledo to suffer justice. The priest was an ex-dragoon, and had seen brigands many times before.

At Toledo the Goths, the Moors, the Jews and the Spaniards successively erected curious and fantastic buildings, sumptuous palaces, sombre monasteries in brick and wood, profusely decorated; but Nature built in more grotesque fashion than any of them. Under the brilliant moonlight of a Southern evening the old town seems like a vision from some enchanted land inhabited by fairies or sorcerers. The Tagus roars through granite passes beside ruined Arabic arches, or ripples over dull-colored sands in the town. The huge ramparts and gates built by Wamba are dwarfed by the mighty ranges of the Guadalupe which rise serene and magnificent in the distance. On the seven-peaked rock which forms the foundation for all the quaint buildings narrow streets stretch hither and thither in seemingly inextricable confusion. The dwellings seem each to be jealous of the other: a tall house appears determined to crowd a little one into the neighboring abyss; a church has grappled with a warehouse, and is apparently urging the priority of its claim to the narrow site. The careful observer, wandering at his will from avenue to avenue, is amazed at the riches which he sees displayed on every hand. Door-posts, columns, gates, ceilings, floors, roofs, chimneys are loaded with ornamentation of the most varied kind. The cathedral is lined with paintings representing the persecution of the Catholics by the Moors. In the sacristy, Giordano, Goya and Greco have exhausted the re-

sources of their art upon the ceiling. After contemplating the dazzling treasures in the vaults of this celebrated church, it is painful to come out again into the open air and to note the squalor and ignorance among the inhabitants of the poorer class. Virgins decorated with thousands of pearls and diamonds, saints in solid silver and in superbly-decorated precious woods, objects of art whose market value would be hundreds of thousands of dollars, are hidden away from the gaze of the masses, and are only at rare intervals unveiled to the prying eyes of the stranger.

This unique city of Toledo is famous for the religious processions which are still a prominent feature of Spanish outdoor life, and which may also still be seen in all their pristine glory at Seville and Malaga. Many of the most touching stories of Holy Scripture are represented by persons employed especially for the purpose, and the populace enjoys the odd spectacle in a decorous and reverent manner. In the first days of Holy Week, Toledo and Seville are crowded with visitors from all parts of Spain and France. In some of the Spanish cities the rôles to be sustained in the procession are adjudged to those who will agree to fill them for the least money. In Seville and Malaga he who represents the Saviour in the procession to the crucifixion is often paid as much as two thousand reals (about four hundred dollars); and he richly earns it, for he has to undergo a severe flagellation from the beginning to the end of the route. In Toledo the procession of Los Nazarenos (the Nazarenes) is the first spectacle in Holy Week. At the head of the line march a number of stout fellows clad in black velvet costumes of the time of Philip IV., wearing on their heads pointed hoods, and making dolorous music with trumpets and muffled drums. Behind them are ranged in regular order the groups of the Passion; and in curious contrast to these are men-at-arms in the armor of Charles V.'s day. Each group is preceded by a master of ceremonies, resplendent in evening dress partially concealed under a light and loosely-fitting cloak.

These gentlemen wear on their breasts silver medals of the order of Charity, and carry in their right hands long staffs surmounted by little crosses. Behind the "Passion" comes a rabble of penitents, whose faces are concealed by immense hoods, and who stagger under the weight of a cross to which is nailed a tawdrily-bedizened figure of Christ. Priests and acolytes follow; the fume of incense from swinging censers loads the air; the sound of solemn song drifts up to the balconies from which dark-eyed maidens peer at the throngs. In the public squares tall, robust men, with gayly-colored handkerchiefs bound about their heads, and with long cloaks draped gracefully around their forms, stand motionless as the line passes them. Old women prostrate themselves and kiss the ground upon which one end of the cross is from time to time suffered to rest; urchins tumble and shout on the pavements; and the powerful sunlight penetrates into every nook and corner, giving the only gayety possible to a scene which always calls up remembrance of the ferocious and bigoted Spain of the days of the Inquisition.

The procession of the giants in Barcelona is one of the most remarkable sights in Spain. It is a masquerade which inevitably mystifies the stranger, but throws the native population into paroxysms of delight. A dozen enormously tall figures, representing legendary men and women dressed in ancient costumes, promenade the streets, easily looking into the third-story windows. They are figures artfully constructed so that they can be borne upon the heads of stout fellows, who now and then set down their burdens and emerge from the draperies to breathe. Around these giants dance dozens of bronzed-faced men dressed as women, and behind them march troops of children intended to represent angels. The child at the head of this angelic host is usually the son or the daughter of one of the richest merchants of the city: the dainty little body has wings made of tulle fastened upon cardboard: sometimes a bevy of children, ranged about a placid and beautiful woman, are intended to represent angels

grouped around the Madonna. In their wake follow long rows of pupils of religious societies; the officials of the city, carrying wax tapers in their hands; and finally, escorted by military bands and surrounded by priests and soldiers, the throne of one of the earliest of canonized Catalanian kings—a golden chair richly chased, encrusted with jewels and heaped with flowers—is triumphantly borne before the eyes of the praying thousands.

The rabble of Madrid occasionally indulges at Christmas-tide in rather serious practical joking which is dignified with the name of "The Kings." A crowd of low fellows, playing upon discordant horns and thumping drums, surround the first simple fellow who happens to pass, and throw about his neck a mule collar to which dozens of bells are attached. They then command him to carry a tall ladder, to the top of which is fastened a basket. He is informed that he must assist at the ceremony of the search for the three kings who came from the East to visit the manger in which once lay the "heaven-born Child." This always occurs at night, and the victim, dazzled by the glare of the torches and alarmed at the imperative manner in which he is addressed, obeys all the commands given him. After he has borne the ladder through many streets amid the jeers of the crowd, he is ordered to mount it and to look for the kings. He climbs the ladder: no sooner is he at the top than those supporting it allow it to fall down, and he gets a broken head or limb as the reward of his credulity.

Troops of wandering gypsies swarm in Spain. In the vicinity of Grenada, Malaga, Valencia, Barcelona and Seville their camps are frequently pitched, and the vagabonds worry the peasantry of the neighborhoods into giving them employment. Full well the farmers know that unless the king of a gypsy band is supplied with the needful rations for his tribe he will steal them, and they prefer to make work for the company. The "king" is usually a robust fellow, tall and stately: his olive-colored features are grave as those of the haughtiest

hidalgo; his royal garments consist of a soiled suit of white linen, and as a sceptre he wields a long whip, useful when he employs his elegant leisure in the classical pursuit of mule-shearing. On

his splay feet he wears a pair of straw sandals; a sombrero covers his closely-clipped hair; a rose-colored shirt with a huge collar clothes his breast. He has a passion for jewelry, and wears immense



THE BROKEN GUITAR.

rings upon his fingers and hoops of gold in his ears. In his girdle are two or three long knives from Albacete, and the shears with which he clips the restive mules. The queen, his wife, is a savage-

looking woman of ungainly form, with long skinny hands, black piercing eyes, which she persistently rolls in the most mysterious and oracular fashion: her robe is of many colors, and is also gen-

erously adorned with grease from the cooking - pot. Around her neck she wears a variety of talismans and charms, which she can be induced to part with only when the maidens of the towns near by put gold pieces into her claw and beseech her for safeguards against evil or for tokens with which to gain the love of the caballeros whom they fancy. In every camp one finds a saucy brood of naked children, who indulge in the most astonishing bodily contortions as a stranger approaches, in the hope of extorting a few small coins, for the possession of which they fight desperately among themselves. The gypsies are hospitable: the humblest beggar may share their shelter and food. They sell baskets and necklaces, and pillage only when they cannot get enough to eat by chaffering and fortune-telling and tinkering. Sometimes they stain their hands with human blood: a corpse is found by the wayside, but the camp is gone next day, and justice does not pursue the king and his tribe very far.

The fervor and intensity of Southern passion in Spain finds one of its most admirable expressions in the serenade. There are few Spanish villages in which the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is not nightly repeated. The lover be-

gins the acquaintance with a few notes upon his guitar beneath his loved one's window. If the fair one be not obdurate, he has won her heart by the tenth serenade. Often two rivals arrive at the same time beneath the window of a belle: then there is a tragedy unless one ignobly flees. Sometimes a young man is encouraged many times in his serenading before the adored one vouchsafes him a word. In Seville, some years since, a youth who had been encouraged by one of the fairest of the Andalusian maidens arrived under her balcony, and began, as he had often begun before, a love-ditty. He looked up: no light burned in her window; the street lamp only, flickering faintly at the house-corner, threw a feeble gleam upon the image of the Virgin in a niche of the wall. As he was wondering at his lack of success the great oaken door of the mansion creaked on its hinges, and a priest came out. "Go away, my son," he said gently: "the good girl within is dead; she died but a few moments ago." The Andalusian broke his guitar, knelt for a moment before the image of the Virgin, then rushed away into the darkness, and the next morning a boatman drew his corpse out of the Guadalquivir.





## PICTURES FROM SPAIN.

CONCLUDING PART.



WOMEN AS BULL-FIGHTERS.

WHEN the citizen of Madrid has no mantle, he wraps himself in his pride as a cloak, and it keeps him warm. You sing to him in vain of the charms

of Paris and of Venice : he listens haughtily, but no feeling of envy arises in his mind. He rambles in the Buen Retiro, firmly convinced that it is the finest gar-



den in the world; the beauties promenading in the Prado are to him the only types of womanhood worth considering for an instant; and his thin lips are wreathed with supercilious smiles as he asks the stranger to mention a museum fit to be compared with that of his much-adored Spanish capital. He loves Madrid, "even its stains and faults," as Montaigne did the gay and wicked Lutetia of his time; the dirtiest corner is for him invested with poetic charm; the piercing blasts from the mountains, sweeping down with deadly force across the arid plain upon which an injudicious monarch placed the chief of Spanish cities, are more welcome to him than the balmy breezes of Seville or Malaga. Not London nor Paris cockneys are more unreasoning in their blind attachment to all the pleasant and unpleasant features of their native towns.

I entered the Puerta del Sol in Madrid one afternoon during the spasmodic revolution of 1869. The great oval place, surrounded with high, gloomy-looking dwellings, shops and hotels, was filled with a variegated assemblage of people of the middle and lower classes; and every individual who could read was hastily buying papers and scanning their contents. In a few days eighteen or twenty mushroom journals had sprung into existence, and their columns were filled with the most exaggerated of political jargon. Old women, barefooted and bareheaded, stalked to and fro, screaming forth the merits of the *Equality*, the *Discussion*, the *Combat*. In their wake followed ragged urchins, urging the claims of the *Impartial*, the *Diary of the People*, the *Epoch* and the *Correspondence*. Curious to hold in my hand one of the smallest and newest of the journals, I beckoned to a crone to follow me to a neighboring café, selected my paper and searched my pockets for the appropriate coin with which to pay. But I found no small change: the venerable vender had none, refused my proffered gold-piece, demanded her paper back, and overwhelmed me with expletives and oburgations. A tall, grave Spaniard seated near me arose, touched his hat

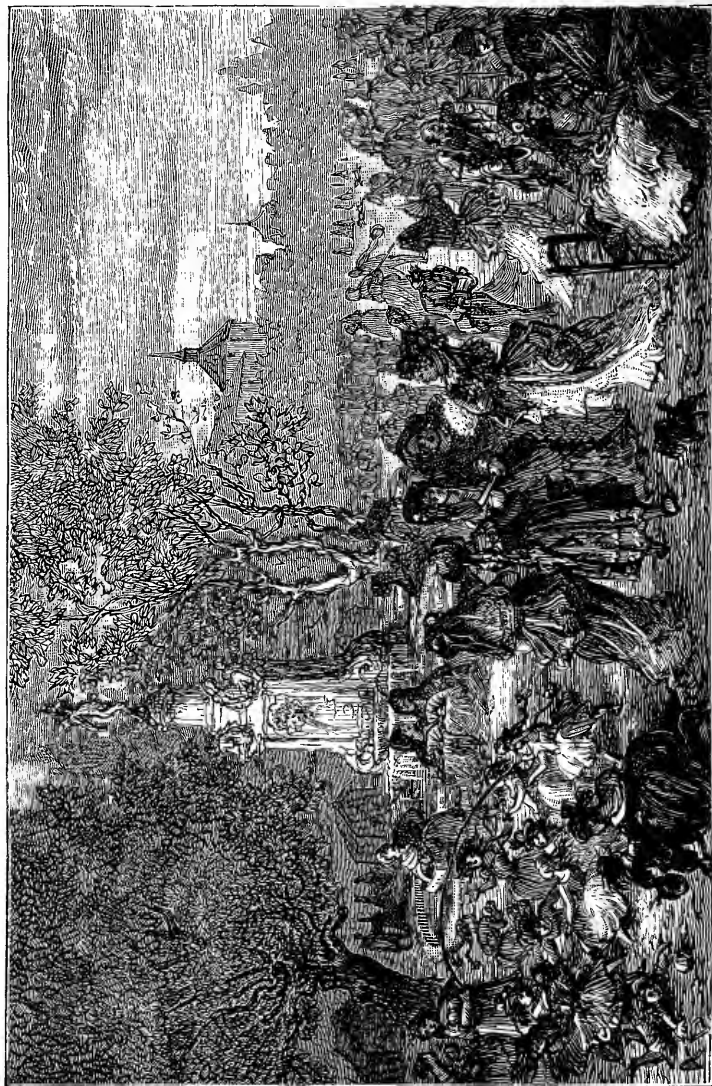
courteously, produced from his pocket the proper money, paid the woman, handed me the paper, which she had already taken from me, and when I desired to pay him held up his hands in sign of protestation; then he resumed his seat, and straightway ignored my existence.

In the Puerta the water-peddler, the *aquador* of sonorous voice, incessantly passed and repassed, carrying his tin filled with cooling drink. From time to time he was stopped by thirsty pedestrians, who drank freely and much. If the Spaniards consumed as much wine as water, Spain would be covered with inebriate asylums rather than monasteries and cathedrals. Catalonians, clad in round antique hose fastened at the waist by violet-colored girdles, in stiff doublets and straw sandals, discussed politics in animated fashion. Murcian mountaineers, grave as Arabs, whom they resemble, were grouped at street entrances. Peripatetic merchants from Alicante offered cloths from Alcoy and lemons and dates. These wandering commercial men were dressed in linen trousers with red silk sashes at the waist, black velvet vests ornamented with white metal buttons, and mantles of the broadest and most contradictory colors. Around their heads colored handkerchiefs were bound. Salamancans, Sevilians, Majorcans, Manchegos with their girdles filled with long knives, hastened by, rolling out their words and accompanying them with long, sweeping gestures. A blind beggar played the guitar and sold lottery-tickets alternately. As the twilight deepened into dusk, the night-watchmen began their rounds and announced the hour in quavering voices. In most of the Spanish towns these watchmen, called *serenos*, are armed with a mediæval pike and a lantern. They carry the keys of the doors opening into the courtyards of the houses on their round, and let the tardy lodgers in.

The gravity, excessive sobriety and dignity of the thousands of people assembled in the great cafés in the vicinity of the Puerta del Sol are striking. Be-

fore nearly every lounge stands a glass of sugared water: he consumes this with the same satisfaction which the German or the Englishman finds in his beer. The

talk is not loud: people rise and depart as quietly as from a church. They husband their gayety for the festivals of their saints, and their energy for the ferocity



THE PRADO AT MADRID.

of their revolutions. Only the street-merchants bawl.

The country round Madrid is so arid and desolate that one is agreeably disappointed to find the city filled with

beautiful gardens, some of which have no rivals in Southern Europe. In the Prado, which is to Madrid what the Champs Elysées are to Paris, all the grades of Spanish society are amply rep

resented every pleasant evening. The beautiful promenade, with its double row of noble trees, has but few architectural embellishments. One of the richest art-museums of Europe lies hidden behind sombre and prosaic walls; the fountains of Neptune and of Cybele are handsome, but not remarkable; and the obelisk of red granite known as the monument of the "Second of May" is a sorrowful souvenir of the French occupation. Under the trees are hosts of little counters made of decorated wood, whence agile waiters dispense cooling drinks to the thousands seated at the long rows of little tables. The Madrid public is thirsty both summer and winter. Toward sunset long lines of carriages freighted with the grace and beauty of the capital appear on two driveways, between which pedestrians stroll smoking the inevitable cigarette and taking off their hats with grave courtesy as ladies pass. Young officers mounted on horseback canter slowly past the panorama of loveliness and fashion. Any of these horsemen can make a cigarette, twisting, filling and lighting it, with one hand while he holds his bridle-rein securely with the other. In the midmost alley of the Prado old men talking of finance or of their dinners, politicians, soldiers, and nursemaids surrounded by children, are generally to be found. In a third alley young ladies of the middle class, accompanied by their mammas or their waiting-maids, or severe and cynical-looking duennas, are surrounded by adorers, who sit beside them and gossip while the night grows old. From beneath the fine lace mantillas, and from behind deftly-managed fans, flash the most magnetic of glances. The manners of these beauties and their courtiers are usually frank, although environed with much etiquette, and the joyous, careless laughter of the damsels sounds like the ringing of silver bells. In spring or summer evenings the Castellanas or the Recoletos, favorite resorts for those who drive in carriages, are redolent of the perfume of geraniums, lilacs and laurel-roses: soft and warm breezes fill the orange sky. A kind of glamour is thrown over even

the sterile landscape which stretches away beyond the obelisk. Side by side with the thousand evidences of wealth and luxury to be found in the Prado stalks the gaunt and wan figure of Misery, holding up its bony hands for the coins that rarely come.

The Retiro is a great garden-park which the people of Madrid call their Versailles. It is delicious: the perfumed thickets, the gently-sloping lawns, the luxuriant bowers, enchant the senses. From the high portico of one of the pavilions there is a sweeping outlook over the desolate plain through which the railway winds to Saragossa, and in the midst of which rises one huge bluff crowned with fortifications and batteries which constitute one of the most important defences of the capital. The lakes and fountains are of mediocre interest. Queen Isabella showed a marked fondness for this garden, and spent many an evening there, with questionable adorers at her feet.

San Isidro is the patron saint of Madrid, and the people enter upon a gala epoch, which is sometimes prolonged for a fortnight from the fifteenth of May, when the saint's festival begins. San Isidro, it appears, was a poor servant who was so exceedingly pious that he at last worked miracles. He began his holy career by praying about three-fourths of the time, and while he was thus engaged his work was done by invisible hands. One day his wicked master caught Isidro praying in a little dilapidated chapel in a field, and began beating him. After he had broken several stout sticks over the peasant's back, he began to feel thirsty, and commanded Isidro to bring him a glass of water. Isidro struck the ground with his spade, and a cooling spring began to flow there, and has never ceased flowing. At another time a baby fell into a deep well, and Isidro rescued it by commanding the water to rise and deliver up the drowning infant. Naturally enough, Isidro had a very pious wife, who also worked miracles, and a church stands not far from the place where she was wont to spread her mantle on the Manzanares River and

pass over dry shod to a shrine where she liked to worship.

Madrid could not well refrain from celebrating the festival of a saint so well connected and so amply provided with

all the leading virtues; and the population gives itself up to unrestrained joy until the epoch has passed. On the morning of May fifteenth hundreds of carriages, laden with merry excursion-



EVENING AMUSEMENT IN A MADRID HOUSE.

ists, clatter out of the Puerta del Sol down Toledo street, and away across the Toledo bridge to the immense plain where a fair is held. The beggars run after them and shriek for alms in the

name of San Isidro. But every one who has any money is too earnestly bent upon losing it at play or in eating and drinking to give much thought to charity. At night the militia and the civil guard

bring back to Madrid a long procession of the offenders arrested during the day—thieves, would-be assassins, actual murderers, too boisterous revelers and cheats—all tied together with ropes in a melancholy procession, and throw them into jail, where they doubtless spend the dark hours supplicating San Isidro. Perhaps they curse him: such things have been known to happen. Once, upon a San Isidro's day, the clouds sent down torrents of rain. The merchants at the fair, exasperated at this, rushed to the Toledo bridge, upon which stands the statue of the saint, and gave it a good stoning. But the rain did not cease until the next day. Other saints sometimes receive similar treatment in Spain. There is no epithet too vile to bestow upon San Antonio if he allows a horse to die after he has eaten grain blessed by the priest, no matter how hopeless the animal's malady may be.

Few Americans witness the Spanish Carnival, but that of Madrid is far more picturesque and interesting than are those of Venice and Rome. The masquerading is bolder, has but few restraints, and is indulged in by all classes. Men, women and children wear the most absurd costumes and play the most fantastic tricks. The streets are filled with groups of dancing peasants and with carriages in which the young ladies and gentlemen of the nobility are so artfully disguised that they cannot recognize each other. "Cytherea's postman," clad in a costume fabricated entirely with postage-stamps of all countries, made his appearance one year upon the Madrid streets in Carnival-time distributing perfumed billets. Toward the close of this frisky season an absurd ceremonial, called "The Burial of the Sardine," usually occurs. A venerable donkey draws a creaking bier above which a dead sardine is hung. A crowd of maskers, dancing, shouting, singing, follow the bier to a place chosen for burial, where the little fish is interred with much mock pomp, after which his mourners dance for hours above his grave. I have never discovered the origin of this custom.

In the houses of the people of the

middle class during the whole Carnival season reveling and dancing are the only occupations. Sometimes, in passing by an open door, one may see a group eagerly watching the dancing of a young girl mounted upon a huge table. As her lithe figure sways to and fro beneath the image of the Virgin which looks serenely down from a dusty niche in the wall, the excited people shout, clap their hands and beat each other upon the backs in pure joy. Now and then two young men rush into deadly combat in front of the very table on which the girl is dancing, each angry with the other because he has dared to compliment the maiden freely.

The barbarity which even the kindest critic cannot fail to discover in the Spanish character receives its most extraordinary illustration in the bull-fights in which women do battle with the beasts. After the season of the principal bull-fights is over, a second series is inaugurated in Madrid, and in this stout young Amazons take the places of the hardy brutes who usually play the matadors. These heroines bind up their abundant hair with long ribbons, and around their bodies wear a wicker bottomless barrel, which protects them against the more furious assaults of the tormented animals. These women, when dancing before the bulls and inciting them to combat, look more like turtles walking on their hind legs than human beings. They are frequently thrown high in air, and now and then come crashing in their osier barrel down upon the spectators. The animals chosen for this minor series of combats are ordinarily young, and their human tormentors avoid killing them if possible. The rings are frequently invaded by crowds of amateurs who are provided with long flexible poles, by the aid of which they leap over the backs of the maddened bulls that rush at them. A few years since children were introduced in the rings in combats with bull calves, in which the poor little misguided human creatures were sometimes crippled for life by the calves, whose play was too rough for them.

One day, when a Spaniard had no

money, he heard that a bull-fight was to take place in the afternoon in one of the rings at Madrid. He went to a dentist and sold two of his beautiful front teeth for the *peseta* which he must pay for ad-

mission. This will serve to illustrate the madness of desire among the populace for these spectacles. The *toreadors* who risk themselves to please the people are acclaimed in the most affectionate man-



CATCHING WILD BULLS FOR THE RING.

ner on the streets. As one of them stands in the centre of an arena, with the eyes of ten thousand people glaring down upon him, with ten thousand faces distorted with the rage for blood around

him, he fancies himself a hero. He turns gracefully, poses, gesticulates, salutes ladies in the balconies, kisses his hands to his especial friends. Before the contest begins, an usher, clad in a



black costume of the Middle Ages, arrives mounted on a superb Andalusian horse, caracoles about the ring, and finally, pausing before the box of the governor, takes off his hat with dainty flourish and asks that the keys of the enclosure in which the bulls are kept be handed to him. Then ensues a procession of *espados*, of *banderillos*, of *cacheteros* and of *picadores*. These various tormentors are clad in elegant garments which exhibit the admirable suppleness of their muscular forms. The *picadores* are armed with pikes and are mounted upon horses. At a given signal the usher retires, the gates are opened and the bull bounds into the ring. He shakes his noble head, flourishes his broad horns and rushes at the horses. The *picadores* push him back with their pikes, but the poor horses are often fearfully gored. The foreign spectator gazing at one of these barbarous fights finds himself instinctively wishing that the bull may kill a man each time he charges, and that the unoffending horses may escape injury. But not so with the Spanish public. It roars with joy when a horse is disemboweled. It beats upon the railings with frenzy when a *picador* and his steed are thrown into the air. It menaces, foams at the lips, imprecates, insults when either man or beast shows any faltering or cowardice. The women's eyes gleam with delight when the battle is bloody and disastrous to both sides. The bull pauses confounded as he sees red, blue, green, yellow cloths shaken at him from all sides; the *banderillos* fill his shoulders and neck with iron harpoons and flaming darts, which excite the beast to the wildest transports of rage: he bellows, he moans, he hurls himself to the ground, he rises again, and he sees before him, kneeling upon one knee with a cape wound about one hand and a sword in the other, the impassible figure of the *toreador*, who is intent upon killing him. He plunges upon this new enemy: the man steps aside with the quickness of thought and wounds the passing bull with his sharp sword. This manœuvre is repeated many times. At last the governor announces his permission to kill

the bull. Then the man with the sword stands firm, and awaits the animal as he makes a new sally: the keen weapon flashes between the horns and is driven into the nape, and the beast falls as if struck by lightning. The populace shriek and applaud: the Anglo-Saxon spectator goes away sick at heart, and anxious to see a wild bull suddenly rush into the street and fatally gore a dozen men and women, thus avenging the barbaric and useless slaughter of his kind.

We are told that the bull-fighters are extremely pious, and that they pray before shrines for hours before entering the arena. This mode of preparation is taking unfair advantage of the bull.

Once in a Madrid ring a bull was matched against a lion, a tiger and a score of ferocious dogs. The lion began the assault. He sprang for the bull, but received such a shock from the creature's mighty head that he rolled on the sand. Second effort, the same lack of success. The lion then sat down on his haunches, looking very much ashamed of himself. The tiger and the dogs retreated into corners, and contented themselves with growling. They were left in the ring at night. The next morning the animals were found in the same position, and the bull remained master of the situation until he was released.

At another time a formidable bull was matched against a colossal elephant. The bull made but one attack: the elephant threw him thirty feet, then rushed upon him and stamped him to death. The spectators were frightened, and hundreds fled from their seats into the open air.

Herds of wild bulls roam over the plains and mountains in the vicinity of Madrid, and every week a dozen or twenty stout victims are brought down to the capital and trained for the sacrifice. The adventurous fellows who secure these ferocious animals for the delectation of the populace are called *ganaderos*. Once in a while one or two of them are brought back to Madrid with their limbs and heads broken, either by some assault of the bulls or by blows from clubs in the hands of enraged villagers, who object

to having the animals driven through the limits of their hamlets. The ganadero, mounted on his beautiful Andalusian steed and dressed in hose of leather and doublet profusely garnished with

triple rows of metal buttons, is an imposing and curious figure. He has at his tongue's end many a story of hairbreadth escapes from whole herds of bulls. In the Guadarrama range of mountains these



THE PASSION-PLAY.

ganaderos acquire, as shepherds and 'bullwhackers' from earliest boyhood, the peculiar training necessary for their dangerous career.

At Valencia, as at Barcelona and To-

ledo, religious mystery-plays and processions form one of the chief amusements of the populace. In the principal theatre of Valencia *The Passion of Christ* is annually performed: the spectacle is re-

peated nightly for a fortnight in years when the old city of the Cid is not disturbed by riot or revolution. For hours before the play is to begin the square in front of the theatre is crowded with people from the neighboring mountains. The mountaineers, with their blankets on their backs, their arms naked to their shoulders, their girdles filled with knives and their long rifles strapped upon their backs, quarrel with each other for places nearest the entrance. The women cook the supper for their families over little fires built in the streets: hundreds of persons bring rude mattresses with them and sleep in the open air after the performance is finished.

The *Passion* combines reverential treatment of sacred subjects and commonplace dramatic effects in the most peculiar manner. The curtain rises on a scene loaded with Arabic decorations. Magdalene is disclosed combing her long tresses, looking at herself in a silver mirror and soliloquizing upon her affection for the Saviour. Suddenly Judas enters, and tells her of his love for her: she repulses him in the most ignominious fashion. Judas, furious, leaves her, crying out that he will have revenge. At this point a few of the naïve spectators generally warn Judas to beware or they will inflict summary punishment upon him. The scene changes. The Saviour is seen bidding His mother adieu. Mary is overcome by a presentiment of doom, and urges Him to remain with her. But the curtain at the back of the stage opens, and discloses a purgatory filled with choristers representing the spirits of the condemned bewailing their sad fate. "Mother, these souls suffer unutterable anguish," are the words of the Saviour: "I must deliver them."

All the phases of the divine passion succeed in regular order, and are often portrayed with rough realistic vigor. The "flagellation" is sometimes so alarmingly real in appearance that the mountaineers in the audience menace with death those who ply the scourges. So serious and reverent are the lookers-on that they refuse to be startled from their equanimity even when they see Saint John at the

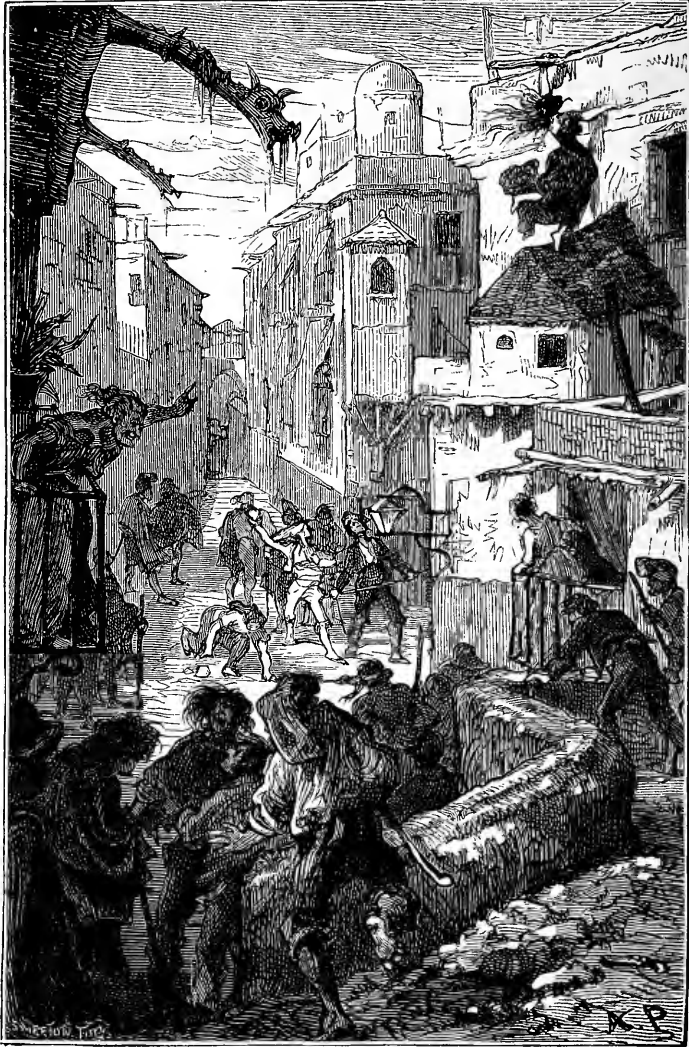
wings with a slouch hat on to protect his head from draughts of air, or when they are told that Magdalene rolls cigarettes behind the scenes and chats with the dancing-girls. Occasionally, the most monstrous absurdities occur upon the stage. In the tableau of the "resurrection" one evening the figure of the risen Redeemer, as it passed through the air, toppled over and hung head downward until the person filling the rôle was nearly suffocated. This *Passion* had such an excitable effect upon the populace that the bishops of Barcelona and Madrid forbade its representation in their cities. Old women often spat upon the ground to express their rage when Judas appeared upon the scene, and if the poor wretch's identity were recognized on the street any evening of the performance, he ran the risk of being torn in pieces.

The lower orders of Valencia are terrible in the expression of their malice, frightfully persistent in their vengeance. They are also heroic and noble in the willingness with which they will sacrifice themselves for their ideals. I have seen the streets and public squares of Valencia bathed in the blood of her common people who had rushed madly to the fray because there were indications that the Republic was to be taken away from them. They have been at last awed into temporary inaction by superior numbers, but some day they will rise again. They nourish the bitterest hatred for all the machinery of personal and centralized government, and for those who control its movements. The people of Barcelona are identical in sentiment with those of Valencia. A few years since they organized a savage pursuit of a woman who was suspected of furnishing information to the secret political police, and mobbed her through the streets until she was covered with bruises and blood. The wretched woman was compelled to take to the housetops to save her life.

On the festal day of San Vicente, patron of Valencia, the tradesmen form long processions in his honor, and the young people of the upper ranks erect platforms

in the open air upon which tableaux showing the principal events in the life of the holy man are given. Every hundredth year witnesses one of the grandest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church in

San Vicente's honor. All the marvels of the ecclesiastical treasury are exhibited in the narrow Valencian streets. Twelve stout fellows carry the cross, which they are strictly enjoined not to



A BARCELONIAN MOB PURSUING A WOMAN.

set down. If, overcome with fatigue, they disobey this injunction, they are heavily fined, and the cross belongs thenceforth to the church upon whose parish soil it falls. Gigantic figures of

Saint Christopher bearing the child Jesus upon his shoulder, of Methuselah, and of numerous other saints fill the ranks of this pageant.

In Estremadura and in various neigh-

boring provinces the mystery-plays are conducted by the priests in the open air, and often last for entire days. But the coming generation will probably know them no more.

An execution in Spain is preceded by many ceremonies which must be peculiarly agonizing to the criminal; yet it must be admitted that the garrote is, on the whole, far more humane than the hangman's rope. The condemned criminal is rarely subjected upon the scaffold to those awful and barbarous delays, to the bungling preparations for slaughter, which frequently characterize the execution of the supreme penalty of the law in America. The Spanish executioner turns a screw with one movement of his powerful hand; and all is over. But the poor wretch is compelled to pass through three days of penitence before he mounts the scaffold. In a gloomy vault, surrounded with the emblems of the Catholic faith, he remains with a priest beside him, reciting the customary prayers, to which he is compelled to respond. Sometimes the criminal gives way under the frightful mental torture, and is obliged to take to his bed, from which he is dragged at the appointed hour to the place of punishment. On the morning of an execution the commissioners of the Society of Charity of the locality in which the crime has been committed prepare the victim for his last journey. If a woman is to be executed, a curious spectacle is presented—that of the ladies of the nobility with their own hands preparing the criminal for the executioner's hands. The charitable societies also agree to care for and to give a certain amount of education to the children of the father or mother executed for a capital crime. When the prisoner is ready to set out for the scaffold, he is presented to his executioner. This functionary kisses his hands, bids him a formal adieu and begs him not to harbor any malice against him. The criminal is then placed upon a mule with his hands tied together, and a little rustic cross is held where he can see it. At the head of the sombre procession march priests singing requiems and holding up crucifixes; the charitable

societies come next; and behind them appears the instrument of execution in the midst of a detachment of cavalry. It is a platform a little less than six feet high, accessible by a small staircase. From its middle rises a tall post to which is attached an iron collar, which by the turn of an enormous vise can be brought suddenly together so as to crush the neck and to break the spinal column. The criminal seats himself upon a stool in front of the post: the executioner adjusts the collar, and before the assembled people have time to note the expression upon the face of the doomed one the vise has done its work: the head leans slightly forward. The priests continue their chants while the crowd disperses. The body remains exposed upon the scaffold until sundown, when it is placed in an open coffin, upon each end of which are painted skulls and crossbones, and is carried to the hospital, whither it is generally escorted by a rabble of old women muttering prayers and flourishing candles of yellow wax in their skinny hands.

If the sovereign passes by the scaffold just as the execution is about to take place, one of the members of the Society of Charity kneels before him, presents him the cross and begs for the pardon of the criminal. It is never refused. But Spanish monarchs of the present day take pains not to walk abroad when an execution is to occur in the capital.

There is an instance upon record of a lack of skill on the part of a Spanish executioner which is very remarkable. It occurred in January, 1873. The garrotting machine to which a notorious criminal had been attached was new and the vise refused to do its office. After the first effort the criminal shook his head mournfully, and turned to look at the executioner. A loud shout of mingled horror and exultation rose from the assemblage in front of the scaffold. But the executioner coolly took a knife, whittled the post, and arranged the collar for some minutes, settled it anew upon the criminal's neck, and the second trial succeeded. The people were greatly ex-

cited, and announced their belief that the culprit should have been pardoned after the first unsuccessful trial.

The proud province of Aragon is one of the most attractive and peculiar sec-

tions of Spain. Obstinacy and self-will are marked characteristics of the people: it is said of an Aragonese that if he should take a fancy to batter down a wall with his head, he would keep at his work un-



AFTER AN EXECUTION IN SPAIN.

til he had made a breach or broken his skull. The bravery of the men is world-famed. The passions are quick in Aragon, as well as unreasoning and imperious. Assassinations are numerous.

When affairs at Madrid in 1869 did not progress to the liking of the Aragonese, a band of bravos sallied out from Saragossa with the avowed determination of cutting the throats of all the government



officials in the capital. Happily, these too enthusiastic revolutionists were dispersed by superior forces before they had gone far.

Saragossa, with its splendid souvenirs of constitutional liberty, is to-day a feeble and apparently unresisting captive in the hands of a boyish Bourbon. When it was the capital of the kingdom of Aragon the people ruled their kings and were jealous of oppression. To-day, the gaudily-uniformed officers from the Al-fonsist court fill the barracks and stalk proudly through the narrow streets, and the people never say them nay. The town is old, decrepit, seems weary of the world and anxious to be dissolved into ruins. Perhaps it has a glorious future, but at present there are no indications of it. Here and there are a few hints of modernism, such as a noble square, or a public school, or a fine warehouse. But these few innovations are forgotten as soon as one plunges into the labyrinth of small and dark streets, where overhanging roofs seem whispering to each other. Antonio, smoking his cigarette on his balcony, may tumble the ashes into the dinner-plate of his neighbor tranquilly eating under his awning across the way. The shops, save a few in one wide street, are very primitive in their character, and some are Oriental in their destitution of modern furniture. Many of the houses are so old that they are propped up with large beams, and threaten, even with such support, to fall ere long. The cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar, one of the most celebrated Catholic shrines in the world, has recently shown signs of crumbling, and many devotees nearly died of fear when it threatened to fall during the heavy cannonading in the revolution of 1869. All the inhabitants who believe in the priesthood believe also that the cathedral was founded only forty years after the beginning of our Christian era. The old legend is preserved in the following words: "And Jesus said, My dearly beloved mother, I wish you to go to Saragossa and order Saint James (Santiago) to erect a temple in your honor, where you shall be invoked for all time to

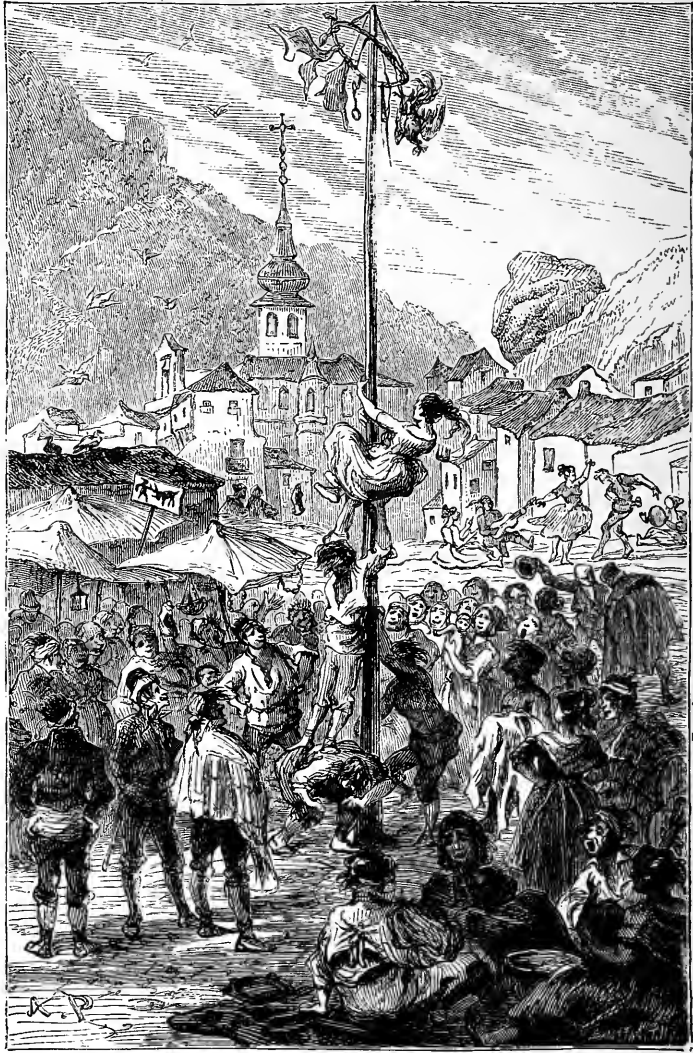
come." Saint James is supposed to have accomplished his divinely-imposed duty before making his famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the church has grown to mammoth proportions from the little chapel and the pillar on which the Virgin's figure was raised so many centuries ago. The dark-eyed women, as well as all the lame and dirty old beggars of Saragossa, daily kiss the little fragment, said to be the only remnant of the old pillar, now fixed in the cathedral wall.

Near the church, and also in the immediate vicinity of one of the ancient picturesque gates of the city, a terrible fight took place in the revolution eight years ago. A curé who had, strangely enough, been suspected of sympathy with the republicans for some time, threw open his house to them when the struggle with the government troops came on, and from his windows they kept up a dreadfully oppressive fire upon the soldiers. The regulars, withdrawing a little toward the bank of the adjacent stream, placed two cannon in range and blew to pieces both the priest's house and its occupants. Before they had succeeded in this, however, they lost several comrades and their commanding general. The blood of the latter still reddened the stones when I visited the place in October, 1869. The Aragonese were wonderfully brave on this occasion. Six men, with no arms but long knives, kept at bay thirty soldiers for many hours at the entrance of one of the little streets. An Aragonese who should come out unwounded from such a battle would be a coward in the estimation of all others of his race.

The village-folk in Aragon are rough, but honest and reasonably hospitable. They are fond of festivals, of the dance, of feasting and of primitive processions. At the country fairs men and women climb greased poles in pursuit of the booty secured at the tops, and laugh uproariously when an incautious victim loses his or her grip and tumbles headlong to the ground. A vein of savage cruelty underlies all their sports.

After a journey through Spain, and some experiences of the degradation and

ignorance of many of her people, one generation. But it will come: the Re-  
 is almost tempted to despair of her re- public, so sighed for, so fought for, and



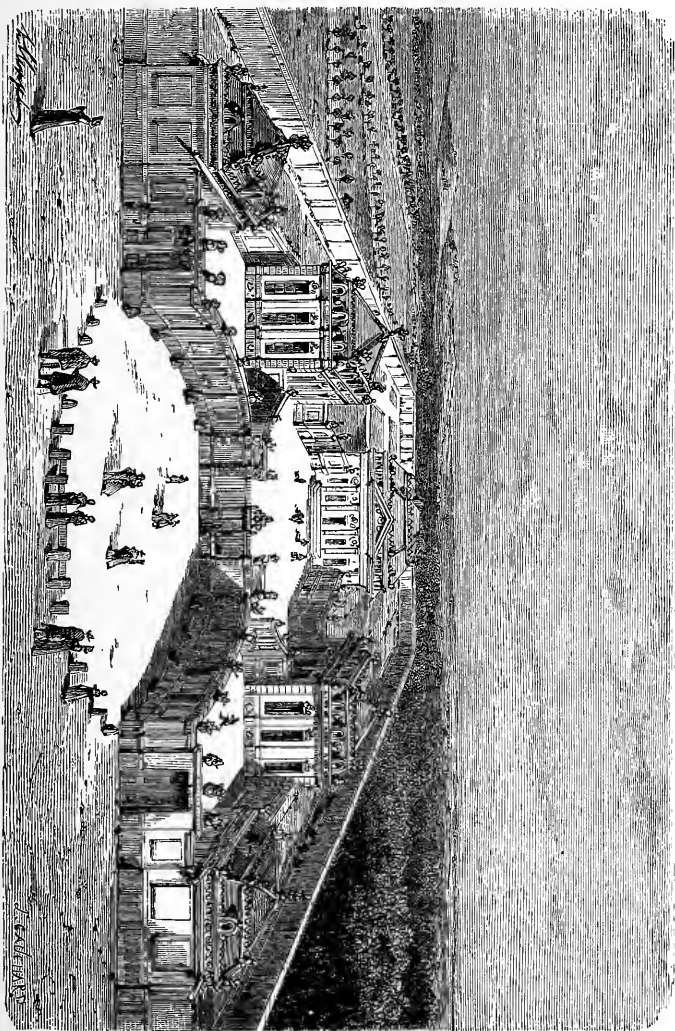
A VILLAGE FESTIVAL IN ARAGON.

so bravely died for by thousands, will be finally established. The darkness of the centuries of intolerance, of oppression, of lawlessness, will be forgotten in presence of the light of a new and glorious dawn.

## THE TRIANON PALACES.

STANDING on the upper terrace in the rear of the quaint old château of Versailles, the traveler is apt to linger enamored with the magnificent panorama spread out before him. He has perhaps just finished a run over the

THE TRIANON IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.



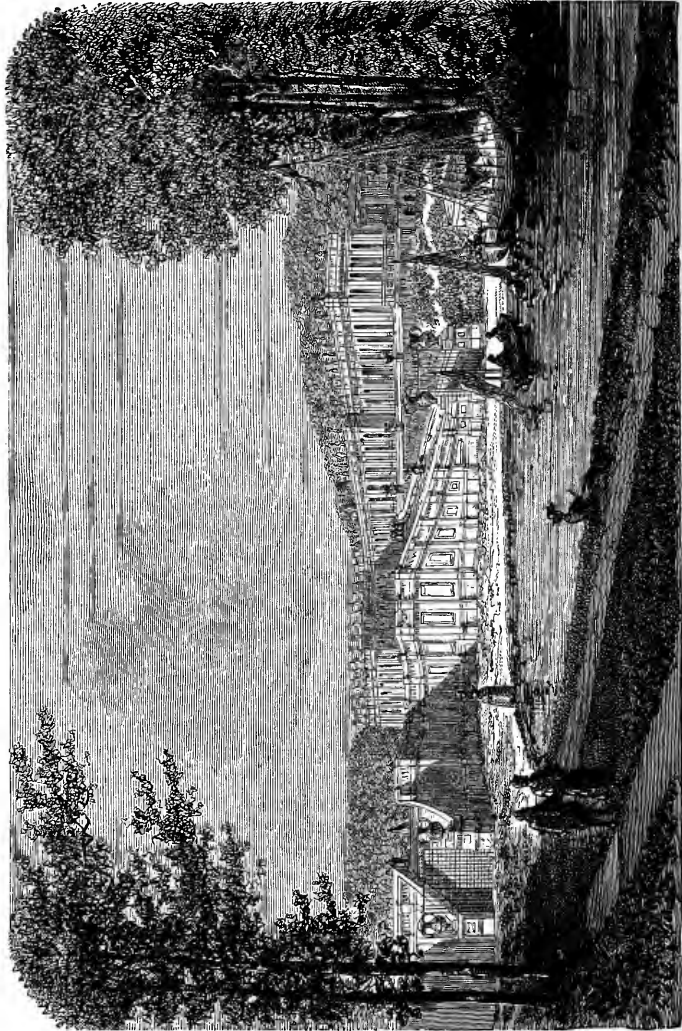
many salons and galleries of the palace, and his mind is a confused mass of paintings, frescoes, sculptures, rare old gilded furniture and historical relics innum-

able. He cannot hope to retain anything but a feeble, fragmentary impression of all these; but the superb landscape that now bursts upon him is a

single ravishing picture where the genius of man seems to have made Nature his Slave of the Lamp, and he tries to grasp it and fix it indelibly in his memory.

Looking directly west, straight through the grounds from the centre of the ter-

race, the eye meets first two oblong basins bordered with twenty-four magnificent groups in bronze. From the centre of each basin rise jets of water forming fountains in the shape of a basket: a little beyond is the Basin of Latona, pre-



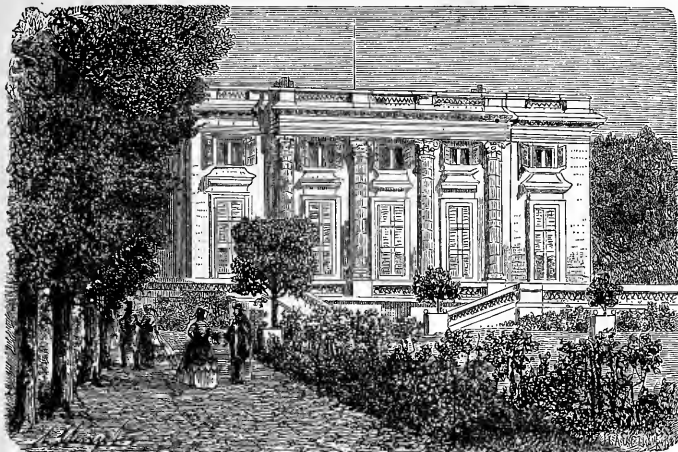
VIEW OF TRIANON UNDER LOUIS XV.

senting five circular tables in red marble, rising pyramidally one above the other, and surmounted by Latona imploring the vengeance of Jupiter against the Lybians, who had refused to give her water. The prayer is answered, and

there are the poor Lybians, some half, some wholly, metamorphosed into frogs, fishes, tortoises, seated on the edges of the tables, each mouth a fountain throwing water on Latona from every direction. On either side of the pyramid is a

column of water thirty feet high, falling into the basin. Beyond this is a long ribbon of lawn (the Tapis Vert) ornamented with vases and statues; then comes the Basin of Apollo, with a magnificent fountain of tritons, nereids, dolphins and sea-monsters; and then the

long arm of the Grand Canal, which is in the shape of a cross, each arm about two hundred feet wide. And these are only the principal objects seen in one straight line. Everywhere there are lovely walks, parterres of flowers, vases, colonnades, fountains, statues, groves and



THE PETIT TRIANON.

beautiful avenues bordered with long lines of evergreen trees forced by the pruning-knife to grow into fantastic shapes.

The two Trianons are but royal summer-houses in these superb gardens. They are both located on the right of the Grand Canal, and separated only by a few rods of the gardens belonging to the Grand Trianon built by Louis XIV. in 1671 for Madame de Maintenon, who was then nearly forty years of age. The king was three years younger. For nearly eleven years he had been reconstructing the palace of Versailles, enlarging and beautifying the royal parks and gardens, sometimes impressing thirty thousand soldiers at once into the work, which cost France a thousand millions of francs at least. The Fountain of Apollo alone cost a million and a half. The building of the terraces was a gigantic work in itself, while the water for the fountains is all brought from the Seine, some miles distant, and it costs from two to four thousand dollars every time

the *grands eaux* are set in motion: this was every day in the time of the Grand Monarch, but at present only the first Sunday afternoon of each month.

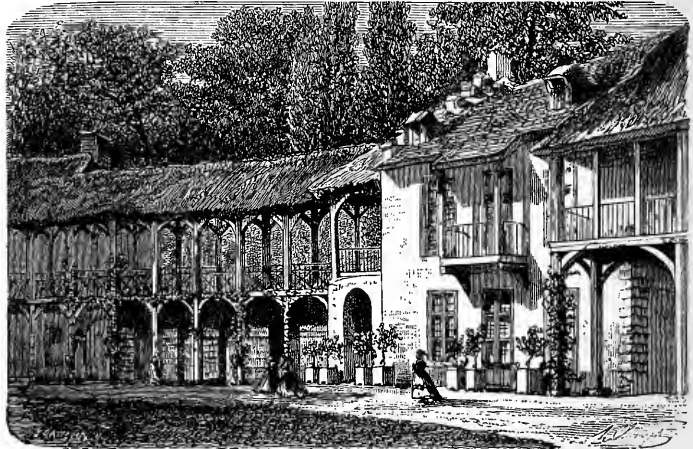
The resplendent court of Versailles, at its zenith in the time of Louis XIV., with its gorgeous costumes, display and ceremony, failed to wholly satisfy the purely human needs of the king, and the Trianon was built as an escape from the onerous fatigues of greatness. Here, in the company of choice favorites, the monarch played that he was only a man, loved and caressed for his own sake like the simplest of his subjects. Louis XV. was also fond of this retreat, and Louis XVI., "with his brusque bonhomie, walked through its gardens frightening the birds with his loud laughter, and making the flowers tremble under his elephantine tread." Marie Antoinette, his queen, is especially associated with the place: she has left everywhere the "ineffable trace of the foot of the rustic goddess." Whether as the humiliated wife, the triumphant mother or the unpopular

queen, we see her always in imagination the presiding genius of this Eden in the gardens of Versailles, unless indeed this picture is effaced by that of her tragic fate.

Trianon in the twelfth century was the name of a parish which later was absorbed in the dependencies of Versailles. In 1687 the first Trianon pavilion was destroyed to give place to the new caprice of Louis XIV. Mansard furnished the designs of the Grand Trianon, such as it exists to-day. Like the first, it is one story in height and in the Italian style, but constructed of the most precious marbles. An open peristyle unites the two lateral portions of the building. The balustrade surrounding the entablature was ornamented with vases filled with flowers, and groups of Cupids bearing the symbols of the chase. Saint-Simon calls the Trianon a "porcelain house for collations," the term being doubtless suggested by the great number of porcelain flower-vases decorating not only the outer walls, but the stairs, corridors and other portions of the interior.

It seems a plausible theory that Louis

XIV. tore down the first Trianon as a kind of penance for the many sins he had committed there. Certainly he had by this time become a rare devotee to religion, "thanks to the fear of hell and Madame de Maintenon," according to one interpretation. It is certain that as soon as the new Trianon was finished a canon of Notre Dame of Paris was solemnly sent by the archbishop of that city to bless the Trianon chapel and celebrate mass there. This was three years after Madame de Maintenon had consummated a secret marriage with the king, and so made him an honest man. All the reunions at the Grand Trianon thereafter, or at least after 1700, were models of exemplary conduct; and while we must sincerely approve the change, we are compelled to imagine the secret reflections of the old beaux and belles of the court when, after ceremoniously paying their court to the king, they were dismissed supperless at nine o'clock. The king, prematurely old, gouty and tottering in his gait, supped no more. He thought only of the salvation of his soul. Banished for ever were the gay feasts, the



THE QUEEN'S SWISS COTTAGE.

theatrical representations, the music and the fireworks. The only self-indulgence of the king was to dine at the Trianon with Madame de Maintenon, to inhale the odor of the tuberose and to watch

the play of the fountains. "Very bourgeois and innocent were these last pleasures of the king," says Saint-Simon, who calls those domestic evenings "magnificent," when "the king yawned, Madame



de Maintenon yawned, the duchess of Bourgogne yawned, and even the flowers themselves yawned." In 1715 the king died, being seventy-seven years old. Twenty years before, Madame de Maintenon, an honorable, intelligent lady, and sincerely devoted to the king, spoke of the trouble she had had to amuse "the least amusable of men;" and no doubt as he grew older and more and more difficult to please, she paid dearly enough for the barren honor of being the legal wife of the Grand Monarque.

The Trianon gardens suffered a complete change in the reign of Louis XV., who, becoming greatly interested in botany, gave to the study and culture of

flowers and trees what time he could spare from his laborious and sterile secret correspondence—"the frivolous monument of a frivolous reign." He built the Petit Trianon for Madame du Barry in 1766. It is a small building, seventy-two feet square, decorated with fluted columns and pilasters. In front was the orangery, consisting of fifty large orange trees in huge boxes standing in a semi-circle. That the king had a real passion for flowers is clearly evident from the way his courtiers took to flatter him on one evening when he was to visit the Petit Trianon: they ornamented the whole front of the orangery with a species of flower new or very rare in



THE FARM-HOUSE.

France before that time, arranged in twenty-four letters, each seven and a half feet high. These formed the words, "*Vive le Roi Louis le Bien-Aimé*," the whole finely illuminated. The flower was a variety of white chrysanthemum.

In the dining-room of the Petit Trianon, in the parquetry of the floor, may still be seen the traces of that famous trap through which the perfectly served tables rose noiselessly before the pampered Louis XV. and his carousing favorites. It was a happy inspiration for banqueters who had good reasons for avoiding the curious eyes and blabbing tongues of valets. From time to time

many royal visitors have been entertained at the Trianon palaces as a special mark of friendly courtesy, for they were not intended for court display and ceremony, but simply to escape the ennui of court etiquette. During the last years of Louis XV. he passed several days at the Petit Trianon five or six times every year, and it was there in 1774 that he experienced the first symptoms of the smallpox, of which he died two weeks later at Versailles, abandoned by all the court, by his most petted favorites, and, to crown his humiliation, even by Madame du Barry herself.

In May of the same year Louis XVI.

gave the Petit Trianon to Marie Antoinette, who was then twenty years old. There are various pretty stories relative to the offering and the acceptance of the

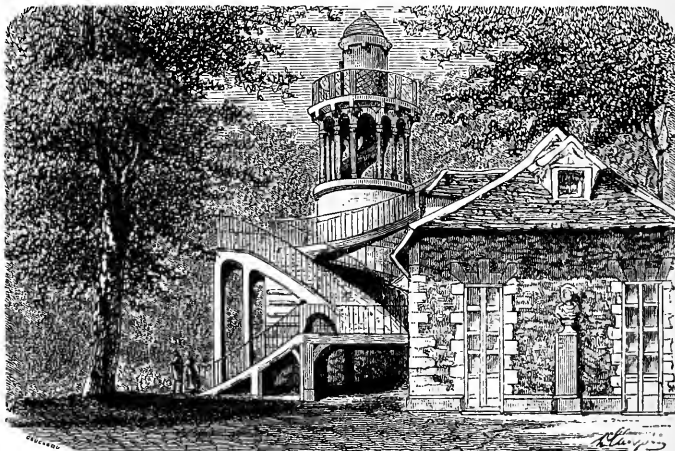
gift: one is that the king said to his wife, whose rustic and idyllic tastes he had noticed, "You love flowers. Very well, I have a bouquet to offer you. It is



THE SHEEPFOLD.

the Petit Trianon." According to De Bachaumont, when the king offered both the Trianons to Marie Antoinette, she replied, smiling, that she would ac-

cept the Petit Trianon on condition that he would never enter it except when invited. This was in harmony with the rebellion of the ladies of the court at



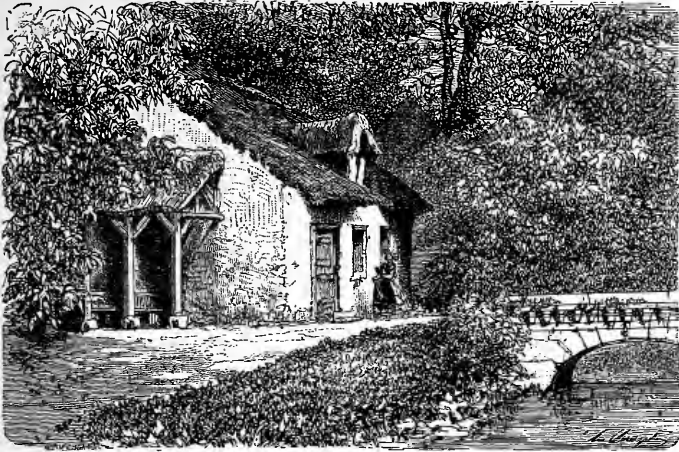
THE DAIRY.

that time, who organized suppers and amusements for themselves alone, closing the doors to all male intruders, in revenge for the constant abandonment of

their society for the attractions of hunting and other masculine sports. On one of these occasions two of the excluded husbands gained entrance by the ruse of

transforming themselves, one into a bear and the other into a tiger, muzzled and held in leash by a third accomplice.

After some performances as wild beasts, they were simultaneously seized with a fit of ferocity, showed their teeth, rolled



THE PARSONAGE.

their eyes, broke their chains, and after greatly terrifying the ladies, who ran away in all directions, they threw off the disguise and with victorious laughter conducted their wives into the supper-room. On the same day the queen, instead of forcing her husband to enter her privileged retreat by stratagem, showed her gratitude for his gift by inviting him to a charming dinner there. At that dinner, Bachaumont says in his *Secret Memoirs*, the Petit Trianon was christened *Le Petit Vienne*. The queen, however, soon found it prudent to deny positively that it had been so named; for from this moment date the first rumors of her lack of patriotism for France—the first mutterings of the thunder that burst over Versailles a few years later.

Marie Antoinette is an attractive character in history because of her passion for rustic and simple pleasures, her impatience with the forms of court etiquette, her devotion as a mother, her tenderness as a friend, and, at the last, her heroic spirit in facing the scaffold. As a child her education had been of the most careless kind, and the books of her library bearing her monogram show that her literary tastes were in keeping with her

education. Sainte-Beuve believes that she never opened a book of history in her life. No woman could have been less adapted for the queen of a feeble monarch than Marie Antoinette, and especially at a time when the country, bankrupt and on the eve of a revolution, required the decisive statesmanship of a Catharine II. of Russia or of an Elizabeth of England. While the kingdom was in debt eight hundred million dollars, the revenues wholly insufficient to pay the interest on this sum; while the people murmured savagely, and writers incessantly lampooned the feebleness of their rulers and the extravagance and corruption of the court,—Marie Antoinette, reminding us of nothing so much as a child sleeping among flowers on the brink of a precipice, ruled her miniature court at the Trianon, and gave her whole time and energy to the decoration of a boudoir or to the study of a peasant's part for her own theatre.

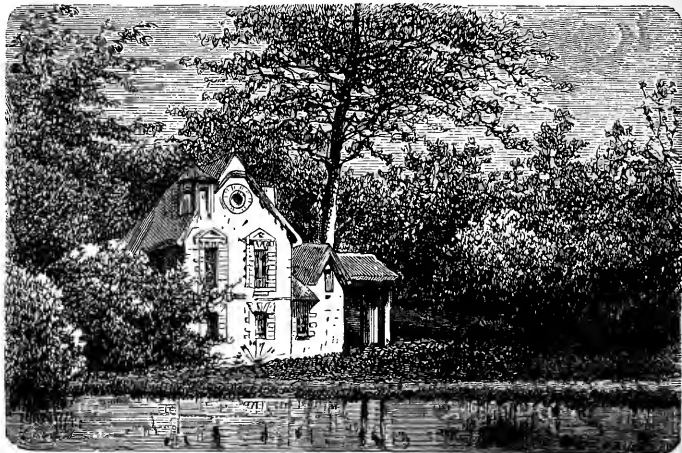
Her beauty has been much celebrated. She was below the medium height; had large but not very expressive eyes; a high aquiline nose, of which an eyewitness said, "I can never convince myself that the queen's nose really belongs

to her face;" a waist rather too plump for ideal grace; fine, light, ashen hair, rolled above her forehead in a very becoming style; an agreeable smile, though her under lip was rather large; a walk light and graceful; a complexion of the most dazzling freshness; and hands and arms of great beauty. Says another witness, "There was always about her, even in negligée, an air of sovereign nobility;" but this smacks of the courtier's adulation. A gay little woman, fond above all things of playing soubrette parts on the stage, can hardly have presented a very regal air.

For ten years after taking possession of the Petit Trianon, Marie Antoinette entered with enthusiasm into the pleasures of planting and building—the two hobbies of every proprietor, from the peasant to the king. The passion for "English gardens" was then in full vogue—gardens irregular, fantastic, romantic. The dethronement of those straight perspectives, those solemn quincunx plantations, occurred during the same revolution in fashion that toppled down the towering head-dresses, powdered wigs and monstrous straw bonnets; and with the winding paths, arti-

ficial waterfalls and grottoes came the small chignons, natural ringlets and simple kerchiefs of white lace. The queen at this time was in the glory of her youth, beauty, and whatever popularity she ever succeeded in winning. At Marly and Choisy, while her Trianon improvements were in progress, she gave herself up to the seductions of every innocent amusement of the time. It was at Marly where she used to drive a gig with a dexterity and coolness that astounded the old courtiers and delighted the new. At Marly also she wore the Russian skating or sleighing costume and made swift courses over the snow.

In 1781, after eight years of marriage, the birth of the first dauphin occurred. The event was received with rejoicing by the court: to Marie Antoinette it was a triumph. As the mother of the heir to the throne she was invested with new dignity and importance, and, confident of her secure position, she resumed her embellishment of the Trianon gardens with redoubled enthusiasm, though Necker, the minister of finance, foresaw the threatening storm and growled over the ever-increasing debt of the nation. The little Swiss hamlet on the borders of the



THE MILLER'S HOUSE.

lake was built at this time. It lacked nothing. It had its farm-house, its sheep-fold, its dairy in white marble, its par-

sonage, its school, a mill with "a wheel that really turned," a guard-house, a miller's house, and even a bailiff's res-

idence, besides little barns to hold the harvests—a veritable village of the comic opera. Yet these tiny houses were capable of serving a useful purpose, for after 1785, just before the Revolution, the queen, tired of playing with the hoe and the rake, tired of her miniature harvests

and vintages, installed a dozen poor families in the cottages as permanent residents. These little houses with thatched roofs and exterior staircases were made to resemble picturesque ruins. A sinking support here and there, fissures in the stone walls, moss and ivy everywhere,



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

produced this effect. The prettiest cottage of the hamlet was the queen's. The entrance to this was decorated with rare shrubs in boxes and climbing flowers. In this was a dining-room and a pretty boudoir. The queen's ladies, while playing the rôle of peasants with their mistress, had each a cottage. The miller was the king, and the schoolmaster monsieur his brother. The farm was not a very profitable investment, for the cows, the hens and pigeons were entertained in a style of luxury that made the milk more costly than champagne, and an egg worth its weight in silver. The flowers that adorned this paradise "would hardly have cost more had their stems been made of gold and their petals of bank-notes."

During the fine weather Marie Antoinette often spent a whole month at the Trianon in the society of her sister, the amiable Madame Elizabeth, her devoted friend, the princess de Lamballe, and a few other favorites. Dressed in fine white percales, fichus of delicate gauzes

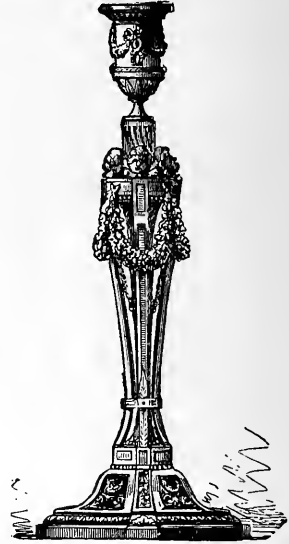
and broad-brimmed straw hats, they promenaded the woods and gardens without constraint on account of soiling their dresses, ate fresh eggs at the farm, drank milk at the dairy, fished in the lake, or sat down in umbrageous nooks to spin from rustic distaffs or to embroider, while their cavaliers read or walked about. The king and princes at such times supped at the Trianon every night, enjoying complete immunity from all useless ceremony. Ladies continued their spinnet- or piano-playing, gentlemen their backgammon, undisturbed by the entrance of the queen. In the Belvedere, a charming little pavilion on a hill overlooking all her domain, the queen generally had her breakfast served on an elegant table of gilded bronze. The Belvedere had four doors opening to the four cardinal points; eight marble sphinxes crouched upon the steps leading to these entrances; and the little bell-tower crowning the structure was draped with climbing jasmines and clematis. On the lake, by which the palace

was ordinarily approached, was an exquisite gondola decorated with golden fleurs-de-lis and lined with costly silk, while on a fairy island in the lake rose the Temple of Love, a little rotunda of exquisite design and finish. But even to catalogue the objects of a queen's caprices on this domain of a hundred acres would be a task. It was a veritable Eden, lacking nothing—not even the traditional serpent, which under the form of a figure in red stockings lurked in the illuminated grounds and terrified the queen by his unbidden presence on the night of one of her greatest triumphs. This was the dissolute Cardinal de Rohan, who through the scandal known in history as "the necklace affair" (*l'affaire du collier*) did more than any other to precipitate the causes that brought the head of Marie Antoinette to the guillotine.

During the same year the queen's allowance for pocket-money must have been generous, for her dramatic expenses alone were over one hundred and fifty thousand francs. This covered her annual subscription for boxes at two of the principal theatres of Paris, ten thousand francs, and the cost of the representations at her Trianon theatre, of which one item, that for flesh-colored silk stockings, amounted to twelve hundred francs. The Trianon theatre was inaugurated in 1780, and on that occasion the queen played Jenny in *The King and the Farmer*, and a soubrette rôle in the second piece. Grimm gives us an account of the entertainment, and though he does not definitely praise the queen's acting, he does not hint that it was "royally bad," as some one else has done. The building, capable of accommodating over six hundred, had three tiers of galleries, and was decorated in white and gold. Two satyrs held back the stage-curtains, and the central medallion over the front of the scene, supported by nymphs, presented the portrait of the queen. The seats were covered with blue velvet.

The Little Trianon and its gardens, fearfully mutilated during the Revolution, were nobly restored by Louis Philippe

after he had converted Versailles into an historical museum; and such as they appeared in 1837 they still remain. The palace is a white marble building embowered in luxuriant foliage. The orange trees in large boxes that decorated the front are no longer seen, but the sinister



FLAMBEAU OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

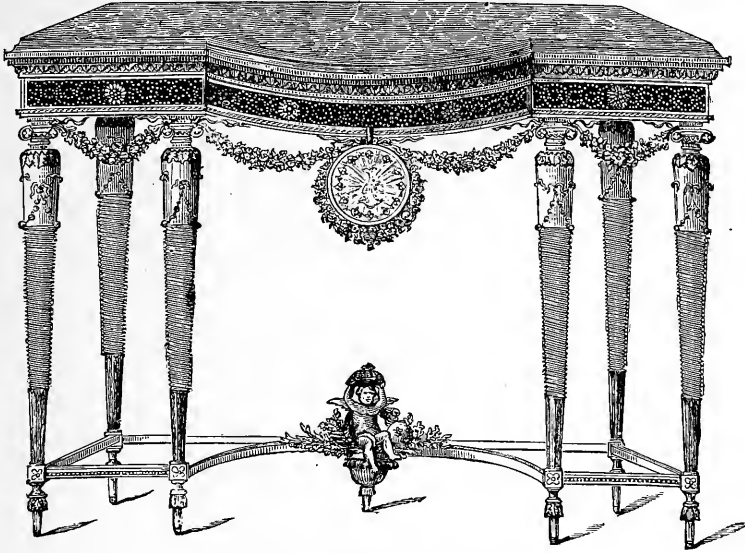
head of Medusa still stands guard at the head of the marble steps. In the interior you see the monogram M. A. on the gilded staircase and in the decorations everywhere. The principal salon suggests a temple of Bacchus—garlands of grapes, baskets of fruit, masks, tambourines, guitars and the pipe of Pan. The caryatides supporting the mantel-piece are two goats. Everything is done with exquisite art. The little boudoir preceding the queen's bed-room is ornamented with delicate arabesques—cornucopias, smoking tripods, doves in their nests, and every emblem of fecundity, love and peace. The ceiling decoration of the bed-room is a lovely garland of forget-me-nots. The faded furniture in blue silk, which was there a few years ago, still "exhaled the rare perfume of that queen of taste," if we may believe an enthusiastic tourist. Certainly the room must have been lovely in its day.



but the bed can hardly be the same as that described by contemporaries, hidden in clouds of delicate white lace looped back with brilliant scarfs fringed with pearls. A clock costing eighty thousand francs once marked the hours for this sybarite queen of the Trianon.

In 1788 occurred the last "comedy, supper and illumination" at the Trianon. The king always ate like a second Gar-

gantua, and we may suppose this repast, the *menu* of which is still preserved, met even his demands. There were four soups, two grand and sixteen minor entrées — one being a roasted pig — four hors-d'œuvres, six roasts and eighteen entremets. France at this time was in a deplorable condition, the treasury exhausted, public credit abroad destroyed, industry everywhere suspended, the peo-



CONSOLE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

ple taxed unmercifully, and starving by hundreds or lacking the necessities of life, while the "comedy, supper and illumination" continued at the court, the queen spending money enough on each entertainment to save thousands from the hunger that consumed them, and the weak king, apparently unconscious of the coming storm, perspiring over his turning-lathe and anvil, enamored of the high mysteries of lockmaking.

The Parliament saw the danger that was imminent, and discussed means for raising money. But how was this to be effected? The nobility and the clergy raised a hue and cry, and demanded the instant dismissal of any minister of finance who proposed that they should bear their share of the heavy taxes.

Turgot, Necker, D'Ormesson and Brienne were thus driven from their post in succession. Scandals, calumnies, epigrams, lampoons filled the air, and yet the "governing class" would not take warning. Revelry continued at Versailles; and while the masses could not afford soap for their necessary cleanliness, royal and princely guests were entertained at the Trianon on such a scale that the washing for a single day comprised four thousand pieces. The ignorant, long-suffering people naturally considered Marie Antoinette, the foreigner, the *Autrichienne*, as they insultingly called her, the worst adviser of the king and their most bitter enemy. When Necker, recalled to his post, convened the famous National Assembly in May,

1789, they saw with indignation the *tiers état*, their own representatives, treated with contempt by the nobility and clergy, and for every unwise measure supported by the king they held the queen respon-

sible. And yet no one could be more innocent of any real intention to increase the misfortunes of the people than was Marie Antoinette. But such is the corrupting, belittling effect of the doctrine



CLOCK OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

of the rights of privileged classes that no one nurtured in it can possibly do justice to those who by labor create the wealth of the world. Our blood curdles with horror at the thought of the blond head of the princesse de Lamballe borne on a

pike before the prison windows of the fainting queen, and so we are too apt to forget that action and reaction are equal, and to curse the brutal effect instead of the brutalizing cause.

Under the auspices of the empress

Eugénie the Little Trianon was repaired, and in it was exposed a rich collection of historical objects of the eighteenth century—distinctly a Trianon museum. Among the articles loaned by the empress was a sample book of Marie Antoinette's dresses. Most of them are gauzes and Indian fabrics so fanciful in design, so brilliant and varied in color, so light in texture, that they suggest the wardrobe of a fairy rather than that of a mortal woman. Another object is a curious toilet caprice—a little flat water-bottle, curved to fit the head, designed to keep flowers fresh in the *coiffure*. "The effect was charming," says the baroness Oberkirch—"June on the head in the midst of powdered snow." At one of those fairy Trianon entertainments, characterized in the journal of the phlegmatic Louis XVI. as "*Comédie, souper et illumination*," a grand duchess wore on her head a humming-bird in precious stones which by certain concealed springs was made to beat its wings and hover over an open rose.

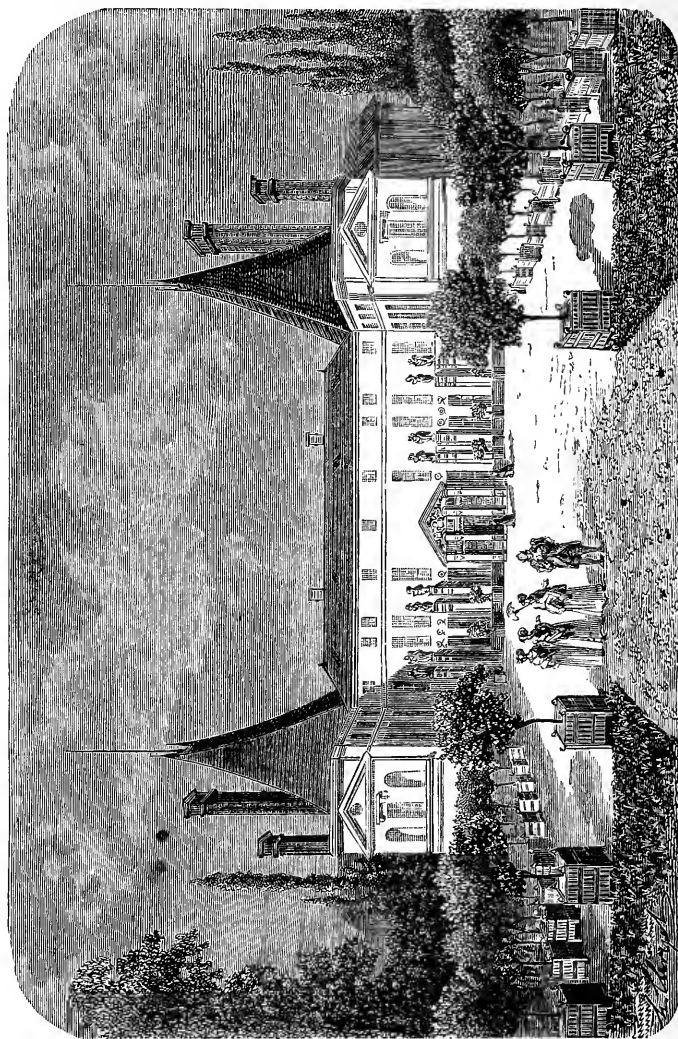
At the time of this writing the public

attention is specially directed to the Grand Trianon, not as the scene of the *petits soupers* of a royal court, but as the theatre of a grave and solemn trial of a distinguished military leader, charged with the betrayal of his country. The court is sitting in the long gallery which unites the two wings. This gallery is pierced by seven arcades on the outside, and the roof is supported by double Ionic columns of rose-tinted Languedoc marble. The arcades are closed by large glass doors, through which appear the gardens and the avenue leading to the Little Trianon. At one end of the gallery a platform and semicircular tribune have been erected. In the centre is the seat of the duc d'Aumale, the president, and on either side of him are the judges. Over the president's seat is a life-sized painting of the Crucifixion. Before the tribune, on one side, is the prosecuting attorney: on the other side, and facing him, sits the prisoner in front of his counsel, wearing the uniform that he wore at Metz, one of the epaulettes being torn by a German ball.



## JOSEPHINE AND MALMAISON.

THERE is scarcely to be found in history a life so rich in dramatic interest as that of the empress Josephine, for its romance commences with the dawn of her existence in the island of Martinique in 1763, and continues unabated



MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—MAIN ENTRANCE.

until 1814, when at the Château Malmaison she breathed her last, clasping in one hand the miniature of Napoleon and in the other the hand of Alexander

I. of Russia, her sincere friend and admirer. Especially is she immortal in the hearts of women by the triple appeal of moral excellence, intense suffering and

heroic submission to her fate. It is the romance of her life, more than all other causes, that has thrown a halo around the ugly old pile with its high-pointed pyramidal roofs, its tall chimneys and its general lack of architectural symmetry. Its very name is a malediction—*mala mansio*—though the motive of it is lost in the obscurity of the thirteenth century. The château is near Rueil, some eight miles from Paris. It was purchased in 1798 for sixty thousand francs, partly with the dower of Josephine and partly with the resources of General Bonaparte, whom she married in 1796, being then thirty-three years old and he twenty-seven. The marriage was a fortunate one for him, as his own words testify. "The circumstance of my marriage with Madame de Beauharnais," he says, "placed me on a proper footing with the party necessary to my plan of fusion, one of the first principles of my administration. . . . Without my wife I should never have established any natural relation with that class." Another declaration of his agrees perfectly with this idea: "I win only battles—Josephine wins me all hearts."

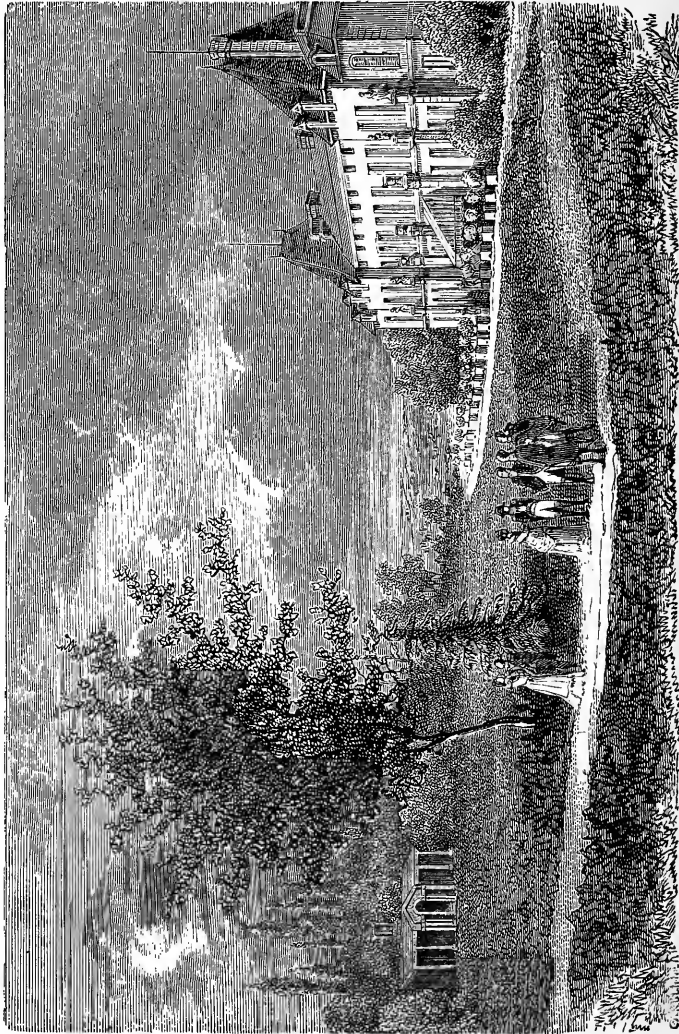
Josephine at the time of her first acquaintance with Bonaparte, then a simple general of brigade, was in the flower of her beauty and grace. She had survived the merciless storms of the Revolution, during which she had been torn from the bed of her sleeping children, thrown into prison and sentenced to death: her husband, less fortunate, perished by the guillotine. A part of her confiscated property had been restored to her by the National Convention through the efforts of Tallien, whose celebrated wife had been one of her prison-companions; and now, in the society of her children, Eugène and Hortense, and surrounded by a few cherished ones whose love had survived the ordeal of misfortune and poverty, Josephine was enjoying a quiet domestic life, made sweeter by the memory of the reverses she had suffered. And these reverses had been terrible, even before the Reign of Terror. Not to mention her first misfortune, when as a young girl in Martinique she had been prevented

from marrying her first love, a young English gentleman of distinguished merit, her loyalty as a wife had been questioned, and her boy, then three years old, taken from her. She suffered dreary months of solitude in a convent during the legal suit for divorce instituted by the vicomte de Beauharnais, and though the decision of the court was in her favor, she was broken-hearted from the injustice visited upon her, and she returned to the island of Martinique with Hortense, leaving Eugène behind. Three years after the vicomte repented of his cruelty, and humbly begged his wife to return and reunite their divided household. Josephine's friends tried every means to dissuade her from returning to the dissolute Beauharnais, but the mother-love triumphed, and she made haste to leave Martinique for the second and last time.

There are many portraits of Josephine, and perhaps none of them are very true to the original. The various written descriptions of her are much more consistent with each other. All agree that she possessed rare personal attractions, and especially that in speech and grace of movement she was inimitable. "The first applause of the French people," said Napoleon, "was to my ear as sweet as the voice of Josephine." In singing her voice was tender and melodious, and she played the harp with skill. At St. Helena, Napoleon once said to Dr. O'Meara, "*Joséphine était la grâce personifiée*;" and again, that she was "the most amiable and the best of women." She was rather above the medium height, her form beautifully moulded, her shoulders of the most dazzling whiteness, and her eyes deep blue, shaded by long dark lashes. Her hair was not very abundant, but soft, easily curling, lustrous, and in color a fine dark brown. As a child she learned with great ease, and during all her life she was passionately fond of reading and of flowers. Flowers were to her not merely an affectation of refinement, but rather a necessity of her rich, sensuous nature. Wherever she lived, there flowers flourished, surrounding her with an atmosphere in perfect accord with that exquisite generosity and

tenderness of soul which made her forget all injuries, listen to every tale of suffering, and refuse no sympathy or aid that was in her power to bestow. Napoleon accused her of extravagance. "Her squandering was my torture," he

once said to Las Casas at St. Helena ("*Son gaspillage était mon supplice*"); but as Josephine would not or could not keep regular records of her smaller expenditures, and as her purse was ever open to beggars of all degrees, it is easy



MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—THE PARK.

to account for the accusation. Softness of heart was indeed her fault, and no doubt she was often imposed upon; but when we think of the millions upon millions squandered by Napoleon to obtain that glory which crippled the industries

of France and deluged her soil with rivers of precious blood for which nothing could atone, we are disposed to think that it ill became him to growl over the somewhat extravagant sums disbursed by Josephine in her charities and in sup-



plying honest employment to those who took care of the parks, gardens and flower-conservatories that were a peaceful and beneficent culture to thousands.

It was a labor of love for Josephine to improve and embellish the buildings and the grounds of Malmaison, and she had full permission to exercise her taste and judgment as she deemed best. On his return from Egypt the First Consul found the whole place rejuvenated and blossoming "as the rose." The broad, neglected esplanade behind the château had been decorated with rare shrubs and parterres of flowers. Little streams of water rising in the high and nobly wooded hill on the left wound picturesquely through the lawn among the flowers and emptied in laughing cascades into the beautiful lake, which was adorned with statuary and peopled with gay flamingoes and black swans. The park, under the skillful hands selected and directed by Josephine, became the rival of Blenheim and Windsor, and even surpassed them in some respects. Its animals, both wild and tame, were left free to roam where they pleased. Like the Trianon grounds—with which Josephine was familiar through her former visits to Marie Antoinette, who had befriended her at the time of Beauharnais' ill-treatment—Malmaison had its sheepfold, which still exists on the borders of the pond, its dairy, its inevitable Temple of Love and its Swiss chalet. But as Marie Antoinette's ideas of cottage, peasants and poverty had been acquired solely from the opera, *her* chalet was hardly more than a toy, like the Noah's ark of babyhood. Josephine's, on the contrary, was the practical work of the woman of the people and of the world. It was the comfortable, permanent home of a Swiss family, who took charge of her rare breeds of merinos and Normandy cows, in the midst of a landscape where their Alpine costumes created no discord. Even the artificial grotto in the Malmaison gardens at least suggested utility, for it sheltered a very passable hermit, though a marble one, in the guise of a Capuchin monk—the spoliation of some convent chapel during the Revolution.

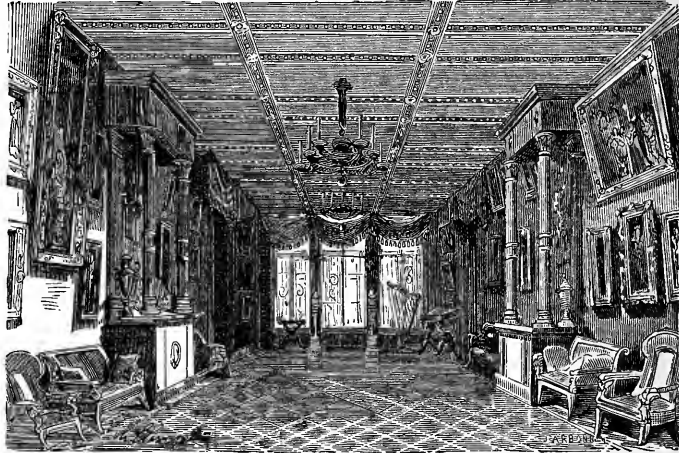
Napoleon on his return from Egypt must have been enchanted by the inexhaustible surprises of rustic pavilions, kiosks, airy bridges, shady arbors, gurgling streams, miniature waterfalls and lakes peopled with rare aquatic birds that rose continually before him as if by enchantment, as arm in arm with Josephine, whom he then passionately loved, he sauntered for the first time through the broad avenues or winding odorous paths of these splendid grounds. Everything conspired to render the hour supreme, for whether his expedition had been a blessing or a curse to France, his name was on every tongue, and his ear still retained the music of the pealing bells and the joyful acclamations that had greeted his arrival at Paris. There was not even wanting a lover's quarrel and a very dramatic reconciliation to complete his bliss; for he had luxuriated in a whole two days' pout, after meeting the loving, exultant joy of Josephine on his return with a freezing look and a curt dismissal from his presence. He had listened to the scandal which represented her as having, during his absence, "played the coquette with everybody." This god of the battle-field never appears to such disadvantage as when contrasted with Josephine; but military glory is at best a terrible school for the manners of men, and this must not be forgotten in judging Napoleon; nor the fact that even Josephine herself was dazzled by the glamour of his renown, and augmented his natural egoism by subtle flatteries, which indeed, in her case, had the excuse of being dictated by her love for the man, not the hero.

One form of this flattery was the erection of a beautiful tent as a porch to the rear entrance of the palace. The right and left approaches to this tent were defended by drawbridges, at the head of each of which stood a little obelisk in red marble, fourteen feet high and covered with golden hieroglyphics. The *cabinet de travail* or office of Napoleon was on the first floor, as were also the art-gallery, the drawing-rooms, the billiard- and dining-rooms and the council-hall. The last was decorated to resem-

ble a military tent, and furnished with heroic simplicity. On the second floor were the private apartments of Napoleon and those of Josephine. There was a little door between these, used only by the occupants; and later, when Napoleon had made up his mind to divorce Josephine, the sealing up of this

door was one of the delicate and manly methods he took to, prepare her for the sacrifice.

It was a proud boast of Josephine that she never kept any one waiting half a minute where punctuality depended upon herself. This consideration for the pleasure of others, the never-failing mark of



THE GALLERY AT MALMAISON.

refined breeding, was signally wanting in Napoleon. When the established hour for dining at Malmaison was six o'clock, and though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero: they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but “helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy.” Knowing the time necessary for the emperor to dine, the shrewder ones took care to dine in advance. Eugène

once confessed this at the dinner-table, much to the amusement of the emperor. Josephine always quitted the table with Napoleon, but with her never-failing consideration for the comfort of others she commanded the rest, by a gesture as she rose, to remain.

No one can excuse Napoleon for that domineering spirit toward Josephine which made him forbid her to receive, when she became empress, her old associates who he knew were tried and true friends. A letter from Josephine to the duchesse d'Aguillon, a former fellow-captive and a sincere friend, throws some light upon Napoleon's motive. She writes, among other things on the same subject, “The more I think of what my friends did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart dictates. The empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and cannot pay the debts of Madame de Beauharnais. This constitutes the torture of my life, and will explain why you

do not occupy a place near me; why I do not see Madame Tallien; in fine, why several ladies, formerly our confidential friends, would be strangers to me were not my memory faithful. . . . Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, . . . Napoleon's intention is to keep at a distance from his court all those who may have profited by the possibility of divorce. This he has promised the pope, and

hitherto he has kept his word. Hence the cause of his refusal of the favor I asked of having you with me, which has caused me unspeakable regret; but he is too absolute for me to have even a hope of seeing him retract. . . . Often do I regret that small, dark and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there, at least, I could pour out my whole heart, and was sincerely loved in return."

Life at Malmaison during the first



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

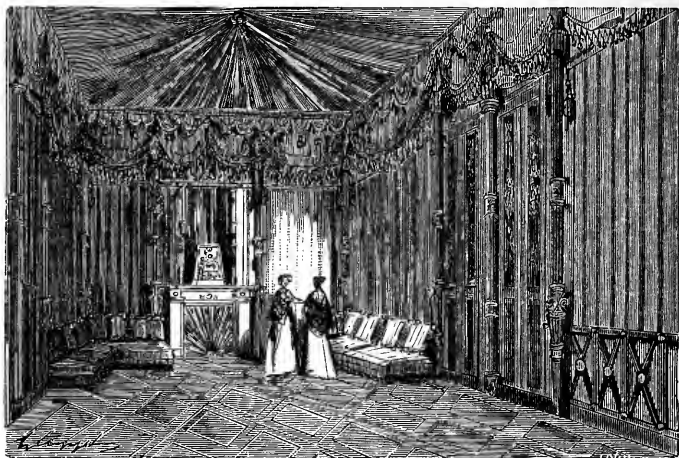
years of the marriage of Josephine and Napoleon must have been charming to their guests. No tiresome etiquette ever prevailed in the house of Josephine while she had power to prevent it. There was a general programme for the disposition of the time, but no arbitrary rules that prevented freedom of movement and friendly intercourse. Bourrienne gives us a pleasant account of the games on the lawn, in which the whole company joined with the *abandon* of children. One of these was the game of "prisoners," which seems to have been only an improvement of the well-known "tag" of our boys and girls. In these health-giving sports Napoleon, who was a clumsy runner, often measured his inconsiderable length on the greensward, when of course his capture was certain, and getting up he delivered himself, laughing heartily, to his victors. Hor-

tense, afterward queen of Holland, was one of the swiftest runners in the field, and she also excelled all the "talent" of the Malmaison theatre. "Hortense played marvelously, Caroline (Bonaparte) passably, Eugène very well. Lauriston was a little heavy, and I dare not assert that I was not the worst of the lot," says the candid Bourrienne; and he adds that if the playing of the actors was not good, it was not the fault of the training, for Talma himself gave them lessons, making them rehearse sometimes together, sometimes separately. Napoleon delighted in these amateur theatricals, and often importuned Bourrienne in the most caressing manner to take part in them, even when he tried to excuse himself because of his pressing occupations. "Come, now, Bourrienne," he would say, "you have such a fine memory! You know how much you amuse me:

you make me laugh with all my heart. Don't deprive me of this pleasure: you know well I have none too many." Thus appealed to, Bourrienne could only yield and set himself to study his rôles.

In the whole life of Josephine there appears but one act that might lower her in the estimation of posterity, and that is her using her influence to sacrifice Hortense to the Moloch of ambition. Her admirers have sought to ex-

cuse this on many grounds; among these her dislike to General Duroc, Napoleon's aide-de-camp in Italy and Egypt, who had been the accepted suitor of Hortense; her indifference to any distinction except that conferred by Napoleon; her desire for a triumph over the Bonaparte family, who always disliked her, and persistently sought to lower her in the estimation of Napoleon; and, finally, distrust of the nature of the



THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

regard existing between her husband and Hortense. But not all these motives combined can justify her course. Hortense at the time still loved Duroc ardently, and to Louis the union was not less repugnant, for he was at the time passionately devoted to another woman, and never recovered the shock of the breaking of the engagement by the fiat of his all-powerful brother. The grim farce was solemnized by the Church in 1801, and the seven hundred guests that thronged the Tuileries at the bridal fête ignored the tragedy which Louis and Hortense were enacting. The union proved a wretched one, and was dissolved in 1815 by the tribunal of the Seine. The late emperor, Napoleon III., was the third and last issue of this unhappy marriage. The court of Holland had not the slightest attraction for Hortense, and she sighed continually to re-

turn to France, where everything was more congenial to her nature. She was exceedingly fond of music, and composed several pieces, among which is the well-known "*Partant pour la Syrie*." In character she was gay, impulsive and generous: she was vivacious and brilliant in conversation, beautiful in form, but less so in face, on account of the conformation of her mouth and teeth, which projected too much for ideal beauty; but her eyes were superb, like those of her mother, and her hair was of the finest blond type.

One of the greatest attractions at Malmaison was the magnificent collection of tropical and other rare plants, gathered from all parts of the earth. Not a ship left a foreign port without bearing some botanical treasure to Josephine, who fairly idolized flowers, and seemed to possess a sort of fraternal sympathy

with them—a mysterious affinity not comprehended by the rest of the world. A flower was a surer passport to her favor than the most precious gem. All Europe knew of her passion, and strangers took pride in gratifying it. Even war suspended its rigors in favor of a taste so laudable and beneficent, for the prince-regent of England gave orders that all plants expressed to Josephine which fell into the hands of his cruisers should be forwarded to her.

In the plan of the largest hot-house there presided an inspiration peculiarly her own: this was to unite the attractions of the hot-house to those of the drawing-room; and in accordance with this idea an elegant room was constructed near the centre of the longer side of the building, and separated from it only by two columns supporting the entrance. These columns, twelve feet high, were of violet breccia, with gilded bases and capitals. The room was decorated with exquisite taste after classic models. Here Josephine came every day—first, to look after her treasures and to enjoy the delicious surprise, known only to flower-cultivators, of seeing some new exotic opening its glowing petals to the light for the first time in its foreign home; and then to recline with an indolence that is itself a culture in that charming sanctuary where the most graceful forms, the most perfect colors, the most exquisite odors created a symphony of delights.

Among the flowers introduced into France by Josephine were rare species of the hibiscus, bignonia, phlox, myrtle, geranium, mimosa, cactus and rhododendron. One of the finest dahlias still bears the name "Coquette de Rueil," a *Camellia Japonica* owes its name to Josephine, and she is immortalized in the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," one of the finest roses in the world. In the *Jardin de la Malmaison*, a costly folio, containing full-sized colored plates of the one hundred and eighty-four exotic plants that blossomed, nearly all of them, in the Malmaison hot-houses for the first time, there is the *Josephinia imperatricis*. This is a lovely bignonia, propagated from seeds brought from New Holland. Josephine,

who cared for no unshared honor or pleasure, asked her botanist to name a certain new plant after her husband. But here was a dilemma. Both the names of the great man had been already used by other botanists, and so the result was a kind of Greek enigma: *Calomiria*, from *kalos* (good), and *meris* (part).

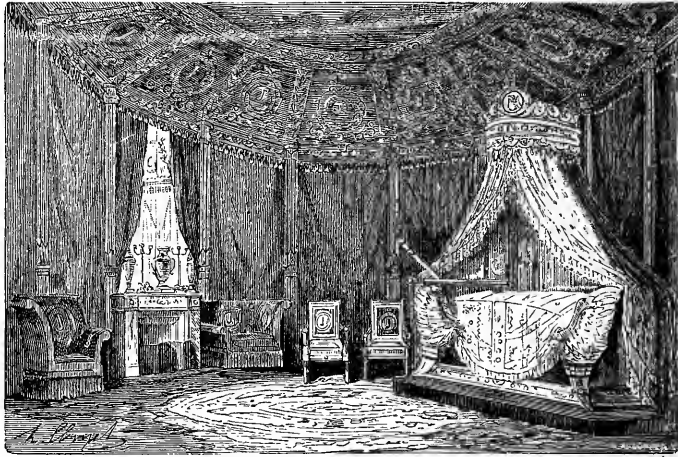
In the dedication of the book mentioned, compiled under Josephine's patronage, the dry old scientist Ventenat, member of the Institute of France, flatters his patron in that gentle stilted style peculiar to our grandfathers. He ends the dedication thus: "If in the course of this work I have to describe some of those modest and beneficent plants which seem only to live for the purpose of exhaling an influence at once sweet and salutary, I shall find it very difficult, madame, to refrain from comparisons which would hardly escape my readers."

The gallery of Malmaison contained not only paintings, among which the Dutch and Flemish schools predominated, but antique vases and statues—Greek, Etruscan, Egyptian—and a fine collection of bronzes and exhumed treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii; and as the Trianon under the last empire was made a distinctive Trianon museum, so under the same patronage Malmaison became a depository of the souvenirs of Josephine and the Bonaparte family.

The bed-room of Josephine in her time must have been a gem of luxurious taste. It was hung with purple velvet, figured with gold. The centre of the ceiling was painted to represent a brilliant summer sky with light, rosy clouds. The embroidery covering the furniture was principally the work of Josephine. The centre of each piece was a medallion enclosing the initial of her name. The delicate silken bed-curtains, bordered with gold fringe, were suspended from a baldachin in the form of a royal crown, bearing the monogram of the initials "N." and "J." To-day the gold is tarnished, the velvet torn and faded, and the melancholy ravages of Time are seen upon everything. In the cabinet of the emperor there is the clock that stood in his room at Longwood, stopped by some

hand at the moment of his death ; in the gallery, the harp that Josephine used to play, its strings now broken, its music hushed for ever. The words of Napoleon, "Triste comme la grandeur," seem solemnly reverberating through these deserted, decaying halls, and the visitor is glad to escape from their depressing atmosphere into the free sunlight, the symbol of progress and eternal youth.

The tourist on quitting Malmaison will retain vividly for some time a crowd of souvenirs ; but after a while the most of them will have vanished, and when the name of Napoleon is mentioned there will only return to his memory the Longwood iron bedstead, some snuff-boxes, a faded military uniform and a rusty sword. With the name of Josephine will appear that stately couch, her nuptial bed and



BED-CHAMBER OF JOSEPHINE.

her death-bed, and that broken harp. The difference between the souvenirs thus retained suggests the *motive* of this paper. But it is so difficult to do justice to Napoleon—so easy to over-estimate a woman like Josephine. She appeals to the heart at every step ; he seldom, except through those eloquent witnesses of his love for her, written often amid the din of battle on a desk improvised by the head of a drum or the pommel of a saddle.

One really grand speech of his—grand, because almost superhuman in its egoism—is preserved by Roederer. It was at Malmaison after the 18th Brumaire, when the Tribunal imposed upon him the general restoration of popular rights, thus making him, as he thought, the slave of the liberties of the people. "I am a soldier," he cried, "a child of the Revolution, sprung from the bosom of the people. Do they think they can in-

sult me as if I were only a king?" To Josephine his boundless ambition seemed an ungovernable mania. She could only prophesy his fall, and then calmly submit to destiny, which she always believed, or affected to believe, was foretold in her case by the old negress at Martinique, who told her she was to become greater than a queen and die in a hospital. It seems quite certain that in prison she laughed at her friends who mourned over her coming fate, and reassured them by declaring that she was yet to be queen of France ; and that after she became empress she gradually acquired a kind of superstitious regard for the old woman's prediction. We are told that at Malmaison one bright evening, when the project of divorce was in contemplation, she called the emperor's attention to something in the heavens, saying, "Remember that it is to my star, not yours, that sovereignty has



been promised. Separate our fates and your star fades." There is no question that she clearly foresaw his fall, though no magic was necessary for that. This appears evident in the letter written the day following that melancholy dinner, where neither ate or spoke during the whole time. When they left the table he approached her, and taking her hand commenced the prelude to the fatal words of separation. She stopped him when he ended the words, "My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France," fell lifeless upon the floor, and remained three hours insensible. The letter she wrote the next day commenced: "My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us: the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward, I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you), but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as your motive, will, it is said, indemnify me by justifying you! These interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext: your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin."

Eugène warmly espoused his mother's cause, and when the divorce was pronounced wished to abdicate the viceroyalty of Italy, but was dissuaded by Napoleon, and also by Josephine herself. Two years before he had sought to reconcile his mother to the proposed separation, as appears from one of his autograph letters now preserved in the Malmaison museum. It is little known to English readers, if indeed it has ever been translated. The following are some extracts from it: "I have received, my good mother, the letter you sent me by Bataille, and it has given me great pleasure, for it assures me that you are content, that you despise the malice of

evil tongues, and that the emperor continues to treat you well. You have nothing to fear from him, because he himself despises those who are base enough to give him bad advice. There is a great deal said about the divorce. I have this from Paris and from Munich; but I am pleased with your conversation with the emperor if it is such as you have represented it. You should always speak frankly to His Majesty: to do otherwise would be to no longer love him. If the emperor still bothers you about children, tell him that it ill becomes him to reproach you on such a subject. If he believes that his happiness and that of France depends upon his having children, there is only one honorable course to follow; but he ought still to treat you well, and give you a sufficient dower to enable you to live in Italy with your children. The emperor can then marry as his policy or his happiness demands. We should still remain attached to him, and his regard for us would not change, though circumstances would oblige him to separate himself from our family."

Three months after the divorce Napoleon led Marie Louise to the throne from which he had forced the loving, faithful Josephine. In four years her fears were realized, and Napoleon saw himself hurled from power and banished from the country. Marie Louise abandoned him on the first alarm, fleeing to Austria with that dearly-purchased child, then three years old, who was to have perpetuated the glory of his name. The contrast between the conduct of Marie Louise and that of Josephine must have touched the heart of the fallen emperor. On hearing of his banishment, Josephine, with characteristic devotedness, would have followed him to the isle of Elba had she been permitted to do so. "Say but the word, and I depart," were almost the last words she ever wrote. She did not live to witness his sudden reappearance upon the soil of France: in five weeks her generous heart was silent in the grave.



## CRUMBS FROM THE RHINELAND.



MAINZ (MAYENCE).

**H**OW the Germans love their river! The enthusiasm of all classes is very touching. In the train approaching Mainz was a red-faced, pursy Frankfurter, a disagreeable man, absorbed in his own comfort, accompanied by a saffron-colored wife, without a tooth so far as I could see, whom he never addressed save with a growl. Suddenly, as a shining line appeared in the distance, he started out of his corner with, "Der Rhein! der Rhein!" his face one open grin, and his helpmate darted forward, echoing, "Der Rhein! ja! ja!" and gazing with actual tears in her black eyes, while she exhibited her toothless

gums in a smile of perfect satisfaction. Both were lifted in a moment entirely above their vulgar squabbles.

As for us Americans, what do we expect when we pile our satchels and wraps on the tables of the steamer at Mainz? We look to be thrilled with a keener, and at the same time a more refined, delight than ever before, as we remember that for ten centuries the Rhine was linked with almost every important European fact or man, and that it flows under the walls of one hundred and fourteen cities famed in modern or mediæval story. So we keep in a passive state, waiting for the magnetic shock. Or we approach

as to a world-recognized ideal of perfection in rivers, under bonds not to fall behind in any way, and then we look up stream and down stream and say, as I heard an intelligent Philadelphian remark, "Take away the castles and associations and things, and I don't call this first-class scenery!" Evidently he felt aggrieved—wanted his money back.

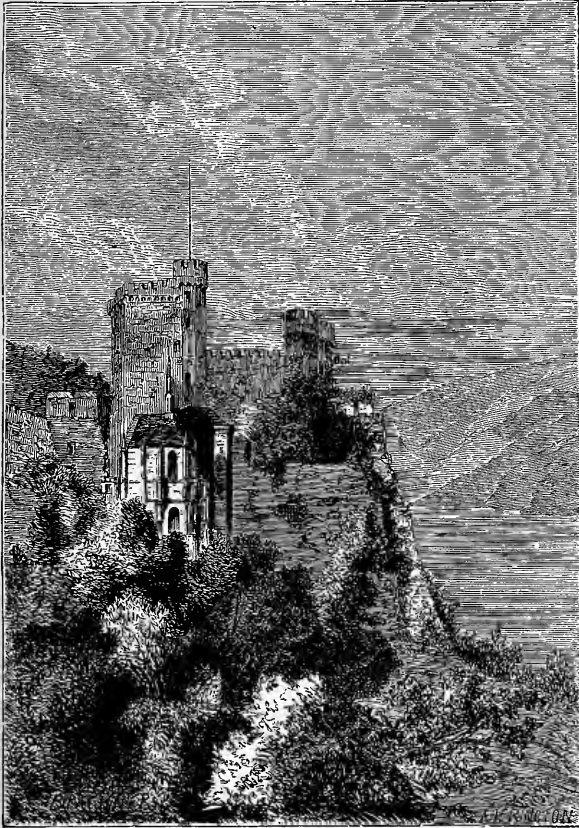
The Rhine brings traffic. Around the Dom is the old Middle-Age city in which the soul revels. Through the crowd that night came a ponderous open carriage, and in it, alone, a stout old lady of seventy, throwing cross and haughty glances on the people as they pressed against the walls to avoid being crushed by her carriage. So looked some

mediaeval baroness of a dozen quarterings as the canaille in that same street fled right and left from under her horses' hoofs. The scene was perfect: tall old black stone houses, seven or eight stories high, projecting cornices, rough stone shields, narrow, dark street—nothing save the garb of the people differing from a fourteenth-century evening.

The Dom, with six towers, is a prominent object from the river. These are so numerous because there are two choirs, each surmounted by a central tower and two smaller ones. There is no front. Very pleasant to wander in is the vast red-stone pile, rich in tombs of archbishop-electors, some with their figures of life-size in full canonicals, under their hands the much smaller figures of emperors they

may have crowned. The series, dating from the eighth century, gives a high idea of the dignity and power of these prelates, who had a double jurisdiction, over body and soul.

Something keeps peculiarly vivid a sight I saw that same evening. After half an hour of watching the stars in the heavens and the starry lights twink-



THE RHEINSTEIN.

*Das goldene Mainz!* Songs of the Master-singer and the broken utterance of that type of the modern man of unrest and self-questioning. Faust, went with me in Mainz. The newer part of the city is bright and well built, with attractive shops and fine *Plätze*, where are the *Standbilder* of Gutenberg and Goethe and Schiller. It is thronged and bustling.

ling on the bridge of boats to Kastel, I sat down to my journal. All was still. I could hear the ripple of the river, when, suddenly glancing over my shoulder, lo! a great golden three-quarter moon rising over the Rhine! For the moment I scarcely knew what it was or where I was. A lace curtain drooped over a French window, so as to form a frame for the lovely picture, the moon hanging in a dark-blue heaven, and a yellow-glancing track stretching across the river, while the trees and hills on the opposite bank grew plainer every moment — beautiful anywhere, even were it any nameless mill-pond quivering beneath my eye; but this was the Rhine, the exulting and abounding river.

The next morning the steamer down to Cologne gave me my first experience of *down* being north. Until Bingen is reached the scenery is tame — no ruins, though I watched for them breathlessly. Rheinstein is not a ruin, as it has been restored: it stands on a crag rising almost perpendicularly, and makes a very pretty picture. There is just room for a road between rock and river.

It must have been a good stand for business in old times; that, of course, being robbery. The romance about it is our gift as we look up at it, or rather it was bestowed in the thirteenth century by its partial demolition. The league of the burghers against the barons at that time did much to make the Rhine romantic, and the French did the rest afterward. Inside Rheinstein a scion of Prussian royalty has tried to keep up the old feudal state. He has collected furniture from a parcel of other broken-down castles, put stained glass in the windows, hung the hall with armor and

old pictures, and lets you in to see it all for a few groschen.

Near here the castles are almost in crowds. Sometimes they look like excrescences of the rock, being entirely of the same hue, as if the sternness at its heart had just taken shape and flung abroad its defiance: sometimes the rock itself is of a fortress-like formation, especially on volcanic peaks, so that you can hardly tell where the castle begins. On this volcanic soil grapes flourish best, as it holds the heat. All the most celebrated vineyards are in this neighborhood.

Two mountains, the Niederwald and Rupertsberg, now rear themselves, and



BACHARACH.

soft grandeur takes possession of the Rhine, and all the cliffs continue the exulting chant till, near Coblenz, they recede in long wavy outlines to let in more mild and placid influences. The precipices which guard the Bürgerloch are slaty and black where the vines do not cover them, but where they do, and an August sun shines on them, as it did that day, no green can be more rejoicing.

We landed in a small rowboat at Bacharach, a quaint confusion of bent gables and seamed fronts, still defended by Gothic turrets, three-sided, the one toward the town being left open. Up

the wild hill the town takes sometimes timid, sometimes audacious little runs; then it settles itself down in a half-faceticious way on promontories, where it tosses up vanes in the shape of iron letters, and dog-headed water-spouts; then twists itself to higher levels on winding flights of stairs, often with balusters carved in dragons or vegetable forms. On one of these levels is a church in honor of that

tory one?" asked the other American of our party.

"In what respect?" rejoined Herr Töpfer.

"In all respects—view, ivy, arches, cracks in the walls, dungeon, if there be one. I don't mean precisely a representative castle—I don't insist on that—but sufficiently ruinous to be agreeable, and yet not vacantly so, for you know it is our first ruin, and our imaginations must not be balked. In short, we ought to begin on a satisfactory one."

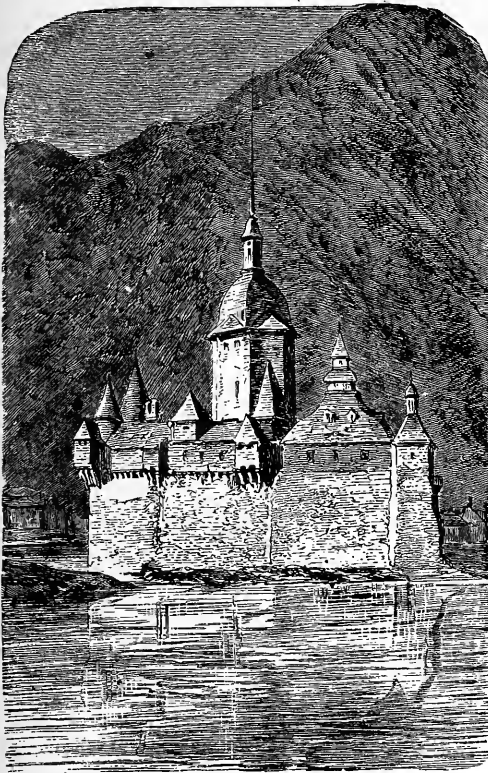
"In that case," said Herr Töpfer solemnly, "I would advise you to wait. There will be others."

"Yes, I see there is a good assortment," replied Miss F.

This judicious managing of sensation was new to me, but I sailed away, and so not until the next Sunday, at Rolands-eck, did I "do" my first ruin.

Passing the Pfalz, a square building on a long low island moored like a boat in the river, as massive in its masonry as a Florentine palace, I went to the end of the steamer by myself, and tried to look with the eyes of the imprisoned countess, weary and longing, on the green gleaming tide close to whose bosom she was immured—on the same hills laughing in the same sun. But the experiment was vain, as I have always found such. The realities are disturbing or hampering. I did the thing better in my own room that night.

At Rolands-eck I spent the morning exploring the hills and roaming with surprised and timid feet through the first vineyards I had ever trodden, then up by a winding path to Roland's Tower. A personal association with it, of old date, made me very glad that here began my delvings amid bygone days. Rolandseck was already desolated in the twelfth century, and now much of its substance lies mingled with the moun-



THE PFALZ.

terrible child, Werner. Go up a flight of a hundred steps, and you come to an earlier one in ruins. Anon, a bold bulge, flanked by towers. Through gateways, arches, Gothic and Roman, you have a glimpse of the foaming Rhine below.

Of course, Bacharach has a castle on the apex—Slahteck—and about that donjon I overheard the following conversation:

"Is yonder castle an entirely satisfac-

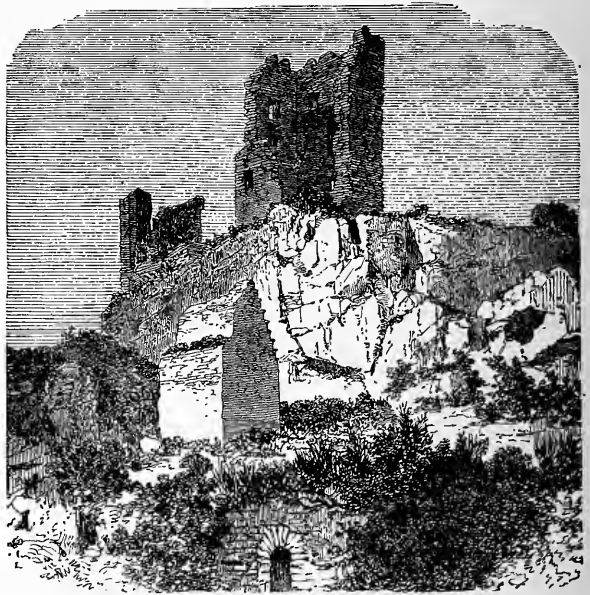
tain. Roofs or windows there are none, scarcely walls, except in the one beautiful arch that crowns the hill. Love gives it a spirit-freshness. Do not laugh at legends, for they bestow immortality. And can any guide-book repetition ever vulgarize this one? Answer, ye who with quick responsive pulses yearly float past its luminous cloud, though by no effort can ye imagine a man of this century building a house on a hill to look down on the abode of his lost love.

What a Sunday that was! The day was simply perfect. No American sky could have furnished a more unclouded background for the seven mountains to lean against: the air was bland, and the grassy gorge which led up to the tower was full of surprises in vistas of the Rhine or of the lonely country at the back of the hills—vistas walled in by wooded knolls and arabesqued by wild flowers. I was alone, "and my own gladness filled the silence like a speech." I sat long at the foot of the arch, hearing at intervals a shrill scream as a black railway-train from Cologne rushed along below me; and when I came down some scarlet-covered donkeys waiting at the corner of the road added just the bit of rich color courted by the eye, filled all day with the green in the valley and the azure of the sky.

From this bank one has the finest view of the Drachenfels opposite, particularly through the single arch of Roland's Tower. Near by it is almost too "ruiny," and the prospect is very distant of the other six mountains piled around, some wrapping their green oak-garments about their shoulders, others bare and ruddy, "flushed in a strange faint silence of possession by the sunshine."

I was glad to be with Germans on this trip, for they gave themselves up to the voice of the Past, or at least came and went easily between that and the rafts of lumber and their dinner spread on deck. A year afterward I made the same voyage with a party of Americans, who employed themselves in gossiping over their last doings at home, and actually went down to dinner in the midst of the finest scenery, declaring they could see well enough out of the portholes!

We had made acquaintance with one



DRACHENFELS.

of the flock of professors who seemed to haunt me all over Europe, so often did I find the stranger with whom I glided into conversation a professor in some university. This time came the fortunate consequence of a stop at Bonn to see the university in which our friend was professor.

"*Voilà Bonn! c'est une petite perle,*" said a French lady. It is a gem of rare lustre and value strung on the Rhine-thread of human habitation, for it is elegantly clean, orderly and tasteful. The older part, to be sure, has dingy



gables and discolored friezes of flowers and fruit, but only the pigeons appear to appreciate them. As in Cologne, "a light of laughing flowers" runs not along the ground, but along the house-tops. On the edge of the roofs a place is arranged for this cornice of color, tossed aloft to make gay the first impression for the angels and the sun-beams as they arrive from heaven.

When King Frederick William III. wished to commemorate the victory of Leipzig which steadied his own and other crowns on the wearers' heads, he

luxuriant country, and the Siebengebirge across the river in a new grouping.

The unusually lofty spire of the Dom beckoned us next. It is a light, elegant church, round-arched, and, like Cologne Cathedral, defaced by pews in the nave, where, as you enter, you see a bronze statue of the foundress, the empress Helena, life-size, on a high pedestal, kneeling and holding aloft a cross. The effect is almost startling.

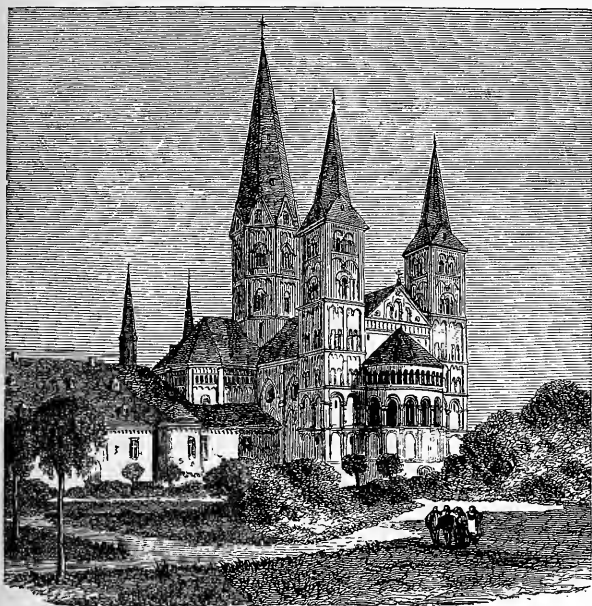
We drove to the other château through the fashionable promenade, a chestnut alley a mile long, and were taken into

Professor——'s apartment and introduced to his wife. "Ah, you stay? nicht wahr? you stay the night?" she said. So the professor said, so he beseeched, so they both beseeched, and madame put hands on our arms and led us to a bed-room sweet and pretty. The floor was polished like a mirror; snowy napkins were pinned on every chair and beneath every vase and ornament: I believe there were thirty napkins in that room. "Ganz fertig," she said—"it is all ready. See! one for each," pointing to two little fringed white beds.

• The good people

beset us, they were so hearty, so eager. The professor knew our friend, Herr Töpfer—was not that introduction sufficient? We looked at them, we looked in each other's eyes; then out at the windows, which opened on the botanical garden, delicious with color and smell. "If I knew whether we ought!" I said with a lingering gaze at my companion. "Ought? ought?" echoed the professor.

"I don't know if it would be right," I explained.



BONN CATHEDRAL.

determined to found a university. Bonn had lately been passed over to him with its two electoral palaces, and, having plenty of those articles already, he devoted both to the purpose. A *ci-devant* palace, occupying half of one side of the town, fourteen hundred feet long, can take in departments which are generally out-door. We peeped into the lecture-rooms, heard about Schlegel and Niebuhr, who filled chairs here, and took a hasty glance at the collections and the terrace, with its panorama of varied and

"Right! why not? If it would make you happy! If you would like it!"

I shook my head:—"Oh! as for liking—"

The good Frau stood looking, her hands clasped eagerly. I had heard of Irish hospitality, "Come, and bring all your friends." This was German.

"If it were possible," I said—"if our friends did not expect us at Köln."

"That is nothing," interrupted the professor. "There is the telegraph. All right! all right!"

This last phrase he seemed to think the perfection of colloquial English, for he plumed himself proudly every time he said it.

"Stay! stay!" he exclaimed. "I have thought of something;" and he rushed down stairs, and was back again in a second with word that a *Geistlicher* was going to Köln by the afternoon train, and would take an explanatory note straight to Herr Töpfer at the station. "See now!" he said. "All right! all right!"

I looked at my friend and round at the homelike salon with its pictures and pretty knickknacks—at the honest-faced children as eager as the parents. "Oh! I do so want to stay!" I exclaimed.

The note was written. "But," said I, "how will the gentleman know M. Töpfer at the station? He never saw him."

"Oh, that is very easy. Herr Töpfer, he of course says to station-master, 'I wait for two ladies who come from Bonn in the train;' and when the train arrives the Geistlicher, he goes to station-master and says, 'I want him who waits for two ladies,' and the station-master says, 'There he is, mein Herr!' All right! all right! Ja wohl!"

"But—but—perhaps M. Töpfer will not speak to the station-master."

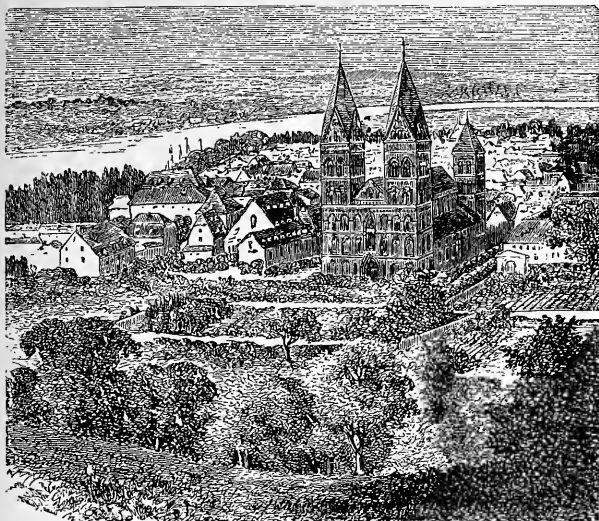
"Gut! Then he waits round, and the Geistlicher, he sees him who waits round, and he does not give the note till he knows the name. All right! all right!"

And we stayed. We had an evening—I will not speak of it—and the next day they took us to the Holy Cross and 'o one of the Seven Mountains on donkeys. The next week saw us gliding

up stream between the double border of castles on the heights and cities and villages below. It is worth a whole morning of historical reading to note this. One seizes that old life back again—the barons swooping down to enforce tolls, to throw chains across the river, or to rob the traders from Düsseldorf and St. Gall. Fancy the caravan hurrying along with trembling glances at those peaks with keen-eyed warders, and then the fierce cry from the thicket, "Glory to God, and war to the world!" The barons named themselves *Landes-schaden*—pests of the country-side.

We put only one passenger off at Andernach, which is a black-looking place, for black basalt hills rise behind it, and it is built of the same stone, I imagine. Its fourteen towers are turned into mean habitations. The vast, handsome church is a conspicuous object, and so is the huge round tower at the end of the town, with a slide to lower millstones, which are shipped in immense quantities. On a bare hill in the neighborhood they have taken advantage of the black color absorbing heat, as the Chinese paint garden-walls black, and planted vines in baskets of earth, making holes in the rock to receive them, so covering a hundred and fifty acres. A funny thing about Andernach is the old custom of a sermon at the market-cross every St. Bartholomew's Day to vituperate the inhabitants of Linz, the next city, with whom they had a centuries-old tiff. This formal venting of spite seems Rhenish: the people of Basel, farther up the Rhine, gravely put on the clock-tower of their bridge a head which rolled its eyes and put out its tongue every time the clock struck, to deride the people of Klein-Basel opposite.

It is considered the correct thing to leave the boat at Capellen and ascend Stolzenfels, which was formerly a charming ruin, and is now a charming castle. It was a little present made by the city of Coblenz to the last king of Prussia, who restored it. The slender, lady-like chapel and the principal halls have fine frescoes and pictures by Holbein, Dürer, Rembrandt, etc. At Stolzenfels, Ehren-



ANDERNACH.



STOLZENFELS.

breitstein shows well, but I don't like the Rhenish cliffs crowned with modern citadels, even if they are the strongest in Europe. More suitable is a moated donjon over which the mosses with tender fingers throw a robe of sweet and fresh honor. Looking over to the holy Castle of Marksburg, Herr Töpfer developed a plan which I must believe due to the influence of its patron, my Venetian friend, ever helpful to me, for these rugged, frowning towers, with walls as stern as

Ehrenbreitstein, are dedicated to St. Mark. The Rhine became religious at an early period; witness its monasteries and chapels. This was the plan: that we should leave luggage at Coblenz, and pick up our remaining crumbs of pleasure by means of pedestrianism, carriage- and sometimes diligence-riding. "Would that please the Fräulein Amerikaner?" "Ach!" I gasped in delight, and when we got to Coblenz was cruel in my impatience to a nascent cicerone of ten in the Castor-kirche, where Charlemagne's grandsons met to divide his vast empire. He reiterated, "La capitale église de Coblenz." "Je le sais," I said. Then he promulgated that yonder picture was by Rubens. "Je le sais," I said again; and as he did not go away, I followed remorselessly with "Et puis?" But it did not prevent his whine, "Ein gro'," at the door.

Our walking was done chiefly by the Promenaden Pfade. Hard, well kept, generally wide enough for two, they are among the glories of Germany. By them I should like to traverse all Rhineland, to follow the Aahr, the Zahn, the Brohlbach and many a ravine, rocky or grassy, up to nests of unexpected beauty. Walking here is not ploughing and tramping over rough, sandy roads—not even on the common highway, which extends all along the bank of the river, often lined with fruit trees. At Sinzig are cherries enough for the world.

We turned the flanks of mountains or boldly crossed them; we beheld sparkling sweeps of the Rhine from breeze-swept table-lands; we found hill-locked lakes, no more beautiful than our own New England ones but for the frequent abbey-towns mellowing our thought. Describe them? Rather than these besung, bewritten banks I would choose some unchristened New Jersey run, where the cows stop to drink over mosses which keep only their own sweetness, whose reeds as they wave in the wind but whisper their part in the great chant of universal grace and beauty.

Time was of no value to us save as an instrument of absorption. We turned out the porous side of our natures, determined to suck up all sorts of images for future use and pleasure. Diligences took us up occasionally; there were relays of boys at every point to carry our things and guide us when in perplexity; and we had always *Baudeker*. It was our delight to follow only his wonderfully felicitous directions, till we came out at the top of a hill perhaps and looked down through an opening at the desired object, and echoed his "guide quite unnecessary."

Sometimes we slept at a forester's cot-

tage, gazing from our beds under the thatch through an unglazed casement at the summer night lying soft and dark on Rhineland, and in the morning ate some sour stuff and black bread, and went on our way through woodlands where,

as we trod,  
The dusk was like the Truce of God  
With worldly woe and care."



CASTLE OF MARKSBURG.

Again, we were in happy little towns. At Hirzenach it was market-day. A market in the shadow of the old brown church, a stir and a swaying of quilted skirts and hard features and German gutturals over a mellow, luscious swell of fruits and vegetables; over booths where crockery and shoes and *zwiebacke* were tricked out with good honest hollyhocks and cabbage

roses. We looked on from the dark old porch of the inn, syringa-scented, where lozenges on the outside, are mixed with villas having gold-pointed garden-railings enclosing statues and Grecian temples. Others are entirely rural, peaceful -- I might almost say torpid, remembering the profound calm which wrapped them. Vast, noble churches, worth the visit of an antiquary, often spring up from amid the peaked roofs and gables.



COBLENZ, LOOKING TOWARDS EHRENBREITSTEIN.

above our heads the great sign creaked, a lion or a giant—I forget which. Such abound here, a German echo of the but the vintage was late this year. The emerald Weintrauben were ripe enough to eat, and we took them as they were,



OBERWESEL.

Crusades. In some villages the plaster houses, with dark-red beams describing who has called the Rhine "a providential river"? As historical and moral



designs are deployed in its two hundred and seventy-seven leagues, from its leap at Schaffhausen, from its vineclad curves amid bastion-like basalt—peace and war mingled and opposed—to its reedy, loamy, lazy meanderings in marshes at Leyden, so is it also with the features of beauty and romance.

One afternoon we found ourselves at St. Goar, which is amidst the finest scenery on the river, where its current, is narrowest and deepest. We had come hither by the green vale behind Rheinfels, only wide enough for a stream and path, while from our feet the sides spread in an unbroken green slope at an angle of forty-five degrees. Through it the peasants troop to their homes of filth and fleas, for they all huddle in villages. By the waterside the washewomen were standing on rafts, pounding the linen with their bare feet. Blue-capped girls were carrying baskets of just-gathered apples on their heads, meeting others with grass and fallen leaves—a pretty sight as the sunbeams sinking over Rheinfels struck on their erect forms and rosy faces.

We stayed all night for two reasons—one, to hear the Lurlei's voice. The siren sits on the opposite bank. A man from a little cottage on this side blows a horn and fires a gun, and from a boat crossing the stream the oar-strokes resound with terrible din. The echo is five times repeated wonderfully clear.

Katzenburg was the other magnet. This I may call, to use my American friend's expression, a "thoroughly satisfactory" ruin. It has its legend and its ghost; its



COTTAGE AT LURLEI.

tottering walls are properly draped with lichens; it has flights of steps which land you nowhere, and give a blank



THE CAT (KATZENBURG).



shock of desolation; and enough of its passages are choked to leave room for the imagination to fill up. Inside the portal, which has rather odd granite pillars, you climb steps overgrown with turf, ivy flapping in your face as you glance through fissures down to the river, where the boats look like insects, till you come to the banqueting-hall. What sound narrows in to you beneath the vaulted roof and lofty columns? A bar of a jovial hunting-song changed into the most melancholy cadence imaginable? No, listen at the tower, which is only a continuation of the great well plunging into the bowels of the mountain. Into the well a former Katzenwellenbogen used to drop those who displeased him, and when he carried off a silver bell from the church in St. Goarhausen, he being poor and not pious, and the priest came with holy cross to demand it back, he cried, "Ho! ho! you want your bell? You shall have it;" and he tied it fast to the priest and flung him into the well, filling it up with stones. Falling ill a few days afterward, his family astrologer heard the tolling of a bell in the depths of the mountain. All knew what it meant. That night he died. Since that, every year, at the hour of his death, tolls the silver bell.

Farther on is a pretty roofless turret, without stairs—no way to get at it; a perfect herbarium of wild flowers, and the pigeons fly in and out of their nests under the broken escutcheons, and the spotted moths and the dragon-flies flutter from it down over the gorge at the back, which is an uncanny place. Once a bridge crossed it, and one arch remains. The effect of some deed of sadness and horror is felt there, despite the blossoms and the aroma the sun draws out from shining wet leaves and sap-swollen branches, despite the pleasant sound of bees humming among the flowering thorn bushes, the ground-swallows twittering in the holly and the noise of water-mills borne up the glen.

You peer into dungeons and oubliettes, track by torchlight underground passages, light a paper and throw it

down to see the extent of a dry well where the prisoners were put down at night and drawn up in the morning. There is a similar one at Reufels opposite.

We returned to Oberwesel by the high-road. It is lonely—no houses: steep, leafy-like slate-rocks rise out of the river, glistening as if always wet, and at their feet the slivers of slate lie like scales of a black monster. All along these are nets for catching salmon.

Of course there is a garden at Oberwesel, or it would not be a German village—a little park, we would call it—arranged in a chestnut wood, showing the picturesque possible without negligence or dirt. I don't know of anything else at Oberwesel. It is a place overpowered by its background, though it resists with battlemented walls and a round tower like the Andernach one.

The last day I was to be left at St. Goar for some convenience of trains, my party pursuing a different route. I landed alone with my maid in a small boat. The landlord of the Lilie, remembering me very well, asked if I would walk in to *table-d'hôte* just going on. I said yes without thinking, and when I came down found he had delayed a course for me, and the three waiters were collected, looking impatiently up the stairs. Within were perhaps twenty people, mostly English, with empty plates, silent, all looking at the door awaiting my entrance: they had seen my landing from the steamer. I shivered. But it was as a princess incognito, nothing less, that I took my seat. I had seen enough of traveling English to know how to treat them; so I entirely ignored their presence, placidly gazing out of window in the intervals of the courses on long, straggling St. Goarhausen opposite. This had its effect in the increased respect of all glances, except those from a pair of bold black eyes opposite me, whose owner observed to her husband in a loud tone, "One of the people of the country, I suppose."

"My dear," murmured the gentleman, "take care. The lady may understand English."

"Not likely!" in a tone of infinite disdain.

"Oh!—ah!—one can never be too careful. So many of our people go to Paris, don't you know, that the French must pick up a little of our lingo."

"I don't think her French," remarked the lady, her gaze still broadly fixed on me. She proceeded with some very free and impertinent remarks.

St. Goar was a holy hermit who lived and preached in a cave a mile below this village just thirteen hundred years ago. Can the tension of his self-control yet brace the air here? Some such influence it must have been that kept me quiet and

unruffled. At the conclusion of the meal I wanted some confitures that stood near this lady, and the waiters had all left the room. I looked directly at her, and said in my best English, "Madame, may I trouble you to hand me those bon-bons?"

If you could have seen the woman's face! It turned white, her jaw dropped, and she stared blankly, utterly unable to comply with my request. Her husband snatched up the plate and handed it to me with a bow, and I ate my confectionery with an innocent air in the midst of a dead silence.

## TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

### TWO PARTS.—I.

IN the century which has elapsed since the invention of the balloon—a century fruitful in scientific discoveries and mechanical improvements—no advance has been made toward the solution of the problem of aerial locomotion. During the siege of Paris a regular service of balloons was established by the French government, furnishing the chief means of transport and communication between the capital and provinces. But the fresh experiments to which a stimulus was thus given have been productive of no results, except perhaps that of confirming the belief that the object is one which can never be attained.

There is, however, one use to which balloons can be applied that rescues them from the character of mere toys. The opportunity they afford of exploring the atmospheric ocean, and of making meteorological observations and experiments, was very early perceived, and it is somewhat remarkable that so few of the numerous ascents that have been made in both hemispheres—about thirty-five hundred in all—should have been directed to this purpose. The first ascent with a scientific object was that

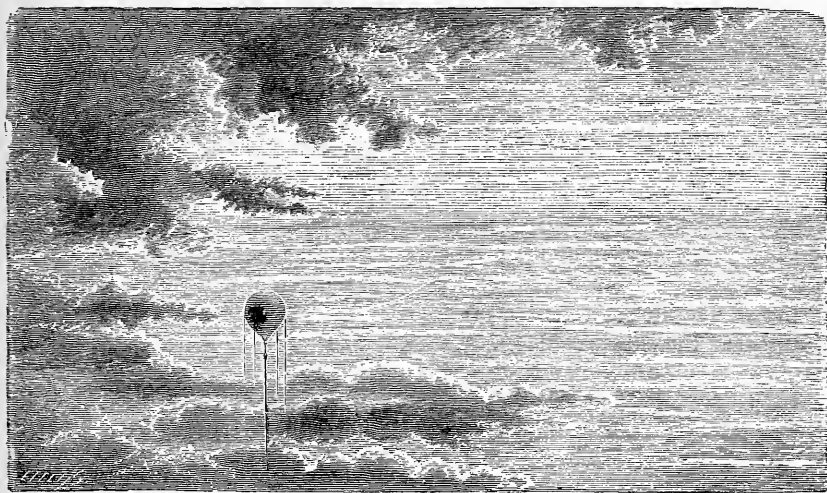
made by Robertson and Lhoëst on the 18th of July, 1803. They left Hamburg at nine o'clock in the morning, remained five and a half hours in the air, and came down near Hanover, about seventy-five miles from the starting-point. Among the experiments made on this journey was an attempt to ascertain the degree of temperature at which water would boil at the height of twenty-three thousand feet; but by an unaccountable mistake, reminding us of Newton, who put his watch into the hot water and held the egg in his hand, Robertson plunged the thermometer into the fire instead of the water, and so broke it. However, it was found quite possible at this great height to hold one's hand in the boiling water without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

A few similar ascents followed, under the auspices of the French Academy and the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, but, though the results obtained were not unimportant or uninteresting, we have no record of further scientific expeditions in balloons from 1804 to 1850. In the latter year Messrs. Barral and Bixio made two ascents for the purpose

of investigating certain atmospheric phenomena still imperfectly understood. The first occasion was very unfavorable. A heavy rain was falling at the time of departure, the wind was blowing violently, and the balloon was found not to be in perfect order. It rose with extreme rapidity, like an arrow from the bow, and attained a height exceeding thirty thousand feet. Becoming rapidly inflated and pressing upon the network, which was far too small, it bulged out at top and bottom, covering the two *aéronauts* like an immense hood. A rent ensued,

causing a sudden descent, in which the voyagers, after throwing over their apparel, and everything except their scientific instruments, barely escaped with their lives. Their second ascent was more fortunate, and the thermometrical observations made on this occasion attracted much attention and discussion.

Two years after this ascent the committee of Kew Observatory resolved that a series of *aéronautic* exhibitions should be made, with the view of studying the meteorological and physical phenomena which occur in the higher regions of the



"WE PASSED THROUGH A MAGNIFICENT CUMULUS CLOUD."

terrestrial atmosphere. The resolution was adopted by the council of the British Association, under whose auspices a series of experimental voyages was undertaken, which reached the culminating point of interest as well as of altitude in the expeditions made by Mr. Glaisher. From the valuable work published last year by this distinguished *aéronaut*, under the title of *Travels in the Air*, we extract an account of two ascents made in 1862 from Wolverhampton, the second being one of the most remarkable on record.

*August 18, 1862.*—The weather on this day was favorable: there was but little wind from the N. E. By noon the bal-

loon was nearly inflated. As it merely swayed in the light wind, the instruments were fixed before starting, and at 1h. 2m. 38s. the spring-catch was pulled, when for a moment the balloon remained motionless, and then rose slowly and steadily. In about ten minutes we passed into a magnificent cumulus cloud, and emerged from it into a clear space, with a beautiful deep blue sky, dotted with cirri, leaving beneath us an exceedingly beautiful mass of cumulus clouds, displaying a variety of magnificent lights and shades. Our direction was toward Birmingham, which came into view about 1h. 15m.

When at the height of nearly 12,000 feet, with the temperature at 38°, or 30°

less than on the ground, and the dew-point at  $26^{\circ}$ , the valve was opened, and we descended to a little above 3000 feet. The view became most glorious: very fine cumulus clouds were situated far below, and plains of clouds were visible to a great distance. Wolverhampton, beneath us, was sharply and well defined, appearing like a model. The clouds during this ascent were remarkable for their supreme beauty, presenting at times mountain scenes of endless variety and grandeur, and fine dome-like clouds dazzled and charmed the eye with alternations and brilliant effects of light and shade. The air on descending felt warm.

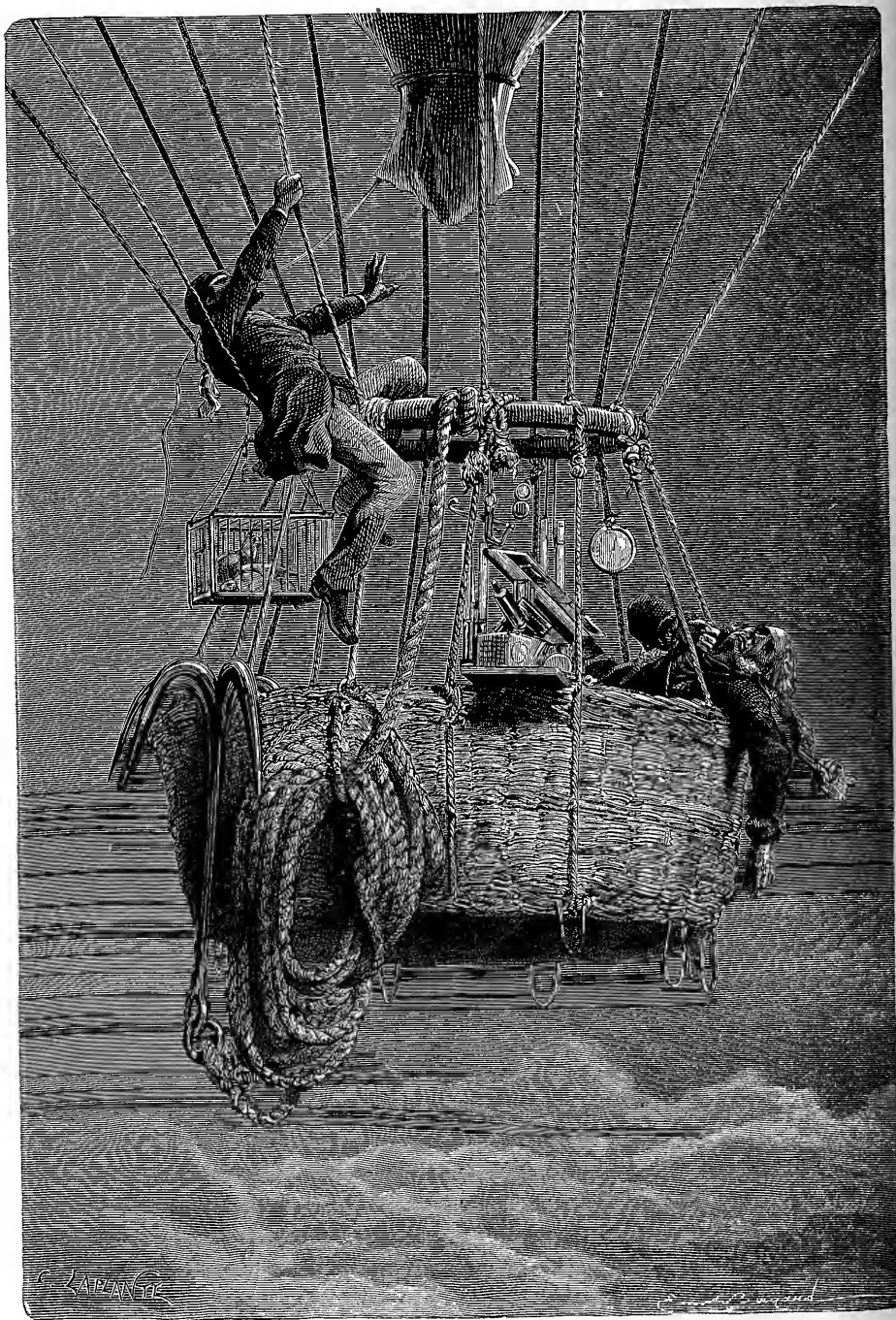
We were about midway between Wolverhampton and a town (Walsall) when the balloon slightly collapsed, causing it to descend a little, and the shouting of people was plainly heard, who expected the balloon would descend. At 1h. 48m. sand was discharged, and a very gradual ascent took place, the direction being along the high-road to Birmingham. On looking over the side of the car the shadow of the balloon on the clouds was observed to be surrounded by a kind of corona tinted by prismatic colors, and the rippling of the water on the edges of the canal could be seen very distinctly. We discharged sand several times to enable us to rise. The view continued very grand: a great mass of clouds was observed in the east, and a large town lay on our right. The balloon was again full. At 2h. 34m. 20s. and at 2h. 45m. thunder was heard from below, but no cloud could be seen. At 2h. 54m. my pulsations were 100, 107 and 110 successively in one minute. When at the height of 24,000 feet, at 2h. 59m., a consultation took place as to the prudence of discharging more ballast, or retaining it so as to ensure a safe descent: ultimately it was decided not to ascend, as some clouds whose thickness we could not tell had to be passed through. At 3h. 3m. it was difficult to obtain a deposit of dew on the hygrometer, and the working of the aspirator became troublesome. A sound like loud thunder was again heard at 3h. 13m.:

at 3h. 25m. I began to feel unwell. About 3h. 26m. a most remarkable view presented itself: the sky was of a fine deep blue, dotted with cirri. The earth and its fields, where visible, appeared very beautiful indeed—here, hidden by vast cumuli and plains or seas of cumulo-strata, causing the country beneath to be shaded for many hundreds of square miles; there, without a cloud to obscure the sun's rays. Again, in other places there were detached cumuli, whose surfaces appeared connected by vast plains of hillocky clouds, and in the interstices the earth was visible, but partly obscured by blue haze or mist. In another place brightly-shining cumuli were observed, and seas of detached clouds which cannot be described. Due north, a beautiful cloud, the same we passed through on leaving Wolverhampton, and which had followed us on our way, still reigned in splendor, and might from its grandeur have been called the monarch of clouds. On looking over the top of the car the horizon appeared to be on a level with the eye: the image of the balloon and car, in descending, was very distinctly visible on the clouds. We entered clouds at 3h. 45m. and lost sight of the sun, but broke through at 3h. and 50m. and saw the earth. Preparations were made for the descent, which, after we had passed through some mist, took place at Solihull, about seven miles from Birmingham.

*September 5, 1862.*—This ascent had been delayed, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather. We left the earth at 1h. 3m. P. M.: the temperature of the air was  $59^{\circ}$ , and that of the dew-point  $50^{\circ}$ . The air at first was misty: at the height of 5000 feet the temperature was  $41^{\circ}$ , dew-point  $37^{\circ}.9$ . At 1h. 13m. we entered a dense cloud of about 1100 feet in thickness, where the temperature fell to  $36^{\circ}.5$ , the dew-point being the same, thus indicating that the air here was saturated with moisture. At this elevation the report of a gun was heard. Momentarily the clouds became lighter, and on emerging from them at 1h. 17m. a flood of strong sunlight burst upon us, with a beautiful blue sky without a cloud,

and beneath us lay a magnificent sea of clouds, its surface varied with endless hills, hillocks and mountain-chains, and with many snow-white tufts rising from it. I here attempted to take a view with the camera, but we were rising with too great rapidity and revolving too quickly to enable me to succeed. The brightness of the clouds, however, was so great that I should have needed but a momentary exposure, Dr. Hill Norris having kindly furnished me with extremely sensitive dry plates for the purpose. We reached the height of two miles at 1h. 22m., where the sky was of a darker blue, and from whence the earth was visible in occasional patches beneath the clouds. The temperature had fallen to the freezing-point, and the dew-point to 26°. The height of three miles was attained at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18°, and dew-point 13°: from 1h. 22m. to 1h. 30m. the wet-bulb thermometer read incorrectly, the ice not being properly formed on it. At 1h. 34m. Mr. Coxwell was panting for breath; at 1h. 38m. the mercury of Daniell's hygrometer fell below the limits of the scale. We reached the elevation of four miles at 1h. 40m.: the temperature was 8°, the dew-point minus 15°, or 47° below the freezing-point of water. Discharging sand, we in ten minutes attained the altitude of five miles, and the temperature had passed below zero, and then read minus 2°. At this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30°. Up to this time I had taken observations with comfort, and experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. Having discharged sand, we ascended still higher: the aspirator became troublesome to work, and I also found a difficulty in seeing clearly. At 1h. 51m. the barometer read 10.8in. About 1h. 52m. or later, I read the dry-bulb thermometer as minus 5°; after this I could not see the column of mercury in the wet-bulb thermometer, nor the hands of the watch, nor the fine divisions on any instrument. I asked Mr. Coxwell to

help me to read the instruments. In consequence, however, of the rotatory motion of the balloon, which had continued without ceasing since leaving the earth, the valve-line had become entangled, and he had to leave the car and mount into the ring to readjust it. I then looked at the barometer, and found its reading to be 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., still decreasing fast, implying a height exceeding 29,000 feet. Shortly after I laid my arm upon the table, possessed of its full vigor, but on being desirous of using it I found it powerless—it must have lost its power momentarily: trying to move the other arm, I found it powerless also. Then I tried to shake myself, and succeeded, but I seemed to have no limbs. In looking at the barometer my head fell over my left shoulder: I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. Getting my head upright for an instant only, it fell on my right shoulder: then I fell backward, my back resting against the side of the car and my head on its edge. In this position my eyes were directed to Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerably so over those of the neck, but none over either my arms or my legs. As in the case of the arms, so all muscular power was lost in an instant from my back and neck. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame me, so that the optic nerve lost power suddenly, but I was still conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment whilst writing this. I thought I had been seized with asphyxia, and believed I should experience nothing more, as death would come unless we speedily descended: other thoughts were entering my mind, when I suddenly became unconscious as on going to sleep. I cannot tell anything of the sense of hearing, as no sound reaches the air to break the perfect stillness and silence of the regions between six and seven miles above the earth. My last observation was made at 1h. 54m., above 29,000 feet. I suppose two or three min-



MR. GLAISHER INSENSIBLE AT THE HEIGHT OF SEVEN MILES.

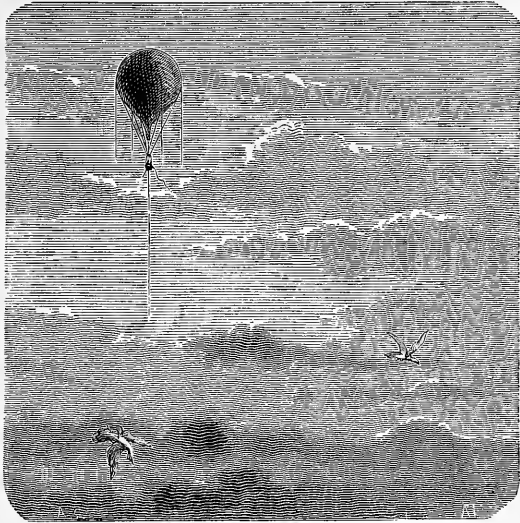


utes to have elapsed between my eyes becoming insensible to seeing fine divisions and 1h. 54m., and then two or three minutes more to have passed till I was insensible, which I think, therefore, took place about 1h. 56m. or 57m.

Whilst powerless I heard the words "temperature" and "observation," and I knew Mr. Coxwell was in the car, speaking to and endeavoring to rouse me; therefore consciousness and hearing had returned. I then heard him speak more emphatically, but could not see, speak or move. I heard him again say, "Do try—now do." Then the instruments became dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly I saw clearly. Next I arose in my seat and looked around as though waking from sleep, though not refreshed, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible." He said, "You have, and I too, very nearly." I then drew up my legs, which had been extended, and took a pencil in my hand to begin observations. Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them.

I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m., recording the barometer reading at 11.53 inches, and temperature minus 2°. It is probable that three or four minutes passed from the time of my hearing the words "temperature" and "observations," till I began to observe: if so, returning consciousness came at 2h. 4m. P. M., and this gives seven minutes for total insensibility. I found the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which, while conscious, I had, by frequent disturbance, kept from freezing, one solid mass of ice. It did not all melt until we had been on the ground some time. Mr. Coxwell told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoarfrost was all round the neck of the balloon, and that on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen.

He had, therefore, to place his arms on the ring and drop down. When he saw me he thought for a moment that I had lain back to rest myself, and he spoke to me without eliciting a reply: he then noticed that my legs projected and my arms hung down by my side, and saw that my countenance was serene and placid, without the earnestness and anxiety he had observed before going into the ring: then it struck him that I was insensible. He wished



THE PIGEONS.

to approach me, but could not; and when he felt insensibility coming over him too, he became anxious to open the valve. But in consequence of having lost the use of his hands he could not do this: ultimately he succeeded by seizing the cord with his teeth and dipping his head two or three times, until the balloon took a decided turn downward.

No inconvenience followed my insensibility; and when we dropped it was in a country where no conveyance of any kind could be obtained, so I had to walk between seven and eight miles.

During the descent, which was at first very rapid, the wind was easterly. To check the rapidity of the descent, sand was thrown out at 2h. 30m. The wet

bulb seemed to be free from ice at this time, but I held the bulb between my thumb and finger, for the purpose of melting any ice remaining on it or the connecting thread. The readings after this appeared correct. The final descent took place in the centre of a large grass-field belonging to Mr. Kersall, at Cold Weston, seven miles and a half from Ludlow.

I have already said that my last observation was made at a height of 29,000 feet: at this time (1h. 54m.) we were ascending at the rate of 1000 feet per minute; and when I resumed observations we were descending at the rate of 2000 feet per minute. These two positions must be connected, taking into account the interval of time between—viz., thirteen minutes. And on these considerations the balloon must have attained the altitude of 36,000 or 37,000 feet. Again, a very delicate minimum thermometer read minus  $11^{\circ}.9$ , and this would give a height of 37,000 feet. Mr. Coxwell, on coming from the ring, noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand and a rope attached to the car were all in the same straight line, and this gave a reading of 7 inches, and leads to the same result. Therefore, these independent means all lead to about the same elevation—viz., fully seven miles.

In this ascent six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, when it extended its wings and dropped like a piece of paper; the second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a dip each time; a third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downward as a stone. A fourth was thrown out at four miles on descending:

it flew in a circle, and shortly alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground. One was found to be dead; and the other, a carrier, was still living, but would not leave the hand when I attempted to throw it off, till, after a quarter of an hour, it began to peck at a piece of ribbon with which its neck was encircled: it was then jerked off the finger, and shortly afterward flew with some vigor toward Wolverhampton. One of the pigeons returned to Wolverhampton on Sunday, the 7th, and it was the only one I ever heard of.

In this ascent, on passing out of the clouds, there was an increase of  $9^{\circ}$ , and then there was no interruption in the decrease of temperature till the height of 15,000 feet was reached, when a warm current of air was entered, which continued to 24,000 feet, after which the regular decrease of temperature continued to the highest point reached. On descending, the same current was again met with between 22,000 and 23,000 feet. A similar interruption, but to a greater amount, was experienced till the balloon had descended to about the same height in which it was reached on ascending; after this no further break occurred in the regular increase of temperature, the sky being clear till the descent was completed. From the general agreement of the results as observed by Regnault's hygrometer, and those of the dew-point as found by the dry- and wet-bulb thermometers, there can be no doubt that the temperature of the dew-point, at heights exceeding 30,000 feet, must have been as low as minus  $50^{\circ}$  below the zero of Fahrenheit's scale, or  $82^{\circ}$  below the freezing-point of water, implying that the air was very dry.



## TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

### CONCLUDING PART.



CALAIS AS SEEN THROUGH THE CLOUD FROM THE BALLOON.

AN instinctive tendency to fly, foiled and baffled by the lack of wings, may be supposed to characterize the predestined *aéronaut*, who watches the first balloon that goes soaring above his head not with the simple curiosity of an ordinary spectator, but with a yearning like that of the unfledged bird when it sees its parent rising from the nest. With such a feeling did M. Tissandier, now one of the most distinguished of French *aéronauts*, witness an ascent of the *Giant* from the Champs de Mars, and the aspirations thus called into activity never slumbered until he made his own *début* in *aërostation*, of which he has given the following account.

On the 12th of August, 1868, I was at Calais, when I saw the announcement of an ascent (on the occasion of the emperor's fête on the 15th) fixed to take place on Sunday, the 16th. This voyage was to be undertaken by an *aéronaut*, M. J. Duruof, of whom I had never before heard. On the same day some regattas were announced, but they

had little interest for me. Not so the balloon ascent, which I continued to think about all day. Next morning I made my way early to the Hôtel de Dunkerque and inquired for M. Duruof, when I was ushered into the presence of a young man, the captain of the expedition. After a quarter of an hour's conversation we were the best friends in the world, and he was kind enough to offer me a place in the car of his balloon, and thus enable me to make my first ascent.

I was transported with joy on leaving him; but how great was my stupefaction when I found that my friends heard of this intended ascent with marks of the most profound indifference, and even regretted to see me engaged in such a miserable adventure! They informed me that Duruof had already attempted to make an ascent at Calais, and that he had purposely caused his balloon to burst just upon starting; that he would not start this time either; and for the first, but not the last, time I perceived that certain people were prejudiced. Some members of my family were also

at Calais, and manifested great uneasiness, reminding me of the danger of an ascent on the sea-coast between the English Channel and the Northern Ocean. "This part of the world," they said, "is particularly fatal to balloons and aëronauts. Pilâtre de Rozier lost his life not far from here, and Deschamps was nearly killed on the same coast; the wind is always violent and uncertain along the shore, and it is pure folly on the part of any one to undertake such an adventure."

Nevertheless, I held firm to my resolution, and passed the 15th in assisting M. Duruof to discover and mend the small holes in the tissue of our balloon. In the next place I ran to the Humane Society's office to get some life-belts and floaters, for I did not forget that our excursion lay over the sea-coast, not far from the "great basin," as my friend expressed it. At night I dreamt the most extraordinary dreams about balloons. I saw one burst just as it was starting, and every one turning to laugh at and ridicule me. In another I found myself soaring rapidly into the air, and a little later precipitated violently into the waves below. In fact, a thousand fantastic images floated in my brain, when I felt myself shaken by a vigorous hand:

"You must get up, sir: it is half-past five, and you told me to be sure not to let you sleep any longer."

It was the waiter of the hotel calling me back to reality. I rose hastily, and proceeded to the Place d'Armes. Duruof and his assistant, Barret, were already there; the *Neptune* lay miserably along the ground, and the rain was falling in torrents. It was a sad, disheartening spectacle, and filled my mind with confused ideas, for it might be impossible to inflate the balloon. How could I imagine, indeed, that this muddy tissue lying at our feet would soon carry us up into the clouds?

"Do you think," I asked anxiously of Duruof, "that it will be possible to inflate the balloon in such weather as this?"

The captain of the *Neptune* fixed his eyes upon me as he replied: "I see that

you do not know me. I was unfortunate on this very spot last time—the wind prevented our departure—but I have a revenge to take, and I do not fear the rain: we will make our ascent, whatever may happen."

By this time the gaspipe was placed in contact with the *Neptune*, and what with lifting up the valve, widening out the net and moving the ballast-bags, the head of the balloon began to rise from the ground. The passers-by stopped to look on, and soon the smile of incredulity and mockery was replaced by marks of serious attention. At twelve o'clock the rain ceased, and the aërostat stood majestically up in the Place d'Armes, in presence of the bust of the duc de Guise, which seemed to look down upon the operations with astonishment.

The crowd increased rapidly as Duruof attached the car to the ropes of the hoop. The soldiers who lent a hand at the ropes were now and then pulled off their feet and suspended like bunches of grapes in the air, so impatient did the balloon seem to soar up above. A small trial balloon was then sent up and its course followed by a thousand eyes. In one bound it flew against the bell-tower of the town-house, then rose again and made directly for the Northern Ocean.

At four o'clock, Duruof, Barret and myself get into the car. The men at the ropes, in obedience to the orders of the captain, draw us along to the angle of the square which is farthest from the tower of the town-house, and the "excellent music" mentioned on the placards begins to make its melodious chords heard. The signal "let go" is given; and here we are, soaring in space amidst the hurrahs of the astonished crowd of spectators.

In one bound the *Neptune* rises to the crest of the clouds, which we pass through rapidly: we are already near 4000 feet high, and the sea foams beneath our car. Duruof looks at the compass. "We are making for the coast of England," he exclaims. But our joy at this announcement is of short duration. By noticing more carefully the motion of

the balloon we find that our direction lies north-east: it is toward the middle of the Northern Ocean that the wind is carrying us.

I turn again to Duruof. His eyes are animated, and he appears plunged in thought.

"What are we doing?" he murmurs, with visible emotion. "I said I would follow you anywhere," I replied calmly. "Well, let happen what may, we cannot stop. The Calais people won't say I'm a coward this time!" I could not help thinking of Deschamps, the poor *aéronaut* of whom I had heard, who was placed in circumstances very similar to ours at Calais itself. To prevent himself soaring away over the sea, he had opened the valve of his balloon and fallen heavily on to the shore, when he was nearly killed.

But the splendid panorama which unrolls itself before our eyes is sufficient to dispel all sense of danger, and we scarcely dream of the rapidity with which we are being carried out to sea. To our left we perceive the town of Calais, like a city in miniature placed upon a liliputian shore; we distinctly see the jetties of the port, and a crowd of microscopic spectators running along them like a family of ants. At our feet spreads the transparent sea, like a vast field of emerald brilliantly lit up by the solar rays. The entire scene is separated from us by a legion of fleecy clouds sailing along in a horizontal plane, and apparently formed at one side of our horizon to be dispersed at the other. Looking upward toward the sky, we see other violet-colored clouds, which appear to be suspended at a great height in the air, for they are at an immense distance from us, and we are 5900 feet high. The temperature is 59°.6 Fahr., and we feel very comfortable in our car, plunged in the undisturbed serenity of cloudland.

I had scarcely taken my eyes from the clouds when we perceived a very unexpected phenomenon of mirage, which added to our astonishment. We turned to look for the coast of England, but it was hidden by an immense veil of leaden-colored cloud. Raising our eyes to

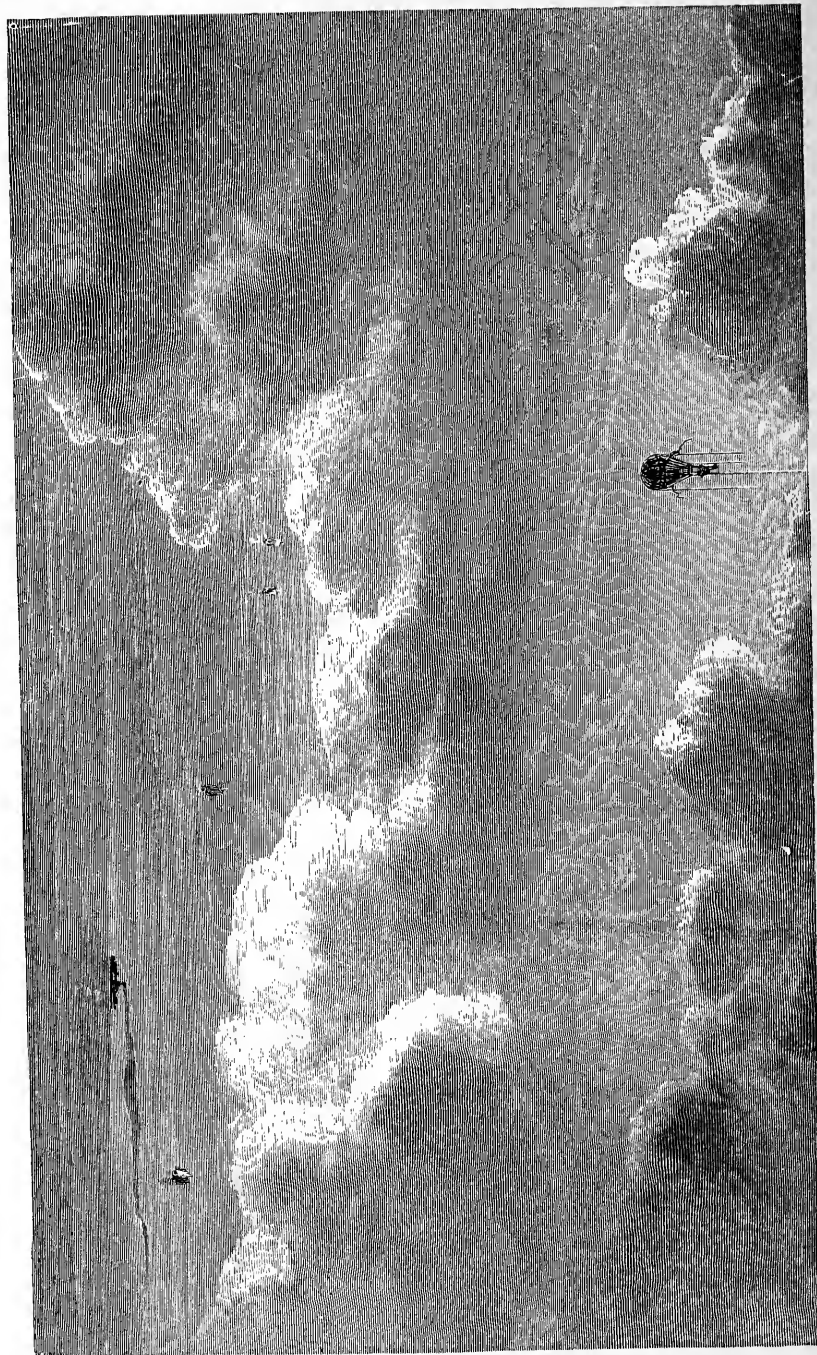
discover where this cloud-wall terminated, we perceived above it a greenish layer like that of the surface of the sea, and soon we descried upon it a little black point the size of a walnut-shell. Fixing our eyes upon it intently, this little moving spot turned out to be a ship sailing upside down upon an ocean in the sky. In a few moments a steamer made its appearance: it was the image of the boat from Calais to Dover, and by the aid of my telescope I could distinguish the smoke coming out of the funnel. Then two or three other vessels came upon the scene, and added to the wonders of this magic sea projected into the air by a fantastic effect of mirage.

The jetty at Calais is no larger than a lucifer match, but I can still see the crowd of spectators upon it and those upon the shore, and I remember that I have friends and relatives anxiously watching our course. This causes me to reflect upon the unfortunate direction our balloon is taking. The lighthouse of Gravelines can be faintly distinguished already. Dunkerque is not far distant. As we sail over the immense Northern Ocean I feel that our balloon is a mere grain of sand which the waves would devour in a few instants!

But we now cast our eyes toward the lower clouds, and, to our utter astonishment, find that they are all moving toward Calais. Whilst we, at a height of 5249 feet, are sailing toward the north-east, those cumuli which we passed through at the height of 1969 feet are traveling in an opposite direction, toward the south-west. It is therefore evident that if we allow the balloon to sink into this layer of air below it will carry us over Calais again, along with those welcome clouds which act as guides toward us and point out the way to reach the land.

"We can continue our excursion over the sea," said Duruof: "we can return to shore again whenever we like."

Thus we allowed ourselves to be carried away, without any apprehension, by the higher breeze; for we knew that nearer the surface of the water the wind was blowing toward the land. We had



MIRAGE IN THE SKY, AS SEEN FROM THE BALLOON.



left the port about an hour, and had accomplished seven leagues over the sea, when we began to think that our excursion had lasted long enough. We ceased to throw out any more ballast, and the balloon soon sank toward the ocean's surface. We passed a second time through the clouds, and came within four hundred yards of the water. It is now five o'clock. We see some boats coming to our rescue, and one of them tacks straight toward us. However, we soon perceive that we shall not require their assistance. The lower breeze wafts us along rapidly above the waves, and Calais gets larger and larger as we approach it: the wind seems to be bringing us back to the spot whence we started.

In about a quarter of an hour we gain the shore, and the *Neptune* soars over Calais amidst the enthusiastic applause of the people assembled. Whilst passing over the jetty I looked down at the spectators, and in the crowd I recognized my brother, who sees me also and waves his hand. Is it a strange coincidence or a sympathetic influence that causes my glance to meet his among those of ten thousand others? The Place d'Armes is again beneath us, but quite deserted, for every one is on the shore. There is the bust of the duc de Guise once more, the only figure that does not raise its head toward us.

The crew of the *Neptune* cannot contain itself for joy. We all shake hands, and congratulate ourselves on having made a trip over the ocean without experiencing the slightest effects of seasickness. A handful of ballast thrown out causes us to ascend a little, and now we can admire the country which extends below. I notice the guide-rope which hangs from our car.

"Take care, Duruof," I exclaim: "the end of our rope seemed to touch the ground."

"Are you mad?" he replies: "we are more than 4500 feet above the earth."

Now, our guide-rope was only 430 feet long, and I fancied I saw the extremity of it touching the ground: my eyes had actually deceived me to the extent of more than 4000 feet! This is a com-

mon error to which those who are not accustomed to see things from a great height in the air are liable. At 5h. 35m. we come nearer to the earth, and our guide-rope runs along a field, overturning some small stacks of hay. A few peasants run toward us, and we ask where we are. "On the road to Boulogne," they reply.

One of them endeavors to catch at the rope, but as we do not wish to come down, Duruof tells me to throw out some ballast. In my inexperience I empty an entire sack, or nearly so, and the consequence is that we rise rapidly to a height of 5900 feet, and find ourselves suddenly enveloped in clouds so dense and so opaque that we can no longer see the balloon and can scarcely recognize each other. We appear to be buoyed up by the thick fog around us, which produces in my mind a series of vague and strange ideas: it seems like a dream. Our view is arrested suddenly by the dense heavy mist in which the *Neptune* is completely hidden, and our wicker car appears quite still. Reflection alone enables us to feel assured that we are some 6500 feet above the level of human passions.

Since early morning, when we had worked hard at the inflation of the balloon, nothing had passed our lips. We were now hungry; so, opening one of the boxes in the car, I took out a bottle of wine and a chicken, which we ate with a good appetite whilst enveloped in the mist. I threw one of the bones overboard, but Duruof remarked that this was an act of imprudence, for no ballast should be thrown out without orders. I believed he was joking, but on consulting the barometer I was bound to admit the fact upon the clearest evidence. The bone had certainly caused us to rise from twenty to thirty yards, so delicately is the balloon equipoised in the air.

The clouds seem to be getting thinner; they still hide the earth from sight: we see the sun disappear below the western horizon, red as a disk of fire. A thousand brilliant rays illuminate the sky, and throw our shadow upon the distant val-

ley of clouds which spread around us. They are formed of immense white heaps, no longer like light vapor, but rather mountains of snow. Dark shades lie among their mysterious ravines, and give an imposing aspect to the vast undulations of this fairy world. Where can we be now? Has the wind carried us on toward the interior or driven us a second time out to sea? It is seven o'clock. Our companion Barret draws our attention to a kind of vague murmur which he hears below the clouds. A continuous and melodious sound reaches our ears, but it is both menacing and terrible. . . . Can it be the ocean?

By allowing a little gas to escape we soon sink through the clouds, and we perceive below, not the earth and green country, but an immense expanse of sea. The sun is about to sink into the waves, which he illumines with a thousand splendid tints, and Night is about to spread her mantle over the dark ocean. . . . How imprudent we have been! Are we not trying fortune too hard, and soliciting adversity, by coming a second time over the ocean depths from which we have escaped so miraculously just before? But it is useless to philosophize: we must act. . . . The powerful breeze that reigns along the ground carries us in toward the shore, and it has already saved us once. Soon we see a cape, which spreads itself out before us like a narrow promontory, and becomes wider as we near it. But will the *Neptune* reach its side, or will it rush past its extreme point and carry us on over the vast ocean?

Night is falling fast, the sky is overcast, and every second of hesitation may now prove dangerous to us. We were all three silent during this solemn moment, and kept our eyes fixed upon the lighthouse which rises on the point of the cape. Suddenly, Duruof allows a cry of joy to escape from his lips; and this time there can be no doubt whatever that the wind is really carrying us upon the coast. The moment of action has arrived, and courage animates our crew. Duruof pulls the valve-rope, and the balloon soon sails nearly upon the sur-

face of the waves. At the same moment Barret throws the grapnel out, and as soon as we reach the shore I let go the anchor also. It soon strikes in a sandhill, and the *Neptune* rolls over on its side with the rapidity of lightning. A flock of sheep grazing at the summit of the grassy hillock fly off in alarm, whilst the young peasants who are tending them are likewise seized with fright, and tumble one over the other in their terror.

Fortunately, some men come up to help us, among whom is the brave Mailard, the sub-guardian of the Gris-Nez lighthouse, who has already done good service on the coast. He imagines that we have heard of him, and his feet are bleeding from the effects of his hasty descent along the rocks. He seizes upon the rope which Duruof throws to him, and two fishermen imitate his generous enthusiasm. In spite of this help the *Neptune* still bounds upward, and is ready, with the stiff breeze that blows, to carry us and the men over the hill into the sea. Duruof perceives the danger, pulls lustily at the valve-rope and brings down the balloon upon our heads as the gas escapes.

Our veteran companion, who has helped us bravely out of our difficulties, tells us that he saw us far away over the briny deep, like a little black pear above the horizon: he watched us through his telescope, and could not help believing at first that it was a mere child's balloon he saw, but when he noticed our movements in the car below he knew he was mistaken, and imagined that, like Blanchard and Green, we had crossed over the Straits of Dover. In spite of our safe arrival, the lion-hearted Mailard declared that, although he would not mind risking his life upon a safety raft upon the wide Atlantic Ocean, he would never ascend in a balloon, were it the finest *aërostat* ever constructed.

He also told us that on the other side of the hills, a few hundred yards from this *mont-aigu* where we had landed, rises the tomb of the first *aéronaut*—that of the illustrious Pilâtre de Rozier—who was smashed to pieces on the rocks here

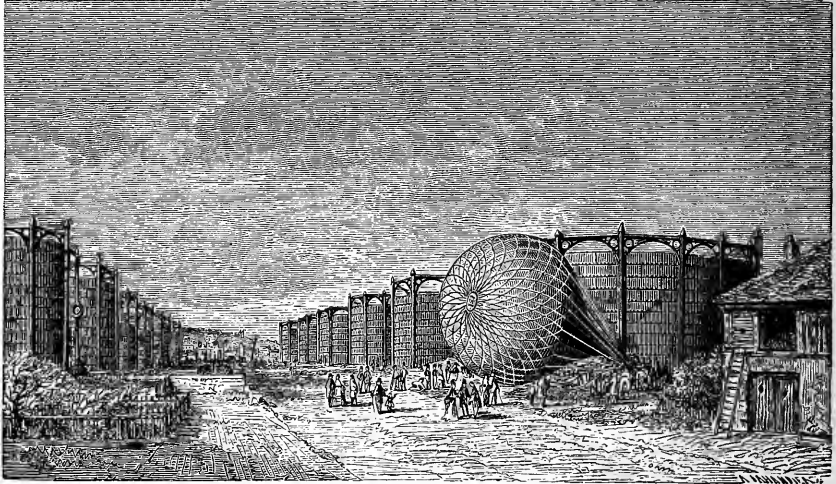
DESCENT OF THE "NEPTUNE" AT CAPE GRIS-NEZ.



about a century ago. The next day we visited this celebrated tomb, and I shall never forget the humble stone that marks the spot where this most courageous and learned man met so premature a death, carried away by his enthusiasm for scientific research and love of adventure.

His ambition whetted by this adventure, M. de Tissandier now aspired to

the perilous honor of managing an ascent in person. M. de Fonvielle, a novice like himself and equally enthusiastic, was anxious to join him, and in February, 1869, the two friends, after many vain attempts, succeeded in procuring a small balloon called the *Swallow*, and made an ascent which appears from the description to have more than realized their anticipations.



"THE 'SWALLOW' BALLOON, WHEN INFLATED, LAY DOWN UPON ITS SIDE."

The capacity of this little balloon was only 23,000 cubic feet, and we were not sure that it would carry us both. In order to make certain, every article to be taken with us was carefully weighed and the specific gravity of the gas ascertained with accuracy. We were thus convinced that the anchor and the guide-rope were far too heavy, if we wished to take even a moderate allowance of ballast. In this dilemma we hastened to M. Duruof, who supplied us with the smallest anchor that could be had, and we reduced the proportions of our guide-rope to those of a weak cable. We knew that such rigging would not protect us from danger in case of a violent wind, but there was nothing else to be done, the minister having refused us the use of the *Imperial* balloon.

The next day Chavoutier superintended the inflation most successfully, though

the wind blew in great gusts. The *Swallow* balloon, when inflated, lay down upon its side, and the men who hung on to the car had much difficulty in preventing its escape. When we told them to let go, we glided upward with such rapidity that it quite startled the lookers-on.

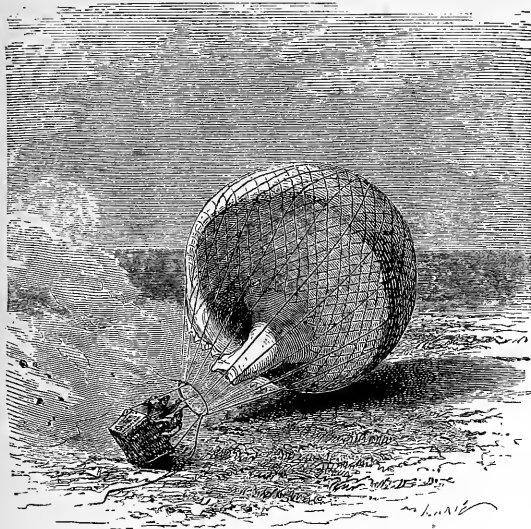
It was the first time that Fonvielle and myself had been alone in the car of an aërostat: we might be said, therefore, to be transformed, at last, into aëronauts properly so called. We were obliged to arrange the ballast so as to keep the car horizontal, and by some accident the guide-rope had got tangled. Having straightened it, we also let out the anchor, to be ready for our descent.

We reach an altitude of 3280 feet, and the heat is unbearable: on the ground before starting we had only 55°.4 Fahr., and here the thermometer stands at no

less than  $82^{\circ}.4$  Fahr. The weather is heavy, suffocating, and the perspiration rushes from our foreheads. The balloon revolves constantly—a consequence, no doubt, of the law that no rapid motion of translation can occur without a corresponding amount of rotation. The sky is clear, and we notice above the

atmosphere which we cannot account for at all. At five minutes past twelve the balloon sinks with great rapidity, and we observe that our course lies toward some quarries, ravines and precipices. We seize upon our last bag of ballast, and a gust of wind carries us, in one bound, over a wide plain, at the extremity of which we see a considerable extent of forest.

This is the spot to descend upon. The *Swallow* approaches the ground, and the car comes down with a terrible bump. Tissandier hangs to the valve-rope, and observes that Fonvielle is covered with blood. The hoop of the balloon has struck him upon the head and caused a deep wound. The car had come to the ground like a bullet, but we rose again immediately, and had to undergo several similar concussions. Our anchor fled over the ground and would not take hold of anything: it was like a cork at the end of a piece of string. We seemed to be the sport of some invisible



DRAWING.

country over which we are sailing a few fleecy clouds, that blend into the landscape over which they are suspended. Along the horizon we notice some silvery groups of cloud which present a marvelous aspect. However, we have no time to observe Nature, for there is something about the balloon which causes us considerable uneasiness.

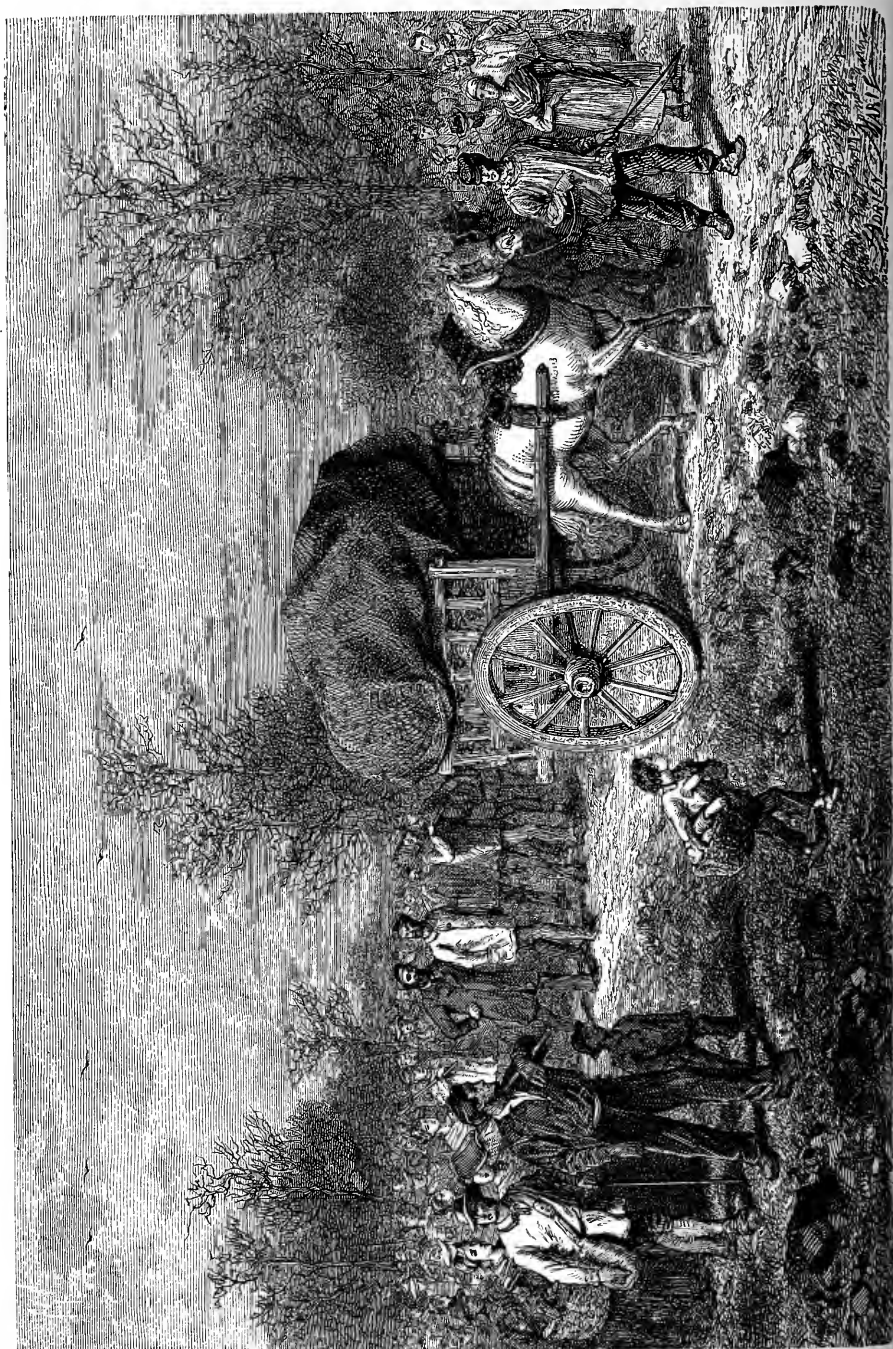
The neck is quite flat, and appears to be emptying itself of gas. We are obliged to throw out ballast every moment, and no less than four bags of it have been emptied, one immediately after the other. We started at 11h. 35m.: it is not yet twelve o'clock, and our resources are already expended. A cracking noise is heard several times over our heads: the balloon revolves abruptly, and sometimes oscillates no less suddenly. There is certainly something extraordinary in the state of the

power, that first raised us into the air and then bumped us against the earth.

We were being dragged along by the force of a furious gale. So rapid was our flight that we could not distinguish the various objects which we passed by, and in less than a second we found ourselves thrown on the tops of the trees at the extremity of the plain. We hoped that the branches would split open the balloon and put an end to our furious course. The anchor was broken, and nothing but its ring remained at the end of the rope: our only hope was thus dashed to pieces.

Holding on to the valve-rope with all his strength, and squatting down at the bottom of the car, Tissandier pulled away lustily, whilst the *Swallow* jumped about from one tree to the other. The branches of the trees bent beneath the car, the wind whistled in our ears: the





THE RETURN OF THE AÉRONAUTS.



balloon appeared to have lost some gas, but a sudden gust carried it from the wood again, and down it came with a hard bump upon the open plain beyond. The wind now hollowed the balloon into a kind of cup, or basin, and carried us vigorously across the ploughed land, until finally some men ran up and caught hold of the guide-rope.

We get out of the car, not without difficulty. Tissandier is covered with bruises and more or less stunned. Fonvielle, besides his wound on the head, has his foot sprained and can scarcely stand. We inquire where we are, and the peasants inform us that we have landed at Neuilly St. Front, which is about forty-eight miles from Paris as the crow flies, and about fifty-one by railway. We look at our watches with astonishment. It is only thirty-five minutes since we left the gasworks in Paris! We have therefore traveled at the rate of ninety miles per hour! No balloon ever rushed through the air with such rapidity as this.

Tissandier emptied the balloon, folded it up and packed it into the car: the whole was safely deposited upon a cart which had been sent for, and we pro-

ceeded toward the village, escorted by a considerable crowd of country people. The cart loaded with the *Swallow* headed the procession: we followed close behind. Fonvielle could hardly walk; he was obliged to lean on the shoulder of his companion and take the arm of one of the peasants. The crowd got greater as we proceeded.

At Neuilly St. Front we were received by the mayor, M. Charpentier, with the greatest kindness; and whilst a medical man examined the extent of Fonvielle's wounds, we gave an account of our rough adventure. We were anxious to see what distance we had been pushed along the ground by the wind, so returned with some of our new companions to the fields. The traces of our bumping and dragging were perfectly visible, and we saw the summits of the trees that had been broken in our furious course. The country people said that they saw us playing at leap-frog over these oaks some twenty yards high, and that they were astonished at the rate at which we were going—much quicker than an express train, they said. This must have been the case, for our furious gallop only lasted five minutes.





## GLIMPSES OF POLYNESIA.

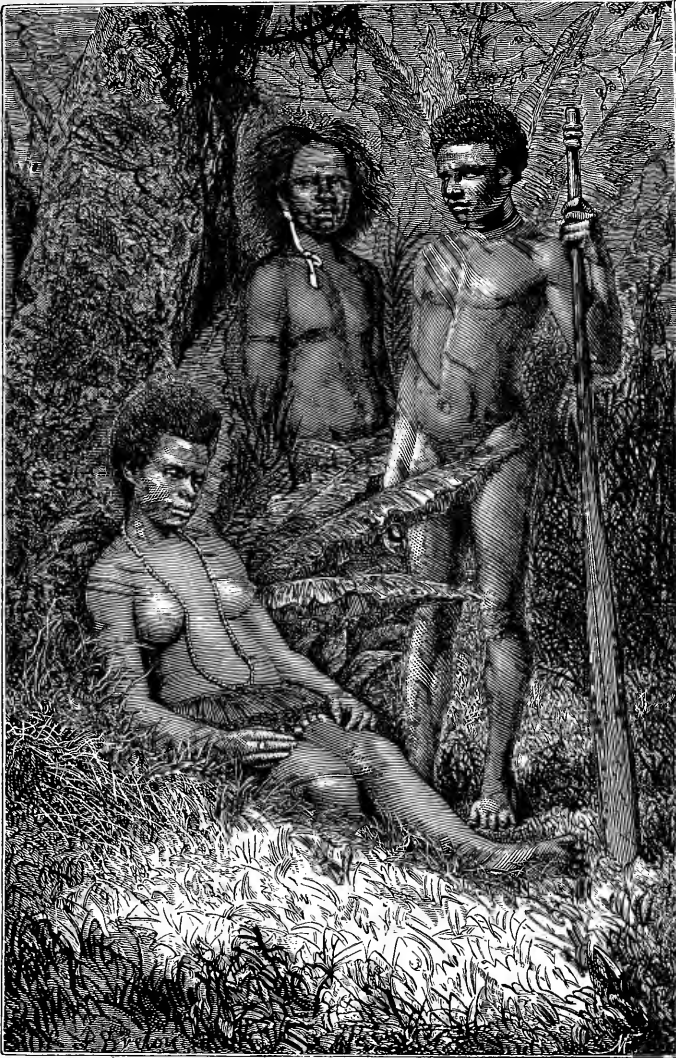
NOTHING is more surprising to the average civilized woman than the power of discovering beauty in female savages possessed by almost all masculine travelers. Even M. Garnier in his interesting book, *Voyage Autour du Monde*, though evidently an able man and one of refined taste in most matters, often lauds the beauty he discovers in the savage women of the islands he visited. Judging from the photographs of the natives which he brings us, one would say that the best female forms are those of the young men! Several of these if divested of head and feet would appear quite passably well formed. Seriously, there is considerable grace of outline in some of their forms, while those of the women are rude and clumsy. Among all the lower animals the male is more beautiful than the female, and is this not the fact with the lower species of the human race? But whatever may be the personal attractions of these "children of Nature," it must be a rare fortune to travel among them and to study their habits and ideas. Few of them can be tempted to leave their native islands. M. Garnier's party invited one of them—a man who had been to this country and lived here several years—to return with them to Europe. "No, gentlemen," replied the man: "what I have seen of your country and your ways only makes

my home dearer to me. In your country the sun is cold and capricious. By turns it freezes and burns you. The sea is almost always rough and the skies full of clouds. Plants and trees are dead for many moons in the year, and then there is nothing pleasant for the eyes to look upon. Your people have to struggle constantly with cold and heat and hunger, or they would die. Here it is always warm and beautiful, and there is plenty to eat. No, gentlemen, I will not go to your country." Garnier remarks, "We were rather disgusted to hear this curmudgeon, whose only garment was the fragment of an old red woolen shirt, discourse thus disparagingly of our proud civilization." Another savage of Nénéma, one of the small islands north of New Caledonia, said: "This land is the finest in the world. There are countless fishes in the sea, and the coral-reefs around us are covered with succulent turtles. Look at the land! The coconut trees cover all the island. Do you think a Nénéma can be hungry? Is there any need of his working?"

One of the most fertile of these islands is Bualabio, near Nénéma, covered with forests of huge cocoa palms, but so infested with mosquitoes that the natives will not live upon it. Even when a hundred rods from the land clouds of these pests attacked the gold-hunting party of

Garnier, and while on the island a native armed with leafy branches had to be stationed beside each explorer. This island, as well as New Caledonia, abounds

in mollusks of a certain species called *trepangs* by the Chinese, who are exceedingly fond of them. The trepang-fishery is the most important industry of



NATIVES OF THE LOYALTY ISLANDS.

these islands. The trepang is cylindrical in form, from three to six inches in length, and when cooked in the Chinese fashion has a taste like the tender rind of pork.

After quitting these islands, M. Garnier

revisited the French colony at Honagap, on the eastern coast of New Caledonia, where he found the population augmented by a whole frigate-load of poor young orphan girls. These had been brought

from France to this colony of bachelors by the government, which made "strenuous efforts," we are told, "to regulate the relations formed between them and the colonists, though this was not an easy task." Such a provision for the fate of poor orphan girls is at least suggestive to the moralist. It is important, certainly, that colonial populations should increase; and doubtless the French are as sagacious as Mark Twain, who discovered that woman has no equal as a wet-nurse. The natives are fast dying out in New Caledonia, and in some tribes all the children born are males. Native women, then, however beautiful and desirable as wives, are "unavailable."

Everywhere in these islands, despite the efforts of the missionaries, the indigenous population is decaying. Meanwhile, the European colonists increase and flourish. A colony of Germans and Irish on the west coast of New Caledonia is described as specially prosperous. Their fields and gardens are protected from their herds of cattle by fine hedges; their orchards yield an abundance and a great variety of fruits; their barnyards are alive with all kinds of domestic fowls, and troops of strong, rosy children welcome the stranger in French, English, German and Kanaka. It would seem as if Nature refused longer to sustain the intellectually inferior races—as if the conditions of vegetation and climate to-day are not adapted to produce the savage, as later ages were not to produce the giant ferns of the Carboniferous period. It was in this colony that M. Garnier assisted at a "muster"—that is, a corraling of the herds of cattle. This takes place three or four times a year for marking the cattle and for other purposes. All the cattle-owners take part in this work. Trained dogs and horses assist, and the stock-whip plays an important part. The lash of this whip is about six yards long, large in the middle and tapering at both ends, and is attached to a handle about a foot long. Marvelously expert are the stockmen with this whip. It is their pride to flip off the neck of a bottle placed on

the ground some six yards distant. Hospitality is never lacking among these colonists. After the evening meal, consisting principally of corned beef, fresh pork and tea, come the regulation "grog" and pipes, the accordion, songs and stories of colonial adventure.

On one occasion M. Garnier landed on a little island in quest of food, and found young gulls and gulls' eggs innumerable. Shortly after this glut in the commissariat of the explorers a violent storm held them captive in the ruins of a native hut, where they suffered greatly from hunger. One of the natives of the party made an excursion to a sugar-plantation and returned with a quantity of young canes—very satisfactory food to the natives, but most discouraging to a European, on account of the chewing necessary to extract the sugar. Garnier refused them at first, but on the third day he says he "ground up" two of these canes three feet long and two inches thick, and then, feeling himself starving for every kind of food except sugar-cane, he took his gun and sallied forth, followed by a native and his dog Soulouque, a faithful old friend who fully sympathized with his master in his opinion of sugar-cane as a diet. Garnier asked the native if he had not had enough sugar-canes for the present.

"Yes, captain; but game is very scarce here. We can go over to Mont d'Or, where there are *nannies*."

"Goats!" cried Garnier. "How came they there?"

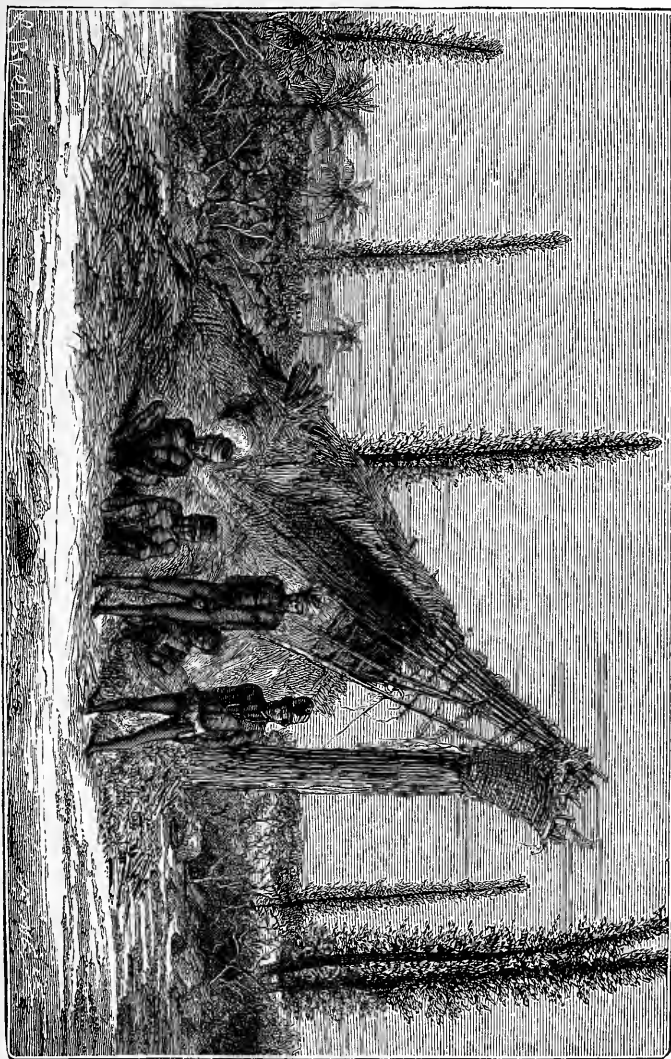
The native replied that Captain Berard (a French settler lately massacred by the savages) had large herds of *nannies* and *boulmakaos*, meaning beeves—that the latter had all been caught, but that the goats escaped into the mountains. The excursion to Mont d'Or was successful. A large goat was captured, and plenty succeeded famine till the storm ended.

The natives of these South Sea Islands are accused by European settlers of being too lazy to work. Granted that they submit to continued, monotonous labor less willingly than the whites; but let us see what inducements are offered them by the Europeans of New Caledonia.

They are employed as *trepang* and other fishers—as sailors, couriers, cocoanut-oil makers, poultry-tenders, wood-choppers, and general laborers. Their food when working for the whites is largely com-

posed of rice and hard biscuits—food which to them is like pastry to us; and though very fond of it, they cannot long subsist upon it, and soon long for the cooler diet, the fruits, vegetables and

PLACE OF SHELTER DURING A STORM.



fish, to which they are accustomed. The wages of native laborers vary from twelve to twenty-five francs a month (\$2.50 to \$5). But the amount in francs or dollars is nothing. It is the "purchasing pow-

er" of the money which should be considered. Here is a table showing how much three dollars, an average month's wages, will purchase of the things most dear to the heart of the native:

	Francs.	Centimes.
Three clay pipes.....	1	50
One pound of tobacco .....	4	
One jewsharp.....	0	50
One copper ring.....	1	
Two yards blue cotton cloth...	4	
One tomahawk.....	4	
Total.....	15	

Tobacco is the first and most craving passion of these people. A jewsharp is their delight, and they will go by themselves and play on one of these wretched instruments hour after hour. A copper ring ornaments the finger of the native until he falls in love, and then he gallantly sacrifices it. The piece of blue cotton furnishes a band for the loins. It is the only article of cloth which the means of the poor savage permits him to purchase, and this is a luxury only for full dress. While at work he wears only a band of leaves. After these most coveted articles are secured with the month's wages, the laborer does not often retain even ten sous for the slice of white bread which to his palate is a royal delicacy. Moreover, these objects are looked upon by the warriors of his tribe as so many signs of voluntary slavery to the whites, and so he loses caste by hiring out as a laborer. In fine, a man must love labor prodigiously to be willing to work all day in a tropical climate for a sum of money that will barely compass a jewsharp.

The climate of the Isle of Pines, situated at the southern extremity of New Caledonia, is pronounced by Garnier "the most healthy and agreeable in the world." The temperature is mild and even, the air pure and dry—plentiful showers, but no storms, no marshes, and therefore no mosquitoes. It is a picturesque island, in the centre of which rise rocky mountain-peaks resembling spires. Immense pines grow on the level plateaus at the base of the mountain. The natives are uncommonly civilized, and are nearly all engaged in raising European vegetables, which find ready sale in Noumea, the chef-lieu of New Caledonia. This island has some eight hundred inhabitants, and is governed by a young queen, the daughter of the last chief. She lives in the small village of

Ischaa in a long, low thatched cottage surrounded by cocoa palms and a rude fence. Koumie is another island near the Isle of Pines, half depopulated by the terrible diseases brought thither by sandal-wood coasters. The natives are now Christians, have a stone church and a school taught by nuns. They wear clothing, and are far removed from their ancient anthropophagous state. It would seem, however, as if they still recall the "good old times" with pleasure. One of them said very naïvely to Garnier, when he asked how they could eat their kind, "Why, it is very good—as good as pig or cow." M. Garnier writes: "I tried to make him comprehend how our nature revolts at the thought of such food. It was quite useless. This chord, like many others, is entirely wanting in the moral nature of these Indians. They cannot be induced to abandon cannibalism except by making it a religious sentiment, analogous to that which causes the Catholic to refrain from meat on Fridays."

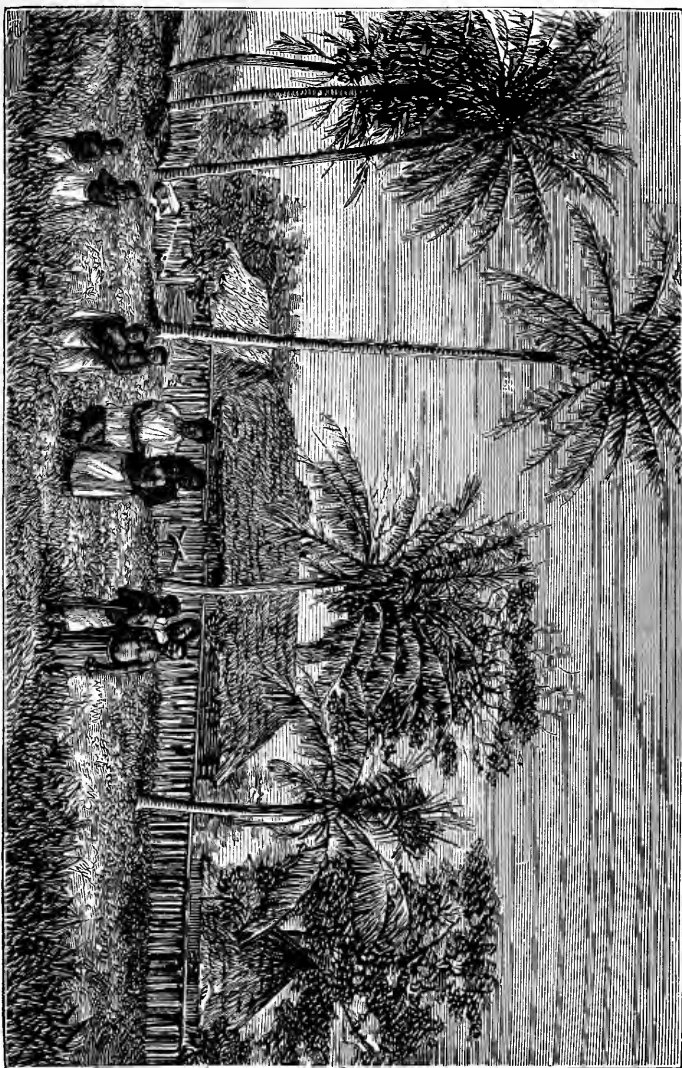
The accounts of the customs and superstitions of the South Sea islanders would make a good-sized library, and yet every traveler brings us something fresh or long forgotten. Garnier tells us that in New Caledonia husband and wife never sleep under the same roof, and that the wife on becoming *enceinte* retires with her women-friends to a hut interdicted to all men. The infant does not come into the world crying as ours do, and submits with scarcely a grimace to being washed in the sea or the nearest stream. The father taking the infant in his arms by this act recognizes it as his. The child is precocious, plays in the surf at a most tender age, and picks itself up quietly when toppled over by a wave, no one thinking of going to its rescue. It is not weaned until quite late, and at seven or eight years the boy dons the common costume, composed of a leaf fastened on with a string, and begins to use the sling and the javelin, and to follow the men in their fishing excursions. At sixteen the boy's body is well developed, his beard appears, and usually after he has distinguished himself in some exploit he asks his chief



for the girl that pleases him. The marriage ceremony is very simple: a feast more copious than usual, an exchange of presents, and the rite is concluded. The heaven of these savages is a place

above the earth where food is superabundant, fishing always successful, and women always young and fair. The priests accept all offerings, and in return promise the favor of some god. If the pre-

THE QUEEN'S HOUSE IN THE ISLE OF PINKS.



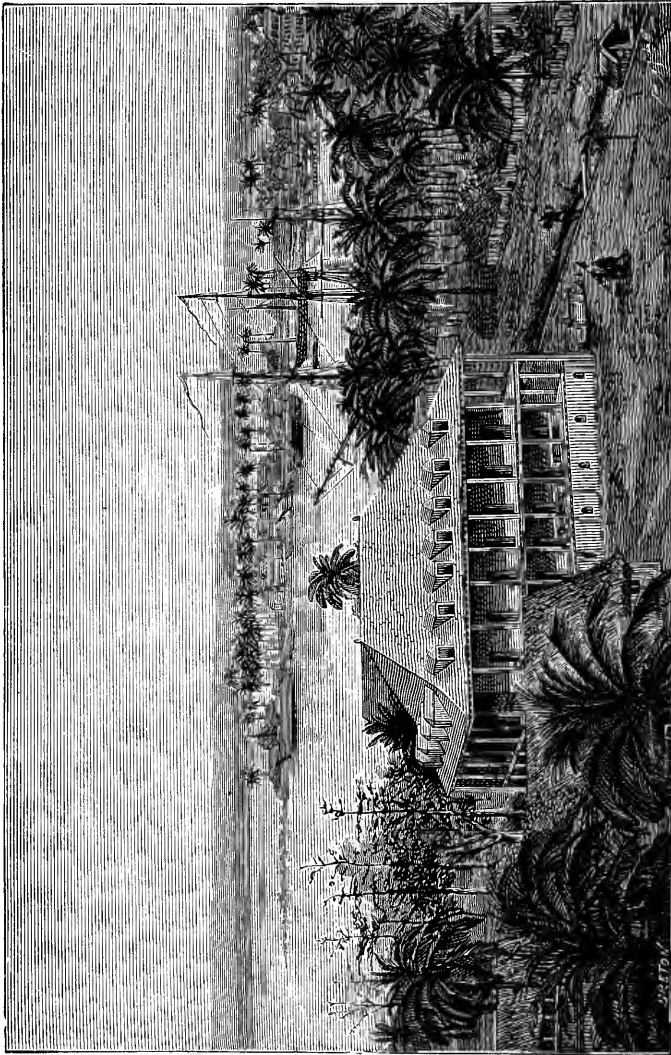
diction fails, the cause is easily explained: some priest of a rival tribe has at the same time asked just the reverse, and gained his point by a more valuable offering. When they become Christians

they abandon their sorceries or practice them in secret, and the first change apparent is the affectation of European dress. One chief is described in a *light* European costume consisting of a short

calico jacket, an old stovepipe hat, an umbrella and a double-barreled gun. An umbrella is the pride of the natives, especially of the women; and upon obtaining this prize and a bonnet of any

sort they sally forth to the missionary station, challenging by their proud mien the admiration of the community.

The last island visited by M. Garnier was Tahiti (Otaheite), and his enthusi-



HARBOR OF PAPEETE, AND QUEEN POMARE'S PALACE.

asm about this "pearl of the Pacific" is like that of all other visitors. Before the land was signaled, delicious, odorous breezes swept over the ship from that enchanted land, where the sea is always

tranquil, where summer reigns perennially, and where cold and drought and tempest are unknown. A *pirogue* laden with oranges came out to welcome the ship. The aspect of this island is sub-

lime. Its mountains, crowned with fantastic towers of rock, are the first thing seen, and then the glistening white falls of Tahiti several hundred feet high. As the ship approaches, beautiful valleys, covered with tropical forests and gardens and fields, come into full view. These valleys are very remarkable in form, being a succession of plateaus, one above the other, opening toward the sea, each having its river, which at the end of each plateau falls over a steep semicircular cliff. Tahiti is the most isolated land on the earth, being over a thousand miles from any mainland.

The Tahitians have a newspaper in the native language, which, somewhat modified in form, is spoken also by the whites. They can all read and write, are all converted to Christianity, and, alas! they are fearful drunkards. The stronger the liquor the more precious to the Tahitian. Give him a bottle of brandy, or even absinthe, and he will drink the whole at once, and, falling an inert

mass upon the ground, sleep six or seven hours in the sun, and on waking be ready to repeat the experiment.

Half-breeds are very common in Tahiti, for "every white man on landing seeks a native companion." These women are very fond of their white children, and take superior care of them. M. Garnier says nothing about the decline of the natives of Tahiti. It ought to be easy to preserve the health in a climate where the temperature the year round is between 60° and 77° Fahrenheit. The present ruler of Tahiti is Queen Pomare IV., renowned for her beauty in former days. She succeeded her brother in 1828, when she was fourteen years old. In 1870 she is represented as well preserved for her age, her eyes full of fire, her long black hair falling in two braids, and still showing traces of the famous beauty of the princess Aimata—a beauty, according to M. Garnier, "worthy to be immortalized by the muse of Lord Byron."





## AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.



RUFIN PIOTROWSKI.

ALL the languages of continental Europe have some phrase by which at parting people express the hope of meeting again. The French *au revoir*, the

Italian *à rivederla*, the Spanish *hasta mañana*, the German *Auf Wiedersehen*,—these and similar forms, varied with the occasion, have grown from the need of the heart to cheat separation of its pain. The Poles have an expression of infinitely deeper meaning, which embodies all that human nature can utter of grief and despair—"To meet nevermore." This is the heart-rending farewell with which the patriot exiled to Siberia takes leave of family and friends.

There is indeed little chance that he will ever again return to his country and his home. Since Beniowski the Pole made his famous romantic flight from the coal-mines of Kamschatka in the last century, there has been but a single instance of a Siberian exile making good his escape. In our day, M. Rufin Piotrowski, also a Polish patriot, has had the marvelous good-fortune to succeed in the all but impossible attempt; and he has given his story to his countrymen in a simple, unpretending narrative, which, even in an abridged form, will, we think, be found one of thrilling interest.

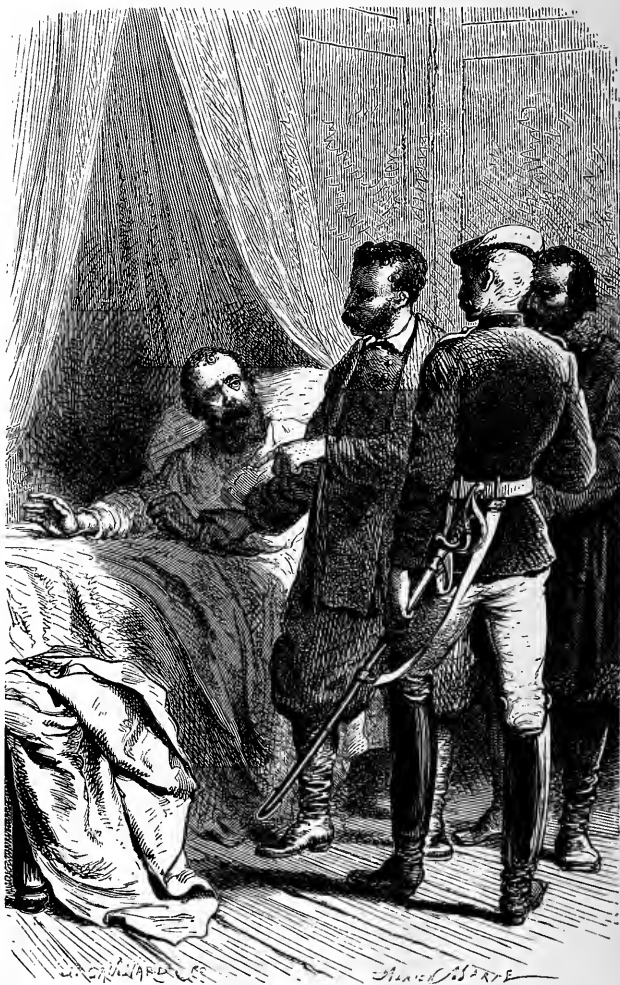
In January, 1843, we find Piotrowski in Paris, a refugee for already twelve years, and on the eve of a secret mission into Poland of which he gives no explanation. By means of an American acquaintance he procured a passport from the British embassy describing him as Joseph Catharo of Malta: he spoke Italian perfectly, English indifferently, and was thus well suited to support the character of an Italian-born subject of Queen Victoria. Having crossed France, Germany, Austria and Hungary in safety, he reached his destination, the town of Kamenitz in Podolia, on the Turkish frontier. His ostensible object was to settle there as a teacher of languages, and on the strength of his British passport he obtained the necessary permission from the police before their suspicions had been roused. He also gained admission at once into the society of the place, where, notwithstanding his pretended origin, he was generally known as "the Frenchman," the common nickname for a foreigner in the Polish provinces. He had soon a number of pupils, some of them Poles—

others, members of the families of Russian resident officials. He frequented the houses of the latter most, in order not to attract attention to his intercourse with his compatriots. He spoke Russian fluently, but feigned total ignorance both of that and his own language, and even affected an incapacity for learning them when urged to do so by his scholars. Among the risks to which this exposed him was the temptation of cutting short a difficult explanation in his lessons by a single word, which would have made the whole matter clear. But this, although the most frequent and vexatious, was not the severest trial of his *incognito*. One day, while giving a lesson to two beautiful Polish girls, daughters of a lady who had shown him great kindness, the conversation turned upon Poland: he spoke with an indifference which roused the younger to a vehement outburst on behalf of her country. The elder interrupted her sharply in their native language with, "How can you speak of holy things to a hare-brained Frenchman?" At another Polish house, a visitor, hearing that M. Catharo was from Paris, was eager to ask news of his brother, who was living there in exile: their host dissuaded him, saying, "You know that inquiries about relations in exile are strictly forbidden. Take care! one is never safe with a stranger." Their unfortunate fellow-countryman, who knew the visitor's brother very well, was forced to bend over a book to hide the blood which rushed to his face in the conflict of feeling. He kept so close a guard upon himself that he would never sleep in the room with another person—which it was sometimes difficult to avoid on visits to neighboring country-seats—lest a word spoken in his troubled slumbers should betray him. He passed nine months in familiar relations with all the principal people of the place, his nationality and his designs being known to but very few of his countrymen, who kept the secret with rigid fidelity. At length, however, he became aware that he was watched; the manner of some of his Russian friends grew inquiring and constrained; he received private warnings,

and perceived that he was dogged by the police. It was not too late for flight, but he knew that such a course would involve all who were in his secret, and perhaps thousands of others, in tribulation, and that for their sakes it behooved him to await the terrible day of reckoning which was inevitably approaching. The only use to which he could turn this time of horrible suspense was in concerting a plan of action with his colleagues. His final interview with the chief of them took place in a church at the close of the short winter twilight on the last day of the year. After agreeing on all the points which they could foresee, they solemnly took leave of each other, and Piotrowski was left alone in the church, where he lingered to pray fervently for strength for the hour that was at hand.

The next morning at daybreak he was suddenly shaken by the arm: he composed himself for the part he was to play, and slowly opened his eyes. His room was filled with Russian officials: he was arrested. He protested against the outrage to a British subject, but his papers were seized, he was carried before the governor of the place, and after a brief examination given into the custody of the police.

He was examined on several successive days, but persisted in his first story, although aware that his identity was known, and that the information had come from St. Petersburg. His object was to force the authorities to confront



THE ARREST.

him with those who had been accused on his account, that they might hear his confession and regulate their own accordingly. One day a number of them were brought together—some his real accomplices, others mere acquaintance

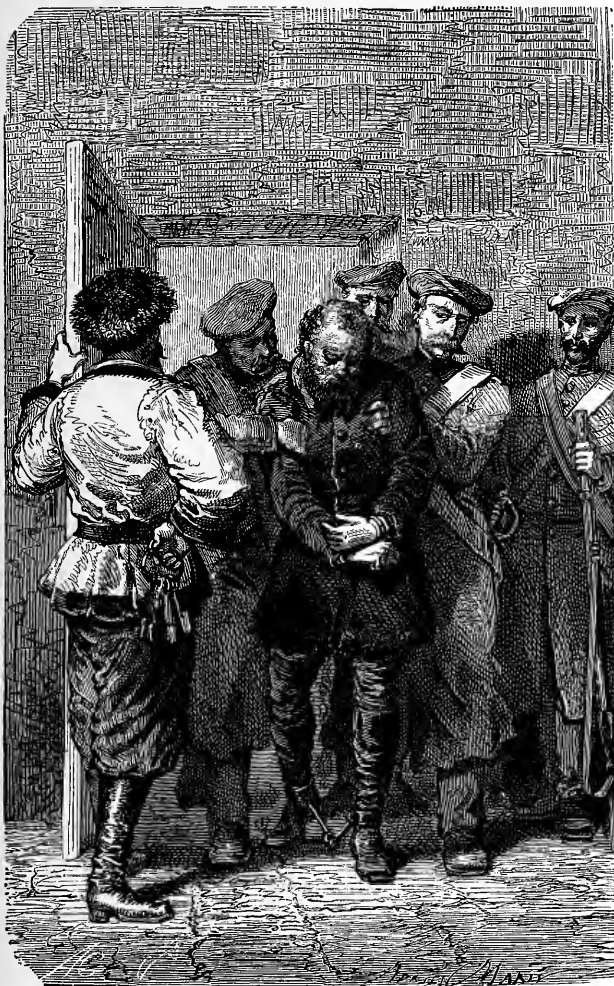


After the usual routine of questions and denials, Piotrowski suddenly exclaimed in Polish, as one who can hold out no longer, "Well, then, yes! I am no British subject, but a Pole of the Ukraine. I emigrated after the revolution of 1831 :

and advice : I had nothing else to ask or tell them."

The preliminary interrogatories concluded, he was sent for a more rigid examination to the fortress of Kiow. He left Kamenitz early in January at mid-

night, under an escort of soldiers and police. The town was dark and silent as they passed through the deserted streets, but he saw lights in the upper windows of several houses whose inmates had been implicated in his accusation. Was it a mute farewell or the sign of vigils of anguish? They traveled all night and part of the next day : their first halt was at a great state prison, where Piotrowski was for the first time shut up in a cell. He was suffering from the excitement through which he had been passing, from the furious speed of the journey, which had been also very rough, and from a slight concussion of the brain occasioned by one of the terrible jolts of the rude vehicle : a physician saw him and ordered repose. The long, dark, still hours of the night



CROSSING THE COURTYARD OF THE PRISON.

I came back because I could bear a life of exile no longer, and I only wished to breathe my native air. I came under a false name, for I could not have come in my own. I confided my secret to a few of my countrymen, and asked their aid

were gradually calming his nerves when he was disturbed by a distant sound, which he soon guessed to be the clanking of chains, followed by a chant in which many voices mingled. It was Christmas Eve, old style, as still ob-

served in some of the provinces, and the midnight chorus was singing an ancient Christmas hymn which every Polish child knows from the cradle. For twelve years the dear familiar melody had not greeted his ears, and now he heard it sung by his captive fellow-countrymen in a Russian dungeon.

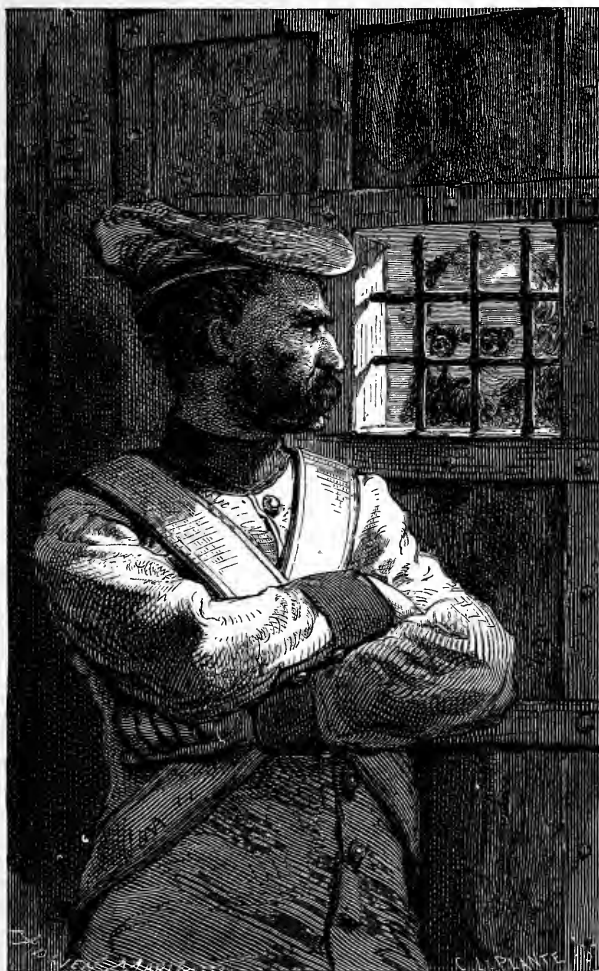
Two days later they set out again, and now he was chained hand and foot with heavy irons, rusty, and too small for his limbs. The sleigh hurried on day and night with headlong haste: it was upset, everybody was thrown out, the prisoner's chain caught and he was dragged until he lost consciousness. In this state he arrived at Kiow. Here he was thrown into a cell six feet by five, almost dark and disgustingly dirty. The wretched man was soon covered from head to foot with vermin, of which his handcuffs prevented his ridding himself. However, in a day or two, after a visit from the commandant, his cell was cleaned. His manacles prevented his walking, or even standing, and the moral effect of being unable to use his hands was a strange apathy such as might precede imbecility. He was interrogated several times, but always adhered to his confession at Kamenitz; menaces of harsher treatment, even of torture, were tried—means which he knew too well had been resorted to before; his guards were forbidden to exchange a word with him, so that his time was passed in solitude, silence and absolute inoccupation. Since Levitoux, another political prisoner, fearful that the tortures to which he was subjected might wring from him confessions which would criminate his friends, had set fire to his straw bed with his night-lamp and burned himself alive, no lights were allowed in the cells, so that a great portion of the twenty-four hours went by in darkness. After some time he was visited by Prince Bibikoff, the governor-general of that section of the country, one of the men whose names are most associated with the sufferings of Poland: he tried by intimidation and persuasion to induce the prisoner to reveal his projects and the names of his associates. Piotrowski held firm, but the prince on

withdrawing ordered his chains to be struck off. The relief was ineffable: he could do nothing but stretch his arms to enjoy the sense of their free possession, and he felt his natural energy and independence of thought return. He had not been able to take off his boots since leaving Kamenitz, and his legs were bruised and sore, but he walked to and fro in his cell all day, enjoying the very pain this gave him as a proof that they were unchained. Several weeks passed without any other incident, when late one night he was surprised by a light in his cell: an aide-de-camp and four soldiers entered and ordered him to rise and follow them. He thought that he was summoned to his execution. He crossed the great courtyard of the prison supported by the soldiers; the snow creaked under foot; the night was very dark, and the sharp fresh air almost took away his breath, yet it was infinitely welcome to him after the heavy atmosphere of his cell, and he inhaled it with keen pleasure, thinking that each whiff was almost the last. He was led into a large, faintly-lighted room, where officers of various grades were smoking around a large table. It was only the committee of investigation, for hitherto his examinations had not been strictly in order.

This was but the first of a series of sittings which were prolonged through nearly half a year. During this time his treatment improved; his cell was kept clean; he had no cause to complain of his food; he was allowed to walk for an hour daily in the corridor, which, though cold and damp, in some degree satisfied his need of exercise. He was always guarded by two sentinels, to whom he was forbidden to speak. He learned in some way, however, that several of his co-accused were his fellow-prisoners: they were confined in another part of the fortress, and he but once caught a glimpse of one of them—so changed that he hardly recognized him. His neighbors on the corridor were common criminals. The president of the committee offered him the use of a library, but he only asked for a Bible, "with which," he says, "I was no long-

er alone." His greatest suffering arose from the nervous irritability caused by the unremitting watch of the sentinel at his door, which drove him almost frantic. The sensation of being spied at every instant, in every action, of meeting

grating and stare into the tormenting eyes to force them to divert their gaze for a moment, laughing like a savage when he succeeded. He was in this feverish condition when called to his last examination. He perceived at once,



OUTSTARING THE GUARD.

this relentless, irresponsible gaze on waking, of encountering it at each minute of the day, was maddening. From day-break he longed for the night, which should deliver him from the sight. Sometimes, beside himself, he would suddenly put his own face close to the

from the solemnity of all present, that the crisis had come. His sentence was pronounced: death, commuted by Prince Bibikoff's intercession to hard labor for life in Siberia. He was degraded from the nobility, to which order, like half the inhabitants of Poland, he belonged, and condemned to make the journey in chains. Without being taken back to his cell, he was at once put into irons, the same rusty, gall-ing ones he had worn already, and placed in a *kibitka*, or traveling-carriage, between two armed guards. The gates of the fortress closed behind him, and before him opened the road to Siberia.

His destination was about two thousand miles distant. The incidents of the journey were few and much of the same character. Charity and sympathy were shown him by people

of every class. Travelers of distinction, especially ladies, pursued him with offers of assistance and money, which he would not accept. The only gifts which he did not refuse were the food and drink brought him by the peasants where they stopped to change horses: wherever there was a

halt the good people plied him with tea, brandy and simple dainties, which he gratefully accepted. At one station a man in the uniform of the Russian civil service timidly offered him a parcel wrapped in a silk handkerchief, saying, "Accept this from my saint." Piotrowski, repelled by the sight of the uniform, shook his head. The other flushed: "You are a Pole, and do not understand our customs. This is my birthday, and on this day, above all others, I should share what I have with the unfortunate. Pray accept it in the name of my patron saint." He could not resist so Christian an appeal. The parcel contained bread, salt and some money: the last he handed over to the guards, who in any case would not have let him keep it: he broke the bread with its donor. His guards were almost the only persons with whom he had to do who showed themselves insensible to his pain and sorrow. They were divided between their fears of not arriving on the day fixed, in which case they would be flogged, and of his dying of fatigue on the route, when they would fare still worse. The apprehension of his suicide beset them: at the ferries or fords which they crossed each of them held him by an arm lest he should drown himself, and all his meat was given to him minced, to be eaten with a spoon, as he was not to be trusted for an instant with a knife. Thus they traveled night and day for three weeks, only stopping to change horses and take their meals; yet he esteemed himself lucky not to have been sent with a gang of convicts, chained to some atrocious malefactor, or to have been ordered to make the journey on foot, like his countryman, Prince Sanguzsko. At last they reached Omsk, the head-quarters of Prince Gortchakoff, then governor-general of Western Siberia. By some informality in the mode of his transportation, the interpretation of Piotrowski's sentence depended solely on this man: he might be sent to work in one of the government manufactories, or to the mines, the last, worst dread of a Siberian exile. While awaiting the decision he was in charge of a gay, handsome young officer, who treat-

ed him with great friendliness, and in the course of their conversation, which turned chiefly on Siberia, showed him a map of the country. The prisoner devoured it with his eyes, tried to engrave it on his memory, asked innumerable questions about roads and water-courses, and betrayed so much agitation that the young fellow noticed it, and exclaimed, "Ah! don't think of escape. Too many of your countrymen have tried it, and those are fortunate who, tracked on every side, famished, desperate, have been able to put an end to themselves before being retaken, for if they are, then comes the knout and a life of misery beyond words. In Heaven's name, give up that thought!" The commandant of the fortress paid him a short official visit, and exclaimed repeatedly, "How sad! how sad! to come back when you were free in a foreign country!" The chief of police, a hard, dry, vulture-like man, asked why he had dared to return without the czar's permission. "I could not bear my homesickness," replied the prisoner. "O native country!" said the Russian in a softened voice, "how dear thou art!" After various official interviews he was taken to the governor-general's ante-chamber, where he found a number of clerks, most of whom were his exiled compatriots and received him warmly. While he was talking with them a door opened, and Gortchakoïf stood on the threshold: he fixed his eyes on the prisoner for some moments, and withdrew without a word. An hour of intense anxiety followed, and then an officer appeared, who announced that he was consigned to the distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zavod, some two hundred miles farther north.

Ekaterininski-Zavod is a miserable village of a couple of hundred small houses on the river Irtysh, in the midst of a wide plain. Its inhabitants are all in some way connected with the government distillery: they are the descendants of criminals formerly transported. Piotrowski, after a short interview with the inspector of the works, was entered on the list of convicts and sent to the guard-house. "He is to work with his

feet in irons," added the inspector. This unusual severity was in consequence of a memorandum in Prince Gortchakoff's own writing appended to the prisoner's papers: "Piotrowski must be watched with especial care." The injunction was

rapidly and eagerly, exhorting him to patience and silence, and to do nothing to incur corporal punishment, which was the mode of keeping the workmen in order, so that in time he might be promoted, like themselves, from hard labor



CHARITY TO THE EXILE.

to office-work. At the guard-house he found a crowd of soldiers, among whom were many Poles, incorporated into the standing army of Siberia for having taken up arms for their country. This is one of the mildest punishments for that offence. They seized every pretext for speaking to him, to ask what was going on in Poland, and whether there were any hopes for her. Overcome by fatigue and misery, he sat down upon a bench, where he remained sunk in the gloomiest thoughts until accosted by a man of repulsive aspect, branded on the face—the Russian practice with criminals of the worst sort—who said abruptly, "Get up and go to work." It was the overseer, himself a former convict. "O my God!" exclaims Piotrowski, "Thou

unprecedented, and impressed the director with the prisoner's importance. Before being taken to his work he was surrounded by his fellow-countrymen, young men of talent and promise, who were there, like himself, for political reasons. Their emotion was extreme: they talked

alone didst hear the bitter cry of my soul when this outcast first spoke to me as my master."

Before going to work his irons were struck off, thanks to the instant entreaties of his compatriots: he was then given a broom and shovel and set to clear

rubbish and filth off the roof of a large unfinished building. On one side was a convict of the lowest order, with whom he worked—on the other, the soldier who mounted guard over them. To avoid the indignity of chastisement or reproof—indeed, to escape notice altogether—he bent his whole force to his task, without raising his head, or even his eyes, but the iron entered into his soul and he wept.

The order of his days knew no variation. Rising at sunrise, the convicts worked until eight o'clock, when they breakfasted, then until their dinner at noon, and again from one o'clock until dark. His tasks were fetching wood and water, splitting and piling logs, and scavenger-work of all sorts: it was all out of doors and in every extreme of the Siberian climate. His companions were all ruffians of a desperate caste: burglary, highway robbery, rape, murder in every degree, were common cases. One instance will suffice, and it is not the worst: it was that of a young man, clerk of a wine-merchant in St. Petersburg. He had a mistress whom he loved, but suspected of infidelity; he took her and another girl into the country for a holiday, and as they walked together in the fields fired a pistol at his sweetheart's head: it only wounded her; the friend rushed away shrieking for

help; the victim fell on her knees and cried, "Forgive me!" but he plunged a knife up to the hilt in her breast, and she fell dead at his feet. He gave himself up to justice, received the knout and was transported for life.



A RUSSIAN OTHELLO.

The daily contact with ignorant, brutish men, made worse than brutes by a life of hideous crime, was the worst feature in his wretched existence. He had determined never to submit to blows, should the forfeit be his own life or another's, and the incessant apprehension kept his



mind in a state of frightful tension: it also nerved him to physical exertions beyond his strength, and to a moral restraint of which he had not deemed himself capable in the way of endurance and self-command. But in the end he was the gainer. After the first year he was taken into the office of the establishment, and received a salary of ten francs a month. He was also allowed to leave the barracks where he had been herded with the convicts, and to lodge with two fellow-countrymen in a little house which they built for themselves, and which they shared with the soldiers who guarded them. It was a privilege granted to the most exemplary of the convicts to lodge with one or other of the private inhabitants of the village; but besides their own expenses they had to pay those of the soldier detailed to watch them. In the course of the winter they were comforted by the visit of a Polish priest. A certain number are permitted to travel through Siberia yearly, stopping wherever there are Polish prisoners to administer the sacraments and consolations of their Church to them: there is no hardship which these heroic men will not encounter in performing their thrice holy mission. Piotrowski, who, like all Poles, was an ingrained Roman Catholic, after passing through phases of doubt and disbelief had returned to a fervent orthodoxy: this spiritual succor was most precious to himself and his brother-exiles.

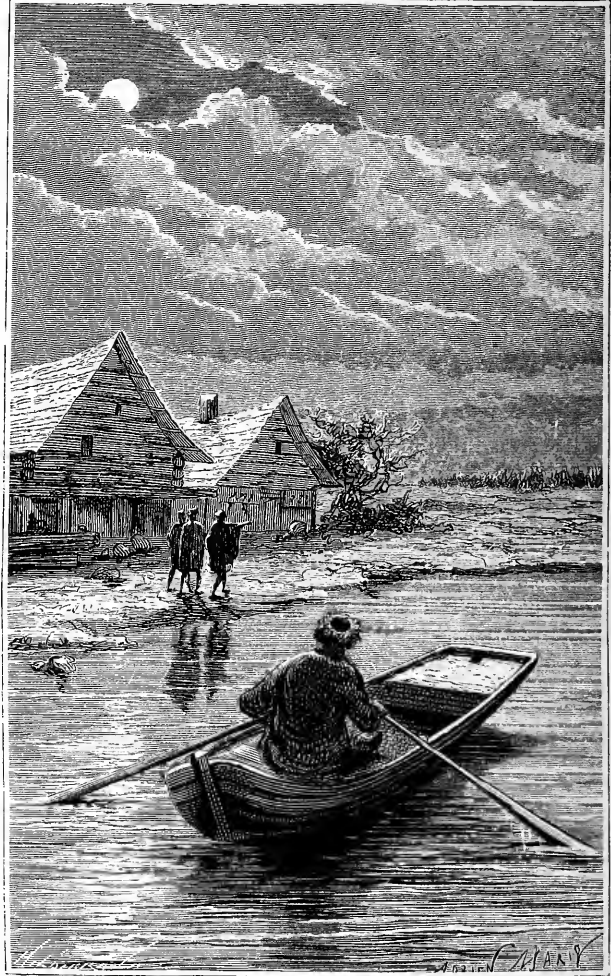
One idea, however, was never absent from his mind—that of escape. At the moment of receiving his sentence at Kiow he had resolved to be free, and his resolution had not faltered. He had neglected no means of acquiring information about Siberia and the adjacent countries. For this he had listened to the revolting confidences of the malefactors at the barracks—for this he heard with unflagging attention, yet with no sign of interest, the long stories of the traders who came to the distillery from all parts of the empire to sell grain or buy spirits. The office in which he passed his time from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night was their *rendezvous*, and by a concentration of

his mental powers he acquired a thorough and accurate knowledge of the country from the Frozen Ocean to the frontiers of Persia and China, and of all its manners and customs. The prisoner who meditates escape, he says, is absorbed in an infinitude of details and calculations, of which it is only possible to give the final result. Slowly and painfully, little by little, he accumulated the indispensable articles—disguise, money, food, a weapon, passports. The last were the most essential and the most difficult: two were required, both upon paper with the government stamp—one a simple pass for short distances and absences, useless beyond a certain limit and date; the other, the *plakatny*, or real passport, a document of vital importance. He was able to abstract the paper from the office, and a counterfeiter in the community forged the formula and signatures. His appearance he had gradually changed by allowing his hair and beard to grow, and he had studied the tone of thought and peculiar phraseology of the born Siberian, that he might the better pass for a native. More than six months went by in preparations: then he made two false starts. He had placed much hope on a little boat, which was often forgotten at evening, moored in the Irtysh. One dark night he quietly loosed it and began to row away: suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and at the same instant the voices of the inspector and some of his subordinates were heard on the banks. Piotrowski was fortunate enough to get back unperceived. On the second attempt a dense fog rose and shut him in: he could not see a yard before him. All night long he pushed the boat hither and thither, trying at least to regain the shore; at daybreak the vapor began to disperse, but it was too late to go on; he again had the good luck to land undiscovered. Five routes were open to him—all long, and each beset with its own perils. He decided to go northward, recross the Uralian Mountains, and make his way to Archangel, nearly a thousand miles off, where, among the hundreds of foreign ships constantly in the docks, he trusted

to find one which would bring him to America. Nobody knew his secret: he had vowed to perish rather than ever again involve others in his fate. He reckoned on getting over the first danger of pursuit by mingling with the crowds of people then traveling from every quarter to the annual fair at Irbite at the foot of the Urals.

Finally, in February, 1846, he set out on foot. His costume consisted of three shirts—a colored one uppermost, worn, Russian fashion, outside his trousers, which were of heavy cloth, like his waistcoat—and a small sheepskin burnous, heavy high boots, a bright woolen sash, a red cap with a fur border—the dress of a well-to-do peasant or commercial traveler. In a small bag he carried a change of clothing and his provisions: his money and passports were hidden about his person; he was armed with a dagger and a bludgeon. He had scarcely crossed the frozen Irtysh when the sound of a sleigh behind him brought his heart to his mouth: he held his ground and was hailed by a peasant, who wanted to drive a bargain with him for a lift. After a little politic chaffering he got in, and was carried to a village about eight miles off at a gallop. There the peasant set him down,

and, knocking at the first house, he asked for horses to the fair at Irbite. More bargaining, but they were soon on the road. Erelong, however, it began to snow; the track disappeared, the driver lost his way; they wandered about for



VAIN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

some time, and were forced to stop all night in a forest—a night of agony. They were not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zavod: every minute the fugitive fancied he heard the bells of the pursuing *kibitkas*; he had a horrible sus-

picion, too, that his driver was delaying purposely to betray him, as had befallen a fellow-countryman in similar circumstances. But at daybreak they found the road, and by nightfall, having changed horses once or twice and traveled like the wind, he was well on his way. At a fresh relay he was forced to go into a tavern to make change to pay his driver: as he stood among the tipsy crowd he was hustled and his pocket-book snatched from his hand. He could not discover the thief nor recover the purse: he durst not appeal to the police, and had to let it go. In it, besides a quarter of his little hoard of money, there was a memorandum of every town and village on his way to Archangel, and his *plakatny*. In this desperate strait—for the last loss seemed to cut off hope—he had one paramount motive for going on: return was impossible. Once having left Ekaterininski-Zavod, his fate was sealed if retaken: he must go forward. Forward he went, falling in with troops of travelers bound to the fair. On the third evening of his flight, notwithstanding the time lost, he was at the gates of Irbite, over six hundred miles from his prison. "Halt and show your passport!" cried the sentinel. He was fumbling for the local pass with a sinking heart when the soldier whispered, "Twenty kopecks and go ahead." He passed in. The loss of his money and the unavoidable expenses had reduced his resources so much that he found it necessary to continue the journey on foot. He slept at Irbite, but was up early, and passed out of an opposite gate unchallenged.

Now began a long and weary tramp. The winter of 1846 was one of unparalleled rigor in Siberia. The snow fell in enormous masses, which buried the roads deep out of sight and crushed solidly-built houses under its weight. Every difficulty of an ordinary journey on foot was increased tenfold. Piotrowski's clothes encumbered him excessively, yet he dared not take any of them off. His habit was to avoid passing through villages as much as possible, but, if forced to do so to inquire his way, only to stop at the last house. When he was hungry he drew a

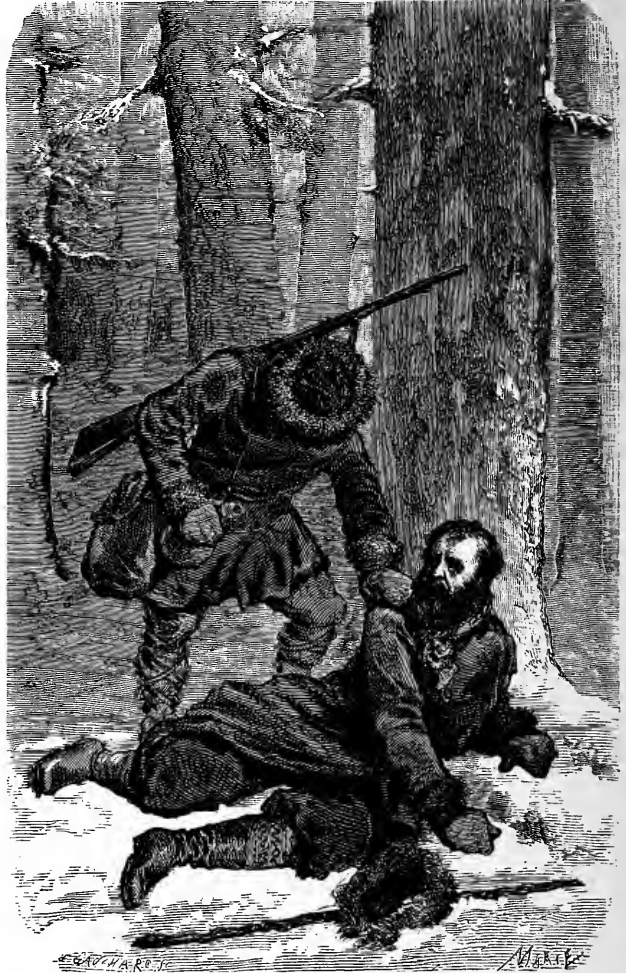
bit of frozen bread from his wallet and ate it as he went along: to quench his thirst he often had no resource but melting the snow in his mouth, which rather tends to increase the desire for water. At night he went into the depths of the forest, dug a hole under the snow, and creeping in slept there as best he might. At the first experiment his feet were frozen: he succeeded in curing them, though not without great pain. Sometimes he plunged up to the waist or neck in the drifts, and expected at the next step to be buried alive. One night, having tasted to the full those two tortures, cold and hunger—of which, as he says, we complain so frequently without knowing what they mean—he ventured to ask for shelter at a little hut near a hamlet where there were only two women. They gave him warm food: he dried his drenched clothes, and stretched himself out to sleep on the bench near the kitchen stove. He was roused by voices, then shaken roughly and asked for his passport: there were three men in the room. With amazing presence of mind he demanded by what right they asked for his passport: were any of them officials? No, but they insisted on knowing who he was and where he was going, and seeing his pass. He told them the same story that he had told the women, and finally exhibited the local pass, which was now quite worthless, and would not have deceived a government functionary for a moment: they were satisfied with the sight of the stamp. They excused themselves, saying that the women had taken fright and given the alarm, thinking that, as sometimes happened, they were housing an escaped convict. This adventure taught him a severe lesson of prudence. He often passed fifteen or twenty nights under the snow in the forest, without seeking food or shelter, hearing the wolves howl at a distance. In this savage mode of life he lost the count of time: he was already far in the Ural Mountains before he again ventured to sleep beneath a roof. As he was starting the next morning his hosts said, in answer to his inquiries as to the road, "A little farther on you will find a guard-

house, where they will look at your papers and give you precise directions." Again how narrow an escape! He turned from the road and crossed hills and gorges, often up to the chin in snow, and made an immense curve before taking up his march again.

One moonlight night, in the dead silence of the ice-bound winter, he stood on the ridge of the mountain-chain and began to descend its eastern slope. Still on and on, the way more dangerous than before, for now there were large towns upon his route, which he could only avoid by going greatly out of his way. One night in the woods he completely lost his bearings; a tempest of wind and snow literally whirled him around; his stock of bread was exhausted, and he fell upon the earth powerless; there was a buzzing in his ears, a confusion in his ideas; his senses forsook him, and but for spasms of cramp in his stomach he had no consciousness left. Torpor was settling upon him when a loud voice recalled him to himself: it

was a trapper, who lived hard by, going home with his booty. He poured some brandy down the dying man's throat, and when this had somewhat revived him gave him food from his store. After some delay the stranger urged Piotrowski to get up and walk, which he did with

the utmost difficulty: leaning upon this Samaritan of the steppes, he contrived to reach the highway, where a small roadside inn was in sight. There his companion left him, and he staggered forward with unspeakable joy toward the



A SAMARITAN OF THE STEPPES.

warmth and shelter. He would have gone in if he had known the guards were there on the lookout for him, for his case was now desperate. He only got as far as the threshold, and there fell forward and rolled under a bench. He asked for hot soup, but could not

swallow, and after a few minutes fell into a swoon-like sleep which lasted twenty-four hours. Restored by nourishment, rest and dry clothes, he set forth again at once.

During the first part of his journey he had passed as a commercial traveler; after leaving Irbite he was a workman seeking employment in the government establishments; but now he assumed the character of a pilgrim to the convent of Solovetsk on a holy island in the White Sea, near Archangel. For each change of part he had to change his manners, mode of speech, his whole personality, and always be probable and consistent in his account of himself. It was mid-April: he had been journeying on foot for two months. Easter was approaching, when these pious journeys were frequent, and not far from Veliki-Oustioi he fell in with several bands of men and women — *bohomolets*, as they are called — on their way to Solovetsk. There were more than two thousand in the town waiting for the frozen Dwina to open, that they might proceed by water to Archangel. It being Holy Week, Piotrowski was forced to conform to the innumerable observances of the Greek ritual — prayers, canticles, genuflexions, prostrations, crossings and bowings, as manifold as in his own, but different. His inner consciousness suffered from this hypocrisy, but it was necessary to his part. They were detained at Veliki-Oustioi a mortal month, during which these acts of devotion went on with almost unabated zeal among the *bohomolets*. At length the river was free, and they set out. Their vessel was a huge hulk which looked like a floating barn: it was manned by twenty or thirty rowers, and to replenish his purse a little the fugitive took an oar. The agent who had charge of the expedition required their passports: among the number the irregularity of Piotrowski's escaped notice. The prayers and prostrations went on during the voyage, which lasted a fortnight. One morning the early sunshine glittered on the gilded domes of Archangel: the vessel soon touched the shore, and his passport was returned to him

uninspected, with the small sum he had earned by rowing.

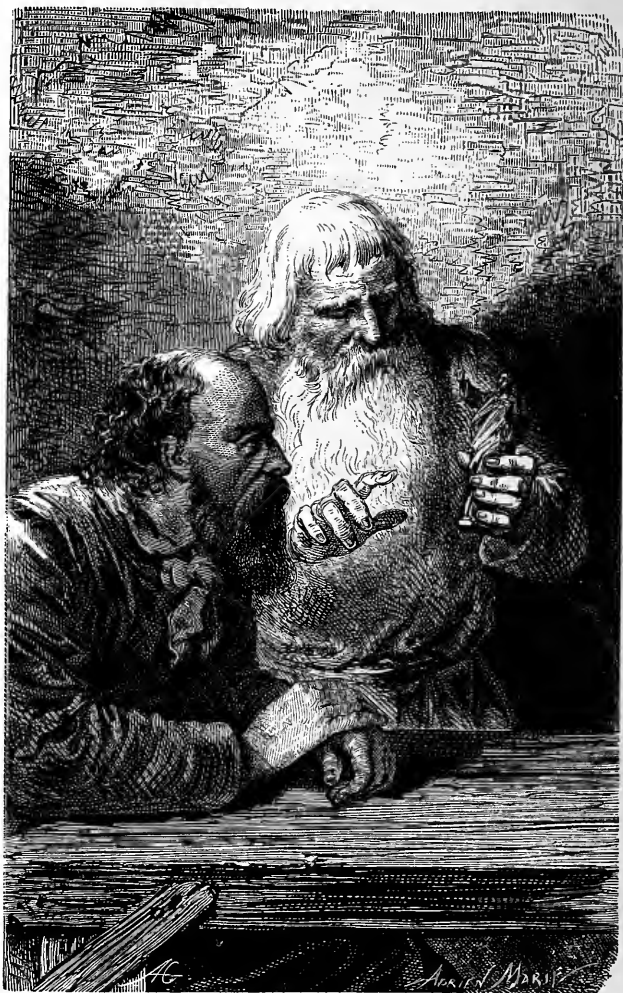
He had reached his goal; a thousand miles of deadly suffering and danger lay behind him; he was on the shores of the White Sea, with vessels of every nation lying at anchor ready to bear him away to freedom. Yet he was careful not to commit himself by any imprudence or inconsistency. He went with the pilgrims to their vast crowded lodging-house, and for several days joined in their visits to the different churches of Archangel; but when they embarked again for the holy island he stayed behind under the pretext of fatigue, but really to go unobserved to the harbor. There lay the ships from every part of the world, with their flags floating from the masts. Alas! alas! on every wharf a Russian sentinel mounted guard day and night, challenging every one who passed, and on the deck of each ship there was another. In vain he risked the consequences of dropping his character of an ignorant Siberian peasant so far as to speak to a group of sailors, first in French and then in German; they understood neither: the idlers on the quays began to gather round in idle curiosity, and he had to desist. In vain, despite the icy coldness of the water, he tried swimming in the bay to approach some vessel for the chance of getting speech of the captain or crew unseen by the sentinel. In vain he resorted to every device which desperation could suggest. After three days he was forced to look the terrible truth in the face: there was no escape possible from Archangel.

Baffled and hopeless, he turned his back on the town, not knowing where to go. To retrace his steps would be madness. He followed the shore of the White Sea to Onega, a natural direction for pilgrims returning from Solovetsk to take. His lonely way lay through a land of swamp and sand, with a sparse growth of stunted pines; the midnight sun streamed across the silent stretches; the huge waves of the White Sea, lashed by a long storm, plunged foaming upon the desolate beach. Days and nights of walking brought him to Onega: there

was no way of getting to sea from there, and after a short halt he resumed his journey southward along the banks of the river Onega, hardly knowing whither or wherefore he went. The hardships of his existence at midsummer were fewer than at midwinter, but the dangers were greater: the absence of a definite goal, of a distinct hope which had supported him before, unnerved him physically. He had reached the point when he dreaded fatigue more than risk. In spite of his familiarity with the minutiae of Russian customs, he was nearly betrayed one day by his ignorance of *tolokno*, a national dish. On another occasion he stopped at the cabin of a poor old man to ask his way: the gray-beard made him come in, and after some conversation began to confide his religious grievances to him, which turned upon the persecutions to which a sect of religionists is exposed in Russia for adhering to certain peculiarities in the forms of worship. Happily, Piotrowski was well versed in these subjects. The poor old man, after dwelling long and tearfully on the woes of his fellow-believers, looked cautiously in every direction, locked the door, and after exacting an oath of secrecy drew from a hiding-place a little antique brass figure of Byzantine

origin, representing our Saviour in the act of benediction with two fingers only raised, according to the form cherished by the dissenters.

Following his purposeless march for hundreds of miles, the fugitive reached



THE BENEDICTION WITH TWO FINGERS.

Vytegra, where the river issues from the Lake of Onega. There, on the wharf, a peasant asked him whither he was bound: he replied that he was a pilgrim on his way from Solovetsk to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiow. The peasant



said he was going to St. Petersburg, and would give him a passage for his service if he would take an oar. The bargain was struck, and that night they started on their voyage to the capital of Poland's arch-enemy, the head-quarters

lift in the boat: toward the end of the voyage they took aboard a number of women-servants returning to their situations in town from a visit to their country homes. Among them was an elderly woman going to see her daughter, who

was a washerwoman at St. Petersburg. Piotrowski showed her some small kindnesses, which won her fervent gratitude. As they landed in the great capital, which seemed the very focus of his dangers, and he stood on the wharf wholly at a loss what should be his next step, the poor woman came up with her daughter and offered to show him cheap lodgings. He followed them, carrying his protectress's trunk. The lodgings were cheap and miserable, and the woman of the house demanded his passport. He handed it to her with a thrill of anxiety, and carelessly announced his intention of reporting himself at the police-office according to rule. She glanced at the paper, which she could not read, and saw the official stamp: she was



CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

of politics, the source whence his own arrest had emanated. He had no design: he was going at hazard. The voyage was long: they followed the Lake of Onega, the Lake of Ladoga and the river Neva. Sometimes poor people got a

satisfied, and began to dissuade him from going to the police. It then appeared that the law required her to accompany him as her lodger; that a great deal of her time would be lost in the delays and formalities of the office,

which, being a working-woman, she could ill afford; and as he was merely passing through the city and had his passport, there could be no harm in staying away. The next day, while wandering about the streets seeking a mode of escape, the pilot of a steam-packet to Riga asked him if he would like to sail with them the next day, and named a very moderate fare. His heart leapt up, but the next instant the man asked to see his passport: he took it out trembling, but the sailor, without scrutiny, cried, "Good! Be off with you, and come back to-morrow morning at seven o'clock." The next morning at seven he was on board, and the boat was under way.

From Riga he had to make his way on foot across Courland and Lithuania to the Prussian frontier. He now made a change in his disguise, and gave himself out as a dealer in hogs' bristles. In Lithuania he found himself once more on his beloved native soil, and the longing to speak his own language, to make himself known to a fellow-countryman, was almost irresistible; but he sternly quelled such a yearning. As he neared the frontier he had the utmost difficulty in ascertaining where and how it was guarded, and what he should have to encounter in passing. At length he learned enough for his purpose: there were no guards on the Prussian side. Reaching a rampart of the fortifications, he waited until the moment when the two sentinels on duty were back to back on their beats, and jumped down into the first of the three ditches which protected the boundary. Clambering and jumping, he reached the edge of the third: shots were fired in several directions; he had been seen. He slid into the third ditch, scrambled up the opposite side, sprang down once more, rushed on until out of sight of the soldiers, and fell panting in a little wood. There he lay for hours without stirring, as he knew the Russian guards sometimes violated the boundary in pursuit of fugitives. But there was no pursuit, and he at last took heart. Then he began a final transformation. He had lately bought a razor,

a pocket-mirror and some soap, and with these, by the aid of a slight rain which was falling, he succeeded with much difficulty in shaving himself and changing his clothes to a costume he had provided expressly for Prussia. When night had closed he set forth once more, lighter of heart than for many long years, though well aware that by international agreement he was not yet out of danger. He pushed on toward the grand duchy of Posen, where he hoped to find assistance from his fellow-countrymen, who, being under Prussian rule, would not be compromised by aiding him. He passed through Memel and Tilsit, and reached Königsberg without let or hindrance—over two hundred miles on Prussian soil in addition to all the rest. There he found a steamboat to sail the next day in the direction which he wished to follow. He had slept only in the open fields, and meant to do so on this night and re-enter the town betimes in the morning. Meanwhile he sat down on a heap of stones in the street, and, overcome by fatigue, fell into a profound sleep. He was awakened by the patrol: his first confused words excited suspicion, and he was arrested and carried to the station-house. After all his perils, his escapes, his adventures, his disguises, to be taken by a Prussian watchman! The next morning he was examined by the police: he declared himself a French artisan on his way home from Russia, but as having lost his passport. The story imposed upon nobody, and he perceived that he was supposed to be a malefactor of some dangerous sort: his real case was not suspected. A month's incarceration followed, and then a new interrogation, in which he was informed that all his statements had been found to be false, and that he was an object of the gravest suspicion. He demanded a private interview with one of the higher functionaries and a M. Fleury, a naturalized Frenchman in some way connected with the police-courts. To them he told his whole story. After the first moment's stupefaction the Prussian cried, "But, unhappy man, we must send you back: the treaty compels it. My God! my God!

why did you come here?"—"There is no help for us," said M. Fleury, "but in Heaven's name write to Count Eulenberg, on whom all depends: he is a man whom everybody loves. What a misfortune!"

He was taken back to prison. He wrote; he received a kind but vague reply; delays followed, and investigations into the truth of his story; his anguish of mind was reaching a climax in which he felt that his dagger would be his best friend after all. A citizen of the place, a M. Kamke, a total stranger, offered to go bail for him: his story had got abroad and excited the deepest sympathy. The bail was not effected without difficulty: ultimately, he was declared free, however, but the chief of police intimated that he had better remain in

Königsberg for the present. Anxious to show his gratitude to his benefactors, fearful, too, of being suspected, he tarried for a week, which he passed in the family of the generous M. Kamke. At the end of that time he was again summoned to the police-court, where two officials whom he already knew told him sadly that the order to send him back to Russia had come from Berlin: they could but give him time to escape at his own risk, and pray God for his safety. He went back to his friend M. Kamke: a plan was organized at once, and by the morrow he was on the way to Dantzic. Well provided with money and letters by the good souls at Königsberg, he crossed Germany safely, and on the 22d of September, 1846, found himself safe in Paris.

## AUSTRALIAN SCENES AND ADVENTURES.

### TWO PARTS.—I.

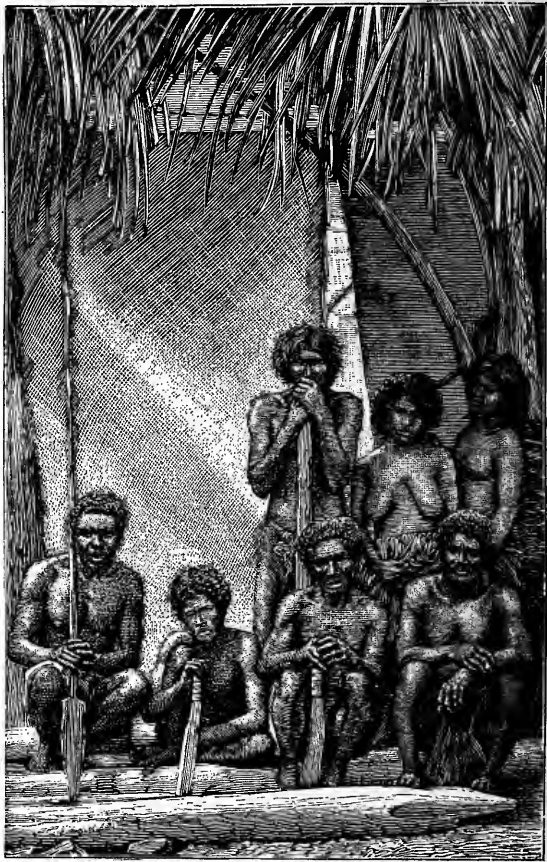
AUSTRALIA is still the world's latest wonder—a land whose very existence was but a few years ago ignored by geographers, but which they now acknowledge as a fifth continent; a land of marvels that courts and repays the investigation of the curious by its wild scenery, its strange aboriginal inhabitants, its birds and beasts unlike all others, its rich floral treasures, its mines of inexhaustible wealth, its meadows and plains of dimensions so vast as to defy for centuries to come a general cultivation; a land that has in less than half a century experienced a growth and expansion unprecedented in the history of nations. Yet is the civilization an imported one, not indigenous, and to be traced only here and there in the colonies, having as yet scarcely touched the interior of the island or its aboriginal inhabitants. These are, in our own day, hardly less untamed and untamable than when vis-

ited by the great adventurer William Dampier in the latter part of the seventeenth century, now almost two hundred years ago. So little regard was paid to the reports of Dampier that nearly another century elapsed without further efforts at the exploration of Australia, till in 1770 Cook, in his first voyage around the world, visited this great island, furnishing to his country the first accurate information of its climate, soil and productions. Yet his marvelous accounts, though exciting at first a sort of nine days' wonder, failed to awaken any permanent interest, and soon Australia was again forgotten. But when England, in consequence of the loss of her valuable American colonies, to which she had been accustomed to transport her worst offenders, began to look around for a substitute, the eyes of the government were for the first time turned toward Australia. In May, 1787, the first ship-

load of convicts was sent out, and in the following January the foundation of Sydney, the future capital of the penal settlement, was laid. Little, however, was done in the way of exploring the country until the discovery of gold within its borders. Then, indeed, the world woke up, and long-forgotten, neglected Australia came to be reckoned a point of interest, at least to fortune-hunters.

Seen in the distance, the view of this great island is scarcely attractive. Its abrupt shores wear a sombre hue, and the traveler, ere he sets foot on the soil, detects a sort of savage air that seems to reign triumphant over the demi-civilization that has been the growth of only a score or two of years. Tiny native huts, looking as though the architect had studied how small, uncouth and inconvenient a human dwelling could possibly be made, contrast strangely with the tasteful white cottages surrounded by flower-gardens and wreathed with vines, or the elegant mansions of stone and slate, that form the homes of foreign residents; natives in filthy garb, or no garb at all, prowl about the dwellings or worm their devious way among the costly equipages of Europeans; orchards and vineyards are planted under the very shadow of forests where roam in all their savage freedom herds of wild cattle and their wilder masters; and out from the rocks and boulders of the most rugged spots rise clusters of the graceful umbrella palm, with a foliage, fern-like and feathery, of the loveliest emerald, and a cone expanding like a lady's fan. The odor of English cowslips mingles with the spicy aroma of tropical fruits, and the perpetual

snow of lofty peaks is reflected on fields of golden maize and on meadows that gleam and glitter in the bright sunlight as if paved with emeralds. It is contrast, not similitude, that attracts the eye, novelty more than beauty, and quaintness rather than such gorgeous sights as one meets everywhere within the tropics.



E. DESCHAMPS

ABORIGINES OF THE EASTERN COAST.

The harbors are very marvels of commodiousness, that of Port Jackson, the entrance to Sydney, being fifteen miles long. It is landlocked on both sides without a shoal or rock to mar its perfectness, and broad enough to afford safe anchorage to all the navies of the world. Here ride at anchor vessels of almost every nation, their gay pennons flaunt-

ing in the breeze, while worming their way in and out among the shipping may be seen multitudes of native boats made of bark, quaint as frail, and looking for



KING TATAMBO.

all the world like a shoal of soldiers' cocked hats. A man on land carries his tiny craft on his shoulders with less difficulty, apparently, than the boat carries him on the water. Rowing one seems about as difficult an operation as balancing one's self on a straw would be; but it has an especial point of merit—it never sink, only purls, and an Australian takes a good ducking as nonchalantly as he smokes his pipe. The natives usually paddle in companies of three, and when one of the triad is purlled the other two come to the rescue. One on each side taking a hand of their unlucky comrade, and reseating him, they move on rapidly as before, cutting the blue water with their slender paddles and enlivening the scene by occasional songs. The presence of numerous sharks in these waters is the chief drawback to the pleasures of boating, and many an ill-fated oarsman pays the forfeit of life or limb for his temerity in venturing out too far. The nose of the shark is his most vulnerable part; and the natives,

who eat this sea-monster as willingly as he eats them, often inflict a fatal wound by slinging a huge stone at his nose and battering it to a jelly as he rises out of the water. The flesh is eaten raw by the aborigines in their wild state, but the more civilized "burn it," as they say, "like white men;" that is, they cut off huge lumps of the flesh, lay them before a fire to roast, gnaw off the surface as fast as it burns, and put down the remainder to toast again until the appetite is glutted.

These islanders were all cannibals when first discovered by Europeans, intellectually inferior to other savages, ignorant of agricultural and mechanical arts, going entirely naked, and living more like brutes than human beings. Slowly and mutinously have their barbarous customs been relinquished, even by those brought into occasional contact with foreigners, while those in the interior are savage as the monsters that prowl about them in dens and holes of the earth. Even such as mingle most freely with the colonists can seldom be prevailed on to practice permanently the arts of civilized life, usually preferring their original habits and pursuits to the restraints of society. They readily admit the superiority of foreigners, but

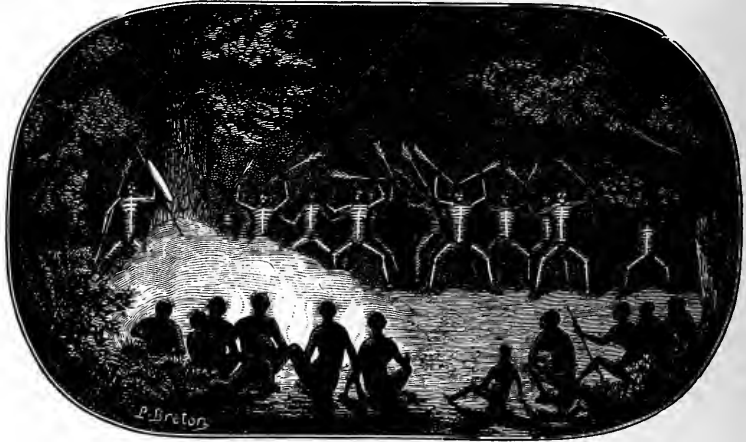


DAUGHTER OF KING TATAMBO.

cling tenaciously to their forest homes and rude lives of unfettered freedom. In character they are cruel and vindictive, improvident and thievish; and they

seem almost devoid of gallantry in the treatment of their women, wooing their wives with blows, and often inflicting death upon women and children for the slightest offences. Yet they have some ideas of a Supreme Being and a future state, they practice a sort of religious

worship, and they bury or burn their dead. They call their chiefs *be-à-na*, or "father," but unless compelled by fear to obedience they treat them with little respect or affection. Their language has a musical sound, but the vocabulary is scanty; and thus far the origin of these



NEGRO WAR-DANCE, OR CORROBORI.

people and their language remains a matter of doubt, though in many particulars they bear a decided resemblance to the negroes of Guinea. In regard to dress their habits are certainly primitive. A single ratskin often forms the entire wardrobe of a native chief, and a tomahawk with a brace of spears pointed with ironwood or flint his adornments. Opossum-skins tied together form a sort of cloak used as a protection against the cold, but if on the chase the wearer finds his upper garment oppressively warm, he tosses it away, and trusts to finding or stealing another when he needs it. Their dwellings are wretched little huts, or rather sheds, composed of bark or dried leaves, and so low-pitched that one must crawl on his knees to enter them. They are ill-ventilated and filthy in the extreme, utterly devoid of furniture and household implements, and without any means of securing either privacy or warmth—places where we should deem it impossible to dwell content. Yet the native Australian seems always merry, and he would not exchange

his filthy hovel for the palace of a prince. Unpretending as that of his subjects was the royal abode of the venerable King Tatambo, an old man, whom the count de Beauvoir describes as having a "skin black and shiny as liquorice, with snow-white hair and beard," his only garment being a fur cloak that was cast aside during the dance at which the count was present. He gives, in connection with the king's portrait, that of "the youngest and most beautiful of His Majesty's daughters," which may serve as a type of the female beauty of Australia.

The Australians are extremely fond of dancing, especially their *corrobory* or war-dance, performed always with bodies perfectly nude, while they brandish a spear in one hand and a flaming brand in the other. The night is invariably selected for the performance of the corrobory, and the effect upon unaccustomed eyes is startling in the extreme. The agile movements of the lean forms, black as night, reflected by the radiance of their gleaming torches, the yells and frantic gestures, together with the fierce

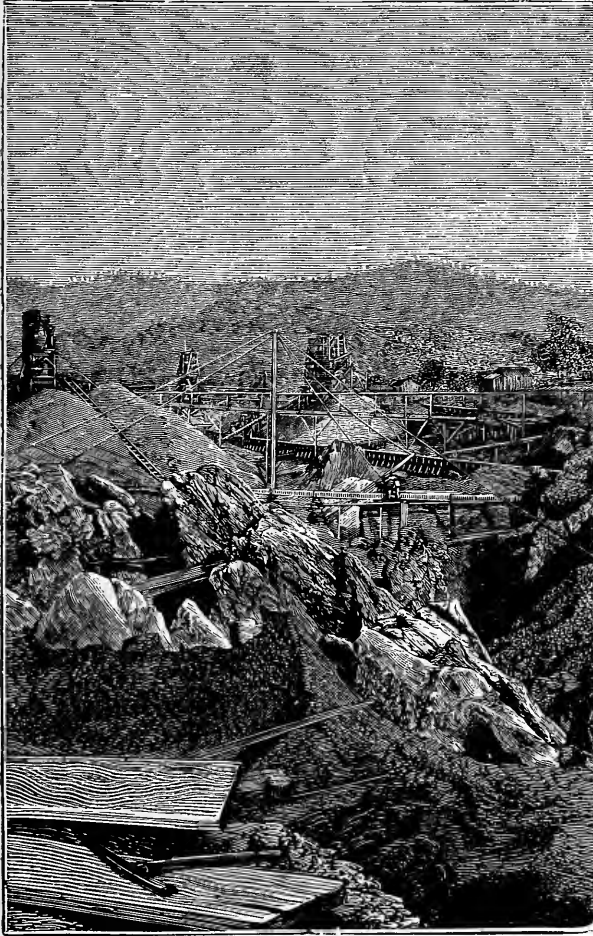


onsets of the combatants with spear and tomahawk, present a spectacle of weird interest, quite in keeping with the wild scenery of the defiles and ravines where the corroboree is usually celebrated.

The complexion of the Australians is black or very dark brown, their hair

tigue, renders them patient and successful miners, while all other causes combined have tended less to the development and improvement of the Australian than has the discovery of gold within his borders. This discovery, that has so changed the aspect of everything in Australia, was

the result of a mere accident that a thinking mind knew how to turn to advantage. An adventurer from California, whose dreams by day and by night were all of the land of gold he had so recently left, while searching in company with another for a new pasturage-ground for their sheep, came one day upon a range of low hills so like the "Golden Range" of California as to bring back all his old prepossessions in favor of mining. Stopping to examine, he found the hills composed of granite, mica and quartz, the natural home of gold, and his experience as a miner led to the conviction that though the main body of the gold might have been already washed out among the surrounding clay, yet enough remained to repay a careful search and to indicate the existence, somewhere in the immediate vicinity, of a



A GOLD-MINE.

straight, and their features of the negro type. They are of medium stature, but generally thin, though well-formed, athletic and agile. They are eager in the pursuit of gain, and this characteristic, combined with their wonderful powers of endurance both of hunger and fa-

mine of untold wealth. Several days were spent in unprofitable search: then more favorable indications led the shepherds to dispose of their flocks and set out in good earnest to dig for gold. A couple of spades, a trowel and a calabash were their only tools, but our adventurer was

a knowing man, and "knowledge is power." His practiced eye knew just where the precious metals would be most likely to exist if at all in that locality—that in

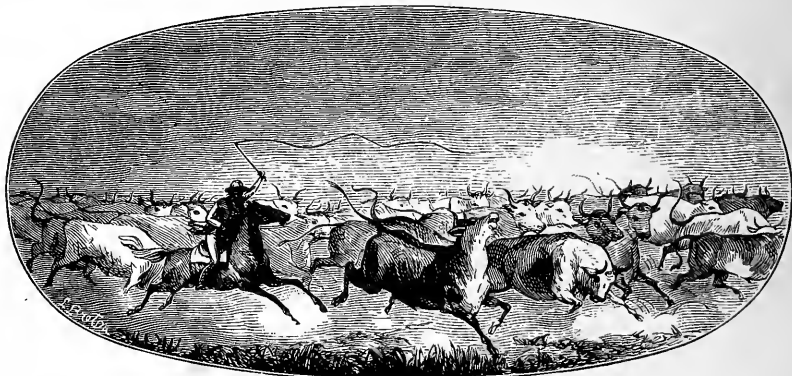
the old beds of rivers now dried up gold would more naturally be found than in younger streams, and especially that where round pebbles indicated a strong



KANGAROO HUNT.

eddy ten times as much gold might be expected as in the level parts. Gravel and shingle were cleared away without examination, then a bed of gray clay, as too porous to hold gold; but when a

stratum of pipeclay was reached the diggers knew that not an ounce of gold would be found beneath, and their search was confined to a little streak of brownish clay, about an inch in thickness, just



CATTLE-HUNTING.

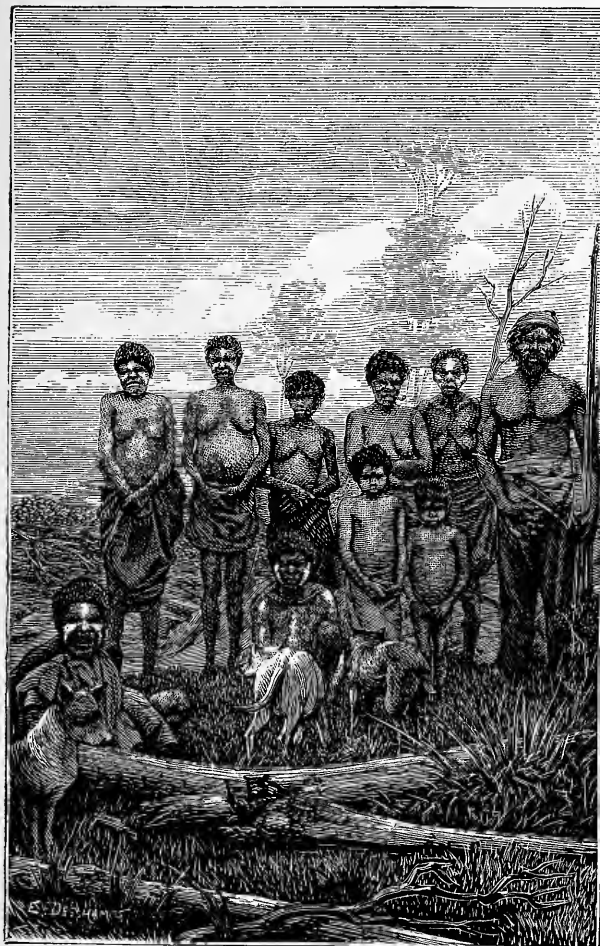
above the pipeclay. Every particle of this was carefully washed, and after hours of patient labor the toilers were rewarded by about a thimbleful of the shining

dust they were so eagerly seeking. From this small beginning on the 10th of June, 1851, have grown the wonderful mining operations of Australia; and in less than

a month after the little incident related above twenty thousand diggers—in a year increased to one hundred and fifty thousand—were busy in the inexhaustible mines of that far-off land; and so came those rugged, barren lands, hitherto scarcely broken even by savages, to

"City of Gold." Over the fertile belt of cultivated lands that surrounds Melbourne, through rugged rocks and barren sands, runs this road, on which one meets crowds of pedestrians, many of them barefoot, the sole capital of each a tent and a pickaxe. Nearing the mines,

the aspect of everything is changed: whole forests of trees demolished as if by a thunderbolt; rivers turned out of their natural bed; fertile meadows laid waste; gaping chasms and frightful depths here and there, in which are men toiling half naked, begrimed with mud, and fierce, reckless, cadaverous faces that tell of hardships and strife and sin in the eager pursuit of riches. Ballarat was at first only a mining-camp of immense size, and its environs are still occupied by tents, where transient visitors find very passable accommodations. But the city proper, now some sixteen years old, with a population already of thirty thousand, is an exact transcript of Melbourne, with beautiful dwellings, and broad streets thronged with carriages by day and lighted with gas by night. It boasts already its clubs and



COMPANIONS OF THE HUNT.

be peopled by men from every civilized land.

Ballarat, the centre of one of the chief mining districts, is connected now by railway with Melbourne, so that in the interval of only four hours one passes from the commercial metropolis to the

theatres, its banks and libraries and reading-rooms, where the successful miner may invest his earnings, cultivate his intellect and seek recreation for his leisure hours.

There are over two thousand mining districts in Australia, of which one of the

richest is "Black Hill Mine," but why called "Black Hill" it would be difficult to say, as its beautiful glistening sands are far nearer white than black. Next to gold, the most valuable ore is mercury, immense quantities of which are shipped annually to England from these

mines. Iron-ore is found in nearly every part of the island, much of it so rich as to produce nearly three-fourths of its weight of metal. Topazes of rare beauty are frequently obtained, and coal is both good and abundant. In addition to these the island possesses an almost



FERN TREES NEAR HOBART TOWN.

inexhaustible store of granite, slate and freestone, well adapted to building purposes. Sometimes gold is found diffused with wonderful regularity within a few inches of the surface, and so abundant that a single cradleful will yield an ounce of pure gold-dust, the miners readily realizing two or three thousand dollars

per diem. As the grass is torn up, flecks of bright gold are found clinging to the roots, and the clay as it is turned over glitters with the precious dust. Again, the digger has to search for his treasure deep in the bowels of the earth, or among flinty rocks, or far down beneath a river's bed, and, it may be, spend weeks

or months without realizing a bawbee. Nothing else is so uncertain as to results as the search for gold, and few vocations are at once so fascinating and so cruelly exacting in regard to health, ease, and even life.

Among the mines, and amid barren, rugged scenery in Australia, one is often surprised by glimpses of rare beauty—flowers of wondrous brilliancy, odorless though they be; a gigantic tree twined about by a delicate creeper of exquisite loveliness; or one of those magnificent Australian lakes that show nothing at first but the greenest grass, tall and luxuriant as under the equator; then, as he attempts to ride through the grass, he suddenly finds his horse's feet growing moist and the spongy vegetation getting fuller and fuller of water, till he discovers that he has entered a lake so wide and deep that his only safety lies in a quick retreat. This phenomenon is repeated on a small scale all through the jungle-lands, little tufts of grass here and there, known readily by their brighter green, furnishing water enough to meet the wants of a thirsty animal. A calabash full of pure, sweet water may be expressed from one of these tiny clumps of grassy sponge, as many a weary traveler has attested while roaming over sterile regions destitute alike of wells and springs.

But of surprises there is no end in Australia. Flowers fascinating to the eye have no smell, but uncouth-looking shrubs and bushes often fill the air with their delicate aroma; crows look like magpies, and dogs like jackals; four-footed animals hop about on two feet; rivers seem to turn their backs on the sea and run inland; swans are black, and eagles white; some of the parrots have webbed feet; and birds laugh and chatter like human beings, while never a song, or even a chirrup, can be heard from their nests and perches. So an English lark or nightingale is at a premium; and many a rough miner, with his shaggy beard and uncouth ways, his oaths and lawlessness and crimes, has been known to walk on Sunday evenings to a little English cottage twelve

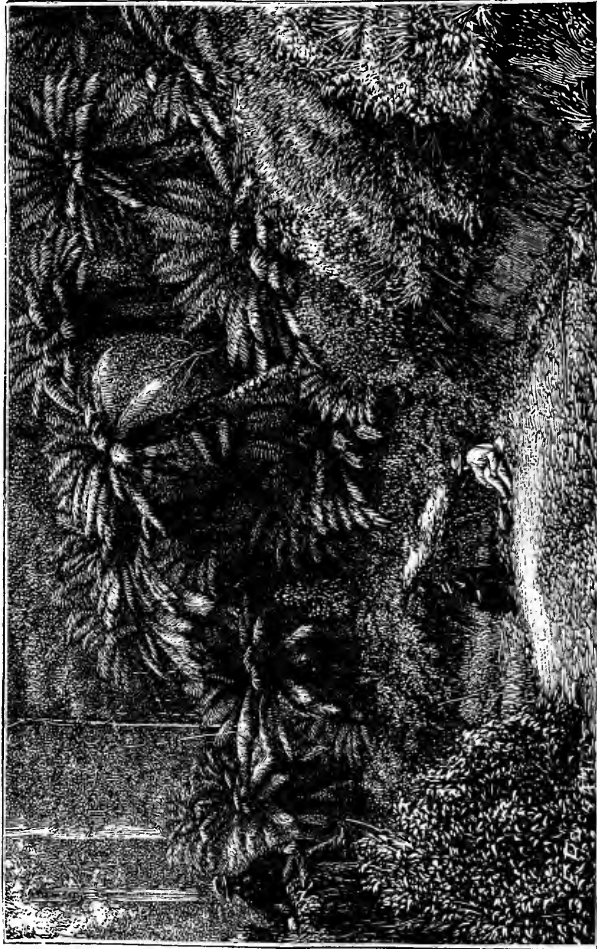
miles out of the settlement just to hear the sweet song of a pet lark.

The variety of vegetable productions is so great that above five thousand species, more than half of which are peculiar to the country, have been described and classed. Among the most remarkable is the species of *Eucalyptus*, or gum tree, that forms some of the largest timber yet discovered, having been seen of the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and thirty to forty in girth near the root. The leafless acacias are also found here, as well as the *Nepenthes distillatoria* and the *Cephalotus follicularis*, two remarkable varieties of the monkey-cup or pitcher-plant; while many very beautiful ferns and flowering vines adorn the coasts and lave their graceful fringes in the blue ocean waves. The timber of the country is of gigantic size, and with other varieties may be found cedar, rosewood, tulip and mahogany.

But the most wonderful products of Australia belong to the animal kingdom, among them the kangaroo, the wombat, and that strange anomaly of the animal creation, the *Ornithorynchus*, or "duck-billed quadruped." Emus, eagles, parrots, white swans and overgrown pelicans of many varieties, enrich the ornithological kingdom, while among insects and reptiles are found some less desirable specimens, such as tarantulas. The natives of the island hold the old tradition of the ancients, that one bitten by a tarantula will dance himself to death. The plumage of Australian birds is varied and brilliant, and the natives make pretty fans by arranging the feathers in assorted colors; while a sort of head-dress worn by both men and women on the occasion of their marriage, and composed entirely of feathers made into many-tinted flowers, is a very gorgeous affair. Among the varieties of birds peculiar to the island are the "lyre-bird" and that known as the "satin-bower," so called from its glossy plumage, which is green while the bird is young and jet black at maturity. Before building their nests these birds gather a large quantity of twigs, weaving them into a sort of bower, which they tastefully decorate with bones,

feathers, leaves and such other adornments as they are able to collect. Here in this arena the courting is done, the male bird chasing his mate up and down, bowing his pretty head and playing the agreeable generally, while she indulges in all manner of airs and graces, pretends

to be very coy, and acts the coquette to perfection. But her lover's devotion conquers at last, and in due time the fair flirt surrenders, yields up her liberty and settles down as a dutiful wife and loving mother, bringing up a family of sons and daughters, and no doubt duly in-



FOREST OF FERNS.

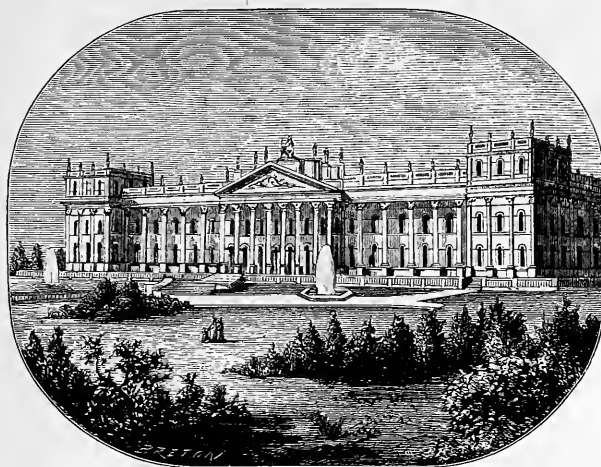
structing them in the part they in their turn are to take in life's drama. The black swans are not prettier than white ones, but they are rarer, and when both are floating together over the smooth surface of those lovely Australian lakes they present a picture of which one never wearies, see it as often as one may.

The count de Beauvoir, in describing a hunt of several days, speaks with enthusiasm of the flocks of wild-turkeys and blue cranes, but bewails his ill-success in running down the huge emus that stalked before the hunters faster than their horses could gallop. He describes also a kangaroo-hunt, and a single



combat with an old kangaroo, grizzled and gray, that in a hand-to-hand fight for a long time parried all the hunter's efforts to take him, either living or dead. He was brought down at last by a revolver, and his skin was carried off as a trophy of victory. The cattle-hunt was even more exciting, in the wild flight of four

that lift their graceful fringes high over men's heads or serve as shade trees to their dwellings; gigantic emus flying like the fabled Mazeppa over plains the extent of which the eye cannot measure; and those fathomless mines of inexhaustible wealth that seem to promise gold enough for all the world for the centuries yet unborn.



LIBRARY OF MELBOURNE.

or five thousand terrified beeves, rushing pell-mell through the tall grass or over sandy plains, stopping occasionally to hide their terrified faces from the dangers that beset them, but one occasionally succumbing to the trusty weapons of the count and his comrades. The hunters were certainly not encumbered with superfluous garments, several of the boys being clothed only in a pair of boots, and none with more than a single garment. The immense droves of cattle and sheep herded together in Australia cannot fail to awaken the surprise of the visitor on his first arrival in the country, an Australian herdsman reckoning his flocks by hundreds, and even a thousand or two heads of cattle owned by one man being no unusual occurrence. Indeed, everything seems on a mammoth scale in Australia—forests of timber trees that outlive generation after generation of men, and yet have no thought of dying; ferns like those near Hobart Town,

physical strength, more practical knowledge of the world and more tact in overcoming difficulties; so that one meets wealthy miners who cannot write their own names, and learned bootblacks and cooks who have taken their degrees in mathematics and the languages. One millionaire who had a fancy to be thought literary sent regular contributions to the English magazines, every line of which was written by his footman, to whom he paid an enormous salary, not so much for writing as for keeping his secret, and it was years before it leaked out. In the struggle for position the man of gold gains the day, and not unfrequently brute force or unscrupulous trickery is called in to keep that which wealth has purchased.

Melbourne is the commercial metropolis of Australia, as Sydney is the capital of the penal colony, and though both are large, well-built and thriving cities, they are strikingly in contrast with each

other. One is the scion of a lordly house, "to the manner born"—the other, the *parvenu* of yesterday, whose gold makes his position. Melbourne is to all intents a European city, with its boulevards and regular streets, whole blocks of costly stores and princely dwellings,

and environed by elegant villas and country-seats adorned with gardens, vineyards and choice shrubbery. It has its English and Chinese quarters, the latter as essentially Chinese as if built in the Celestials' own land, and brought over, mandarin buttons, tiny teapots, opium-



ENVIRONS OF MELBOURNE.

pipes and all, in one of their own junks. The English quarter contains, besides the government buildings, several schools, hospitals, churches and benevolent institutions, the public library, a polytechnic hall, a national museum, theatres and opera-houses, all built in a style alike elegant and substantial. The library

only ten years after it was opened numbered 41,000 volumes, and has since been largely increased. Science rather than literature, and practical utility more than entertainment, have been kept in the ascendency in the management of this institution. The hall is open for daily lectures, and some valuable telescopes

and other apparatus belong to the institution. The cabinet of natural history contains many rare specimens that serve to elucidate the ancient and modern history of the country, especially in regard to some of the animals and vegetables indigenous to the island. The museum is built on a commanding eminence, and from its spacious windows one sees clearly to the opposite side of Hobson's Bay.

The city is not built on the sea-coast, but two or three miles from the shore, its port being Sandridge, with which it is connected by railway. Vessels of all nations crowd the harbor, and the streets are as full of busy life and gay frivolity as those of Havre or Marseilles. The

drives in the environs of the city are replete with picturesque beauty—meadows dotted with many-tinted flowers and magnificent forest trees, about which are festooned flowering vines and creepers. Their thick branches are the resort of cockatoos, parrots and paroquets in brilliant plumage, and perhaps most beautiful of all, because most rare, sparrows, not clothed, like ours, in sombre gray, but rejoicing in vestments of green and gold. But brilliancy of plumage is the solitary charm of these feathered beauties, for their voices are harsh and their song a very burlesque on the name of music.

## AUSTRALIAN SCENES AND ADVENTURES.

### CONCLUDING PART.



FOREST OF COCKATOOS.

PEOPLE who go to Australia expecting every other man they meet to be a convict, and every convict a ruffian in felon's garb, will assuredly find themselves mistaken. And if contemplating a residence in Sydney or Melbourne they need not anticipate the necessity of liv-

ing in a tent or a shanty, nor yet of accepting the society of convicts or negroes as the only alternative to a life of solitude. Neither will it be necessary to go armed with revolvers by day, nor to place plate and jewels under guard at night. Sydney, the capital of the penal colony, is a quiet,

orderly city, abounding in villas and gardens, churches and schools, and about its well-lighted streets ride and walk well-dressed and well-bred people, whose visages betray neither the ruffian nor the

cannibal. Some of them may be convicts or "ticket-of-leave-men," but this a stranger would need to be told, as they dress like others, their equipages are quite as stylish, and many of them not



SYDNEY.

only amass more property, but are really more honest, than some of those never sentenced, because they know that the continuance of their freedom depends on their reputation.

The city, built on the south side of a

beautiful lake, is perfectly unique in design, being composed of five broad promontories, looking like the five fingers of a hand slightly expanded. All the important streets run from east to west, and each terminates in a distinct harbor,

while clearly visible from the upper portion of the street is a grand moving panorama of vessels of every description, with masts, sails and colors that seem peering out from every interstice between the houses. Each day witnesses the arrival and departure of eight or ten steamers, ferry-boats leave every half hour all the principal landings for the various sections of the city, and the wharves are lined with the shipping of every nation, many of the vessels ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand tons burden. On a huge rock in Watson's Bay stands the lighthouse at the entrance of Port Jackson. The sea lashes the black rock with ceaseless fury, the light from the summit rendering even the base visible at a great distance. The light is 350 feet above the level of the sea, yet it was almost under its very rays that the good ship Dunbar came to grief. Missing the passage, she was engulfed in the raging sea, and her three hundred and ninety passengers perished in full view of the homes they were seeking.

Orange and almond trees, with other tropical plants, loaded with blossoms and fruit, beautify the lowlands, while in more elevated localities are found the fruits and foliage of the temperate zone, very many of them exotics brought by the settlers from their English homes. Down to the very water's edge extends the verdure of tree and shrub, overshadowing to the right Fort Jackson, and to the left Middle Harbor. The Government House commands the bay with the imposing mien of a fortress, and the magnificent reception-rooms are worthy of a sovereign's court. The garden surrounding it occupies a beautiful promontory, its borders washed by the sea, the walks shaded by trees imported from Europe, and the whole parterre redolent with tropical beauty and fragrance. On the promenades are frequently assembled at evening two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen in full dress, while military bands discourse sweet music for the entertainment of the brilliant throng.

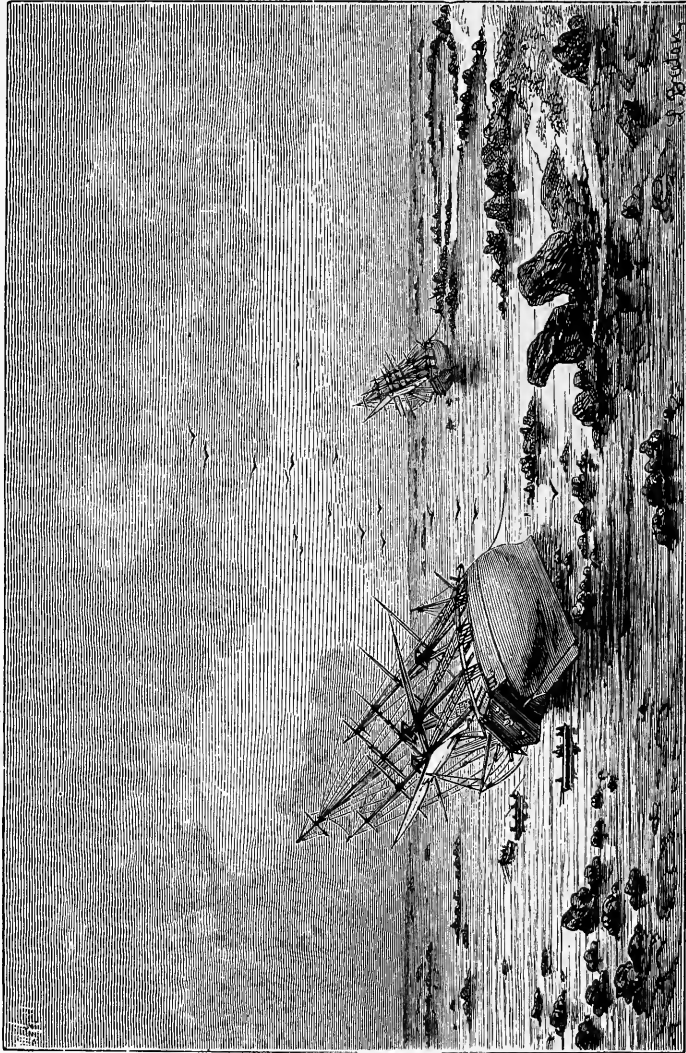
Ballarat may be called the city of gold; Melbourne, of clubs, democracy and thriving commerce; Hobart Town

takes the premium for hospitality and picturesque beauty; but Sydney bears the impress of genuine English aristocracy, in combination with a sort of Creole piquancy singularly in contrast with English exclusiveness, yet giving a wonderful charm to the society of this city of high life, so full of gayety, brilliancy and luxury. Who would recognize in the Sydney of to-day, with its four hundred thousand inhabitants, its churches, theatres and libraries, the outgrowth of the penal colony of Botany Bay, planted only eighty-seven years ago on savage shores? It was in May, 1787, that the first colony left England for Botany Bay, a squadron of eleven vessels, carrying eleven hundred and eighteen colonists to make a lodgment on an unknown shore inhabited by savages. Of these eleven hundred and eighteen, there were six hundred male and two hundred and fifty female convicts, the remaining portion being composed of officers and soldiers to take charge of the new penal settlement, under the command of Governor Philip. From so unpromising a beginning has grown the present rich and flourishing settlement, and in lieu of the few temporary shanties erected by the first colonists there stands a magnificent city of more than ordinarily fine architecture, with banks and hospitals, schools and churches—among the latter a superb cathedral—all displaying the proverbial prodigality of labor and expense for which the English are noted in the erection and adornment of their public edifices. Among the educational establishments are the English University, with a public hall like that of Westminster; St. John's College (Catholic); and national primary and high schools, where are educated about thirty-four thousand pupils at an annual expense to the government of more than three hundred thousand dollars. From the parent colony have sprung others, while the poverty and corruption that were the distinguishing features of the original element have been gradually lost in the more recent importations of honest and respectable citizens.

Apart from the wealth and gayety of

Sydney, there is much in its various grades of society to interest the average tourist. The "ticket-of-leave men"—that is, convicts who, having served out a portion of their term and been favor-

ably reported for good conduct, are permitted to go at large and begin life anew—form a distinct class, and exert a widespread influence by their wealth, benevolence and commercial enterprise.



ASTROLABE AND ZÉLÉE ON CORAL REEFS.

Very many of the better class are talented and well educated, with the manners and appearance of gentlemen; and in some cases there has been perhaps but the *single* crime for which they suffered expatriation and disgrace. Such as these,

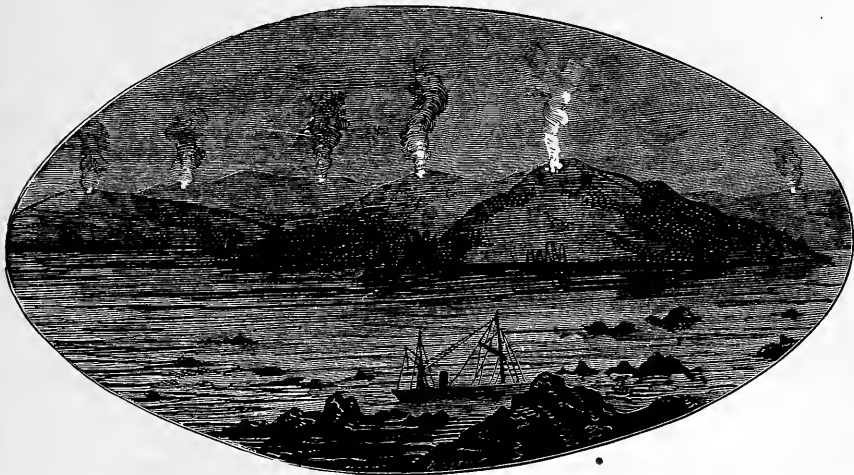
as a rule, conduct themselves with propriety from the moment of being sentenced; never murmur at their work or discipline, be it ever so hard; and probably after a single year of hardship are favorably reported, and permitted to seek



or make homes for themselves. Many of them own bank shares and real estate, and some become immensely rich, either by ability or chance good-fortune. The property is their own, but the owners are always watched by those in power, and are liable at any moment to be ordered back to their old positions. These "re-manded men" are treated with the greatest severity, and few have sufficient pow-

er of endurance to live out even a short term with its increase of rigor and hardship. Yet to the energy and enterprise of the liberated felons is probably due, more than to any other cause, that increase of prosperity which has long since rendered these colonies not only self-supporting, but a source of revenue to the Crown.

Another and the most dangerous class



CANNIBAL FIRES.

of convicts are those known as "bush-rangers." They are desperate fellows, composed of the very lowest scum of England, have ordinarily been sentenced for life, and, having no hope of pardon or desire for amendment, they escape as soon as possible, often by the murder of one or more of their guards, and take refuge in the wilds of the interior. Some of these bushrangers are associated together in large hordes, but others roam solitary for months before they will venture to trust their lives in the hands of other desperadoes like themselves. There are hundreds of these lawless men prowling like wild beasts for their prey in the vicinity of every thoroughfare between the cities and the mines, robbing and murdering defenceless passengers, plundering the mails, and constantly exacting the best of their flocks and herds from the stockmen and shepherds, who

in their isolated positions dare not refuse their demands. So desperate is the character of these outlaws that they are seldom taken, though thousands of pounds are occasionally offered for the head of some noted ringleader. They may be killed in skirmishes, but will not suffer themselves to be taken alive. A man calling himself "Black Darnley" ranged the woods for years, committing all sorts of crimes, but at length met a violent death at the hands of another convict, whose daughter he had outraged.

A curious memento of the first theatre opened in Sydney and the first performance within its walls has come down to us from the year 1796, about eight years after the establishment of the penal colony. It was opened by permission of the governor: all the actors were convicts who won the privilege by good behavior, and the price of admission was

one shilling, payable in silver, flour, meat or wine. The prologue, written by a *ci-devant* pickpocket of London, illustrates the character of the times in those early days of the colony :

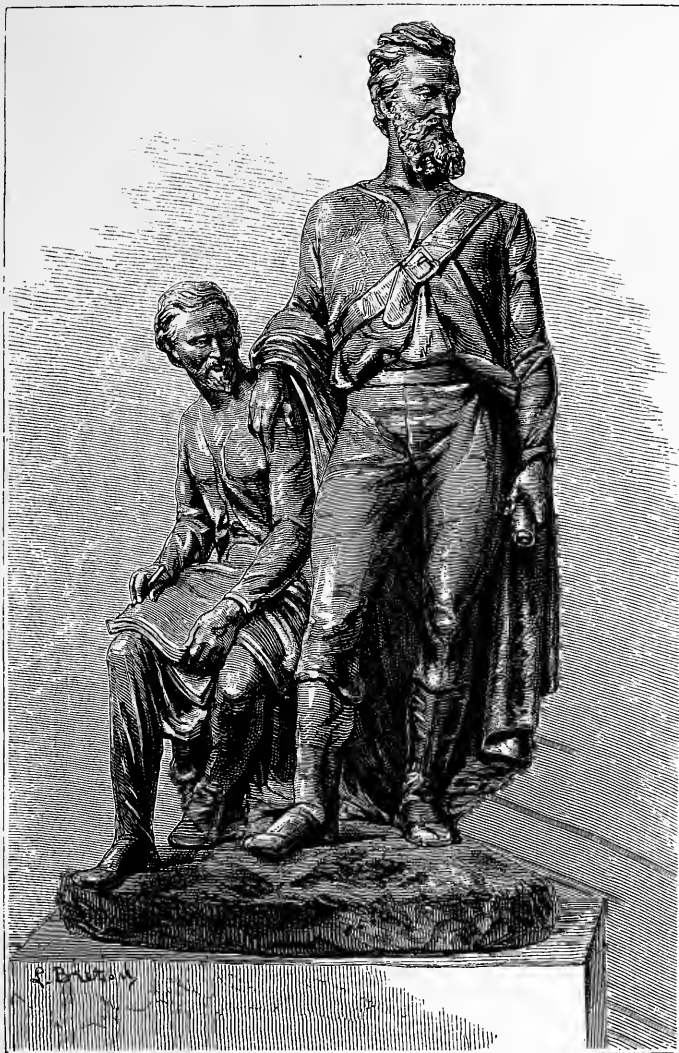
From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,  
Though not with much *délat* or beat of drum,  
True patriots all; for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good :  
No private views disgraced our generous zeal;  
What urged our travels was our country's weal;  
And none will doubt but that our emigration  
Has proved most useful to the British nation.  
But, you inquire, what could our breasts inflame  
With this new passion for theatric fame?  
What in the practice of our former days  
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?  
Your patience, sirs; some observations made,  
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.  
He who to midnight ladders is no stranger  
You'll own will make an admirable Ranger,  
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home :  
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start.  
The scene to vary, we shall try in time  
To treat you with a little pantomime.  
Here light and easy Columbines are found,  
And well-tried Harlequins with us abound.  
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,  
We often had recourse to the flying leap,  
To a black face have sometimes owed escape,  
And Hounslow Heath has proved the worth of crape.  
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar  
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?  
Too oft, alas! we've forced the unwilling tear,  
And petrified the heart with real fear.  
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,  
For some of us, I fear, have murdered sleep.  
His lady, too, with grace will sleep and talk :  
Our females have been used at night to walk.  
Grant us your favor, put us to the test :  
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best,  
And without dread of future Turnkey Lockets,  
Thus, in an honest way, still *pick your pockets!*

It was by the coral-bound Straits of Torres, reckoned by navigators the most difficult in the world, that the English government determined a few years ago to send an envoy to open communication between the Australian colony and the Dutch possessions of Java and Sumatra. The Hero was the vessel selected for this perilous mission—a voyage of twelve hundred miles through seas studded thickly with reefs and islands of coral, many of which lay just beneath the surface of the waves—hidden pitfalls of death whose yawning jaws threatened instant destruction to the unwary voyager. The splendid steamer Cowarra had been wrecked on these reefs only a few months before, but a single one of her two hundred and seventy-five passengers escaping a watery grave. Her tall masts, still stand-

ing bolt upright amid the coral-reefs, presented a gaunt spectacle, plainly visible from the Hero's decks as she threaded her way among the shoaly waters, while a similar though less tragical warning was the disaster that had overtaken two other vessels, the Astrolabe and the Zélée, which by a sudden ebb of the tide were thrown high and dry upon the sands, and remained in this frightful condition for eight days before the returning waters drifted them off. But the Hero was a staunch craft—an iron blockade-runner, built at Glasgow during our late war. She was of twelve hundred tons burden, manned by forty-two men, and had already weathered storms and dangers enough to earn a right to the name she bore. Right nobly she fulfilled her dangerous mission, threading her way with difficulty among whole fields of coral, that sometimes almost enclosed her low hull as between two walls; again seeming upon the very verge of the breakers or ready to be engulfed in their whirling eddies, but emerging at last into the open channel, a monument of the skill and watchfulness of her officers. Many of these for days together never left the deck, and the lead was cast three or four times an hour during the whole passage of these dangerous seas. Such is the history of navigation in coral seas, but if full of danger, they are equally replete with picturesque beauty. In the coral isle, with its blue lagoon, its circling reef and smiling vegetation, there is a wondrous fascination; while in the long reefs, with the ocean driving furiously upon them, only to be driven pitilessly back, all wreathed in white foam and diamond spray, there is enough of the sublime to transfix the most careless observer. The barrier reef that skirts the north-east coast of the Australian continent is the grandest coral formation in the world, stretching for a distance of a thousand miles, with a varying breadth of from two hundred yards to a mile. The maximum distance from the shore is seventy miles, but it rarely exceeds twenty-five or thirty. Between this and the mainland lies a sheltered channel, safe, for the most part, when reached; but there are few open

passages from the ocean, and the shoals of imperfectly-formed coral that lie concealed just below the surface render the most watchful care necessary to a safe passage. The fires of the cannibals,

visible on every peak all along the coast, shed their ruddy light over the blue waters, illumining here and there some lofty crest, and adding a weird beauty to the enchanting scene.



MONUMENT TO BURKE AND WILLS.

"America has no monuments," say our Transatlantic cousins, "because it is but two hundred years old." Well, Australia, with little more than three-quarters of a hundred, has already its monument

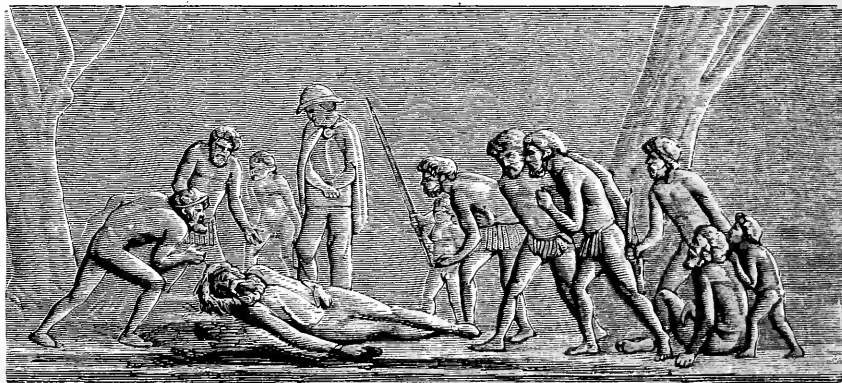
—a beautiful bronze monument erected to the memory of the explorers Burke and Wills on a lofty pedestal of elegant workmanship, and occupying a commanding eminence in the city of Mel-



BAS-RELIEF: RETURN TO COOPER'S CREEK.

bourne. The figures, two in number, are of more than life size, one rising above the other—the chief, with noble form and dignified air, fraternally supporting his younger confrère. The pedestal shows three bas-reliefs of exquisite design—one the return to Cooper's Creek, where the torn garments and emaciated limbs tell with sad emphasis the woeful tale of hardship and toil through which the heroic explorers had been passing; another exhibiting the subsequent death of Burke; and the third the finding of the remains. Burke and Wills, to whom belongs the honor of being the first explorers that crossed the entire continent of Australia, extending their researches from the Australian to the Pacific Ocean, set out on the 20th of August, 1860, with a party of fifteen

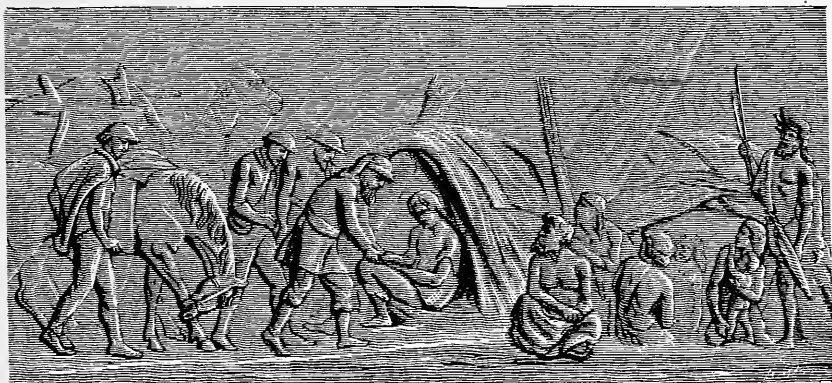
hardy pioneers upon their perilous mission. Burke was in the prime of life, a man of iron frame, dauntless courage and an enthusiasm that knew neither difficulty nor danger. Wills, who belonged to a family that had already given one of its members to Sir John Franklin's fatal expedition, to find a martyr's grave among the eternal icebergs of the north, was somewhat younger, and perhaps less enthusiastic, but was endowed with a rare discretion and far-seeing sagacity that peculiarly fitted him to be the friend and counselor of the enthusiastic Burke in such an undertaking. All Melbourne was in excitement: the government gave fifty thousand dollars, various individuals ten thousand, to aid the enterprise; and every heart was aglow with aspirations for their success as the little band of he-



BAS-RELIEF: DEATH OF BURKE.

roes waved their adieus and turned their faces outward to seek paths hitherto untrodden by the white man's foot. Besides horses, twenty-seven camels had been imported from India for the express use of the explorers and for the transportation of tents, baggage, equipments, and fifteen months' supply of provisions, with vessels for carrying such supplies of water as the character of the country over which they were passing should require them to take with them. Their plan of march divided itself into three stages, of which Cooper's Creek was the middle one, and about the centre of the Australian continent. At first their progress was slow, encumbered as they were by excess of baggage and

equipments: then discontents arose in the little band, and Burke, too ardent and impulsive for a leader, was first grieved, and then angered, at what he deemed a want of spirit among some of his men. On the 19th of October, at Menindie, he left a portion of the troop under the command of Lieutenant Wright, with orders after a short rest to rejoin him at Cooper's Creek. It was the end of January before Wright set out for the point indicated. Meanwhile, as month followed month, bringing to Melbourne no news of Burke's party, the worst fears were awakened concerning its fate, and an expedition was fitted out to search for the lost heroes. To young Howitt was given the command, and it was his



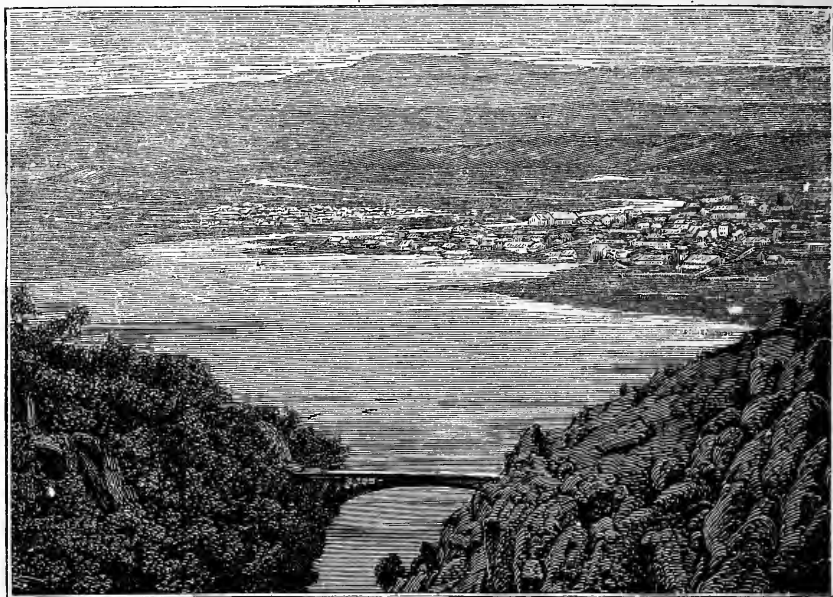
BAS-RELIEF: FINDING OF BURKE.

fortune to unveil the sad mystery that had enveloped their fate. On the 29th of June, 1861, crossing the river Loddon, Howitt encountered a portion of Burke's company under the lead of Brahe, the fourth lieutenant. Four of his men had died of scurvy, and the rest of his little band seemed utterly dispirited. Howitt learned that in two months Burke had crossed the entire route, sometimes desert, sometimes prairie, between Menindie and Cooper's Creek, and had reached the borders of the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the extreme north of the continent; also, that he was there in January, enduring the fiercest heat of summer, and men and beasts alike languishing for water, and nearly out of provisions. It was all

in vain that he deplored the tardiness of Wright, and hoped, as he neared Cooper's Creek, for the coming of those who alone had the means of life for his little squad of famished men. Equally in vain that Wills with three camels reconnoitred the ground for scores of miles, hoping to find water. Not an oasis, not a rivulet, was to be found, and without a single drop of water to quench their parched lips they set out on another long and dreary march. Desiring to secure the utmost speed, Burke had left Brahe on the 16th of December with the sick and most of his provisions at Cooper's Creek, to remain three months at least, and longer if they were able, while he, with Wills, Grey and King, and six camels, pushed brave-

ly on, determined not to halt till the Pacific was reached. Battling with the terrible heat, sometimes for days together without water, and again obtaining a supply when they had almost perished for want of it, having occasional fierce con-

licts with the natives, and more deadly encounters with poisonous serpents, but with an energy and courage that knew no such word as failure, the indomitable quartette went bravely on. The wished-for goal was reached, and the heroes, ju-



VALLEY OF LAUNCESTON, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

bilant, though worn and weary, then returned once more to Cooper's Creek, to find the post deserted by Brahe, and Wright not arrived, while neither water nor provisions remained to supply their need. All this Howitt learned after his arrival at the rendezvous, where he observed cut in the bark of a tree the word "Dig," and on throwing up the earth found an iron casket deposited by Brahe, giving the date of his departure and reasons for withdrawal before the appointed time. Of far deeper interest were papers written by Burke, announcing that he had reached the Pacific coast, and retraced his steps as far as Cooper's Creek—that for two months the little party had advanced rapidly, making constantly new discoveries of fertile lands, widespread prairies, gushing streams and well-watered valleys. Occasionally they had found

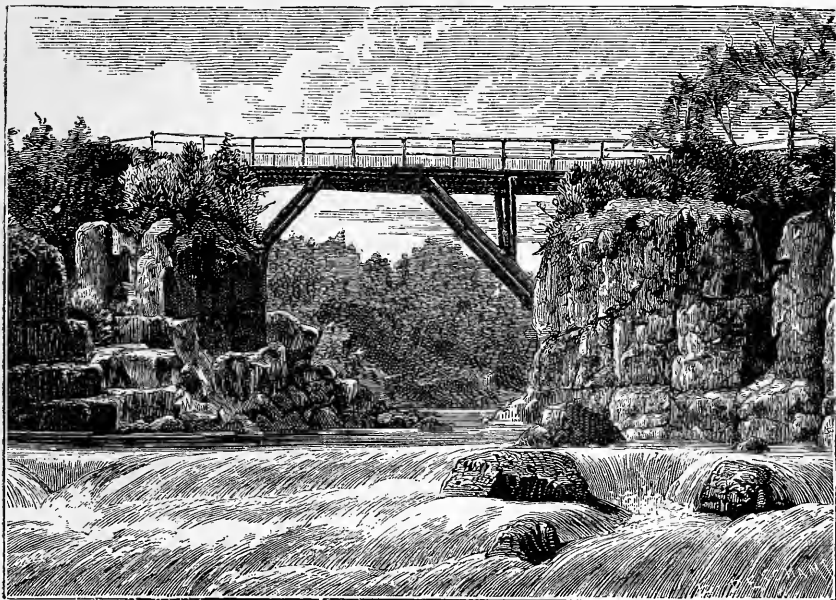
lagoons of salt water, hills of red sand, trees of beautiful foliage, and mounds indicating the presence at some unknown period of the aboriginal inhabitants. They had discovered a range of high mountains in the north, and called them the Standish Mountains, while at their foot lay outspread a scene so lovely, of verdant groves and fertile meadows, of well-watered plains and heavy forest trees, that they christened it the Land of Promise. Then they reached again more sterile lands, parched and dry, without a rivulet or an oasis. They suffered for water and food grew scarce, but, sure of relief at Cooper's Creek, they pushed bravely on, and reached the rendezvous to learn that the men who could have saved them had passed on but seven hours before!

After having accomplished so much, so bravely battled with heat and hunger,



serpents and cannibals, to perish at last of starvation, seemed a fate too terrible; and we cannot wonder that the little band fought their destiny to the last. Little scraps of the journal of Burke and his friends tell the sad tale of the last few weeks of agony. On March 6th, Burke seemed near dying from having eaten a bit of a large serpent that he had cook-

ed. On the 30th they killed one of their camels, and on April 10th they killed "Billy," Burke's favorite riding-horse. On the 11th they were forced to halt on account of the condition of Grey, who was no longer able to proceed. On the 21st they reached an oasis—a little squad of human skeletons, scarcely more than alive. Far and wide their longing eyes gazed



COURSE OF THE TAMAR, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

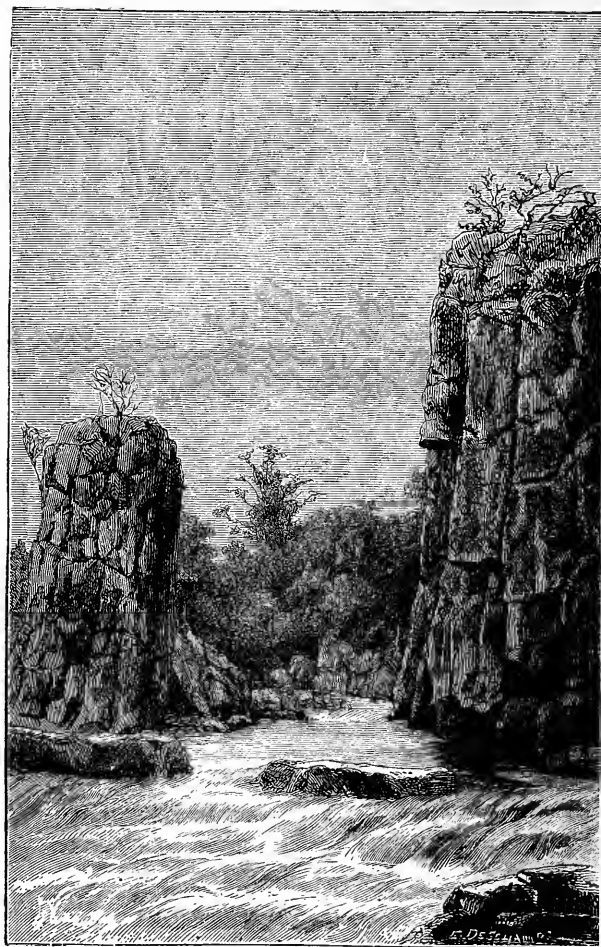
in search of succor: they called aloud with all their little remaining strength, but the oasis was deserted, and the echo of their own sad voices was all the reply that reached the despairing men. Then, at their rendezvous, finding the word "Dig" on the tree where Howitt found it at a later day, they opened the soil, and so learned the departure of Brahe on that very morning. How terribly tantalizing, after their exhausting march and still more exhausting return, after having killed and eaten all their camels but two, and all their horses, after making discoveries that unlocked to the world the vast interior of this hitherto unknown continent, to find that they were just too late to be saved! Despair and death

seemed staring them in the face: their long overtaxed powers of endurance failed them utterly, and the gaunt spectre of famine that had been journeying with the brave men for weeks threatened now to enfold them in its terrible embrace. Should they yield without another struggle? Burke suddenly remembered Mount Despair, a cattle-station about one hundred and fifty leagues away, and with his indomitable resolution persuaded his companions to start for it, depositing first in the little iron casket the journal of his discoveries and the date of his departure. As if to add the last finishing stroke of agony to the sad story, Burke and his companions had hardly turned their faces westward ere Brahe and Wright, who

had met at the passage of the Loddon, and were now overwhelmed with remorse at their careless neglect of their leader's orders, determined to revisit Cooper's Creek, and see if any tidings were to be gained of the missing party.

their dreary march to Mount Despair both their camels fell from exhaustion, but still the poor weary travelers pressed onward, continuing their search till the 24th of May. Discovering no eminence above the horizon, they then gave up in despair and began to retrace their steps, leaving on a tree the date of departure. In one more day's march they would have reached the summit and been saved!

On the 20th of June it was evident that young Wills could not long survive, and on the 29th are dated his last words, a letter to his father full of tenderness and resignation: "My death here within a few hours is certain, but my soul is calm." Still, almost in the last agony he made another effort to escape his fatal destiny, and set forth to reconnoitre the ground once more if perchance succor might be found. Alone, with none to close his eyes, he fell asleep, and Howitt after long search found the skeleton body stretched upon the sands, the natives having compassionately covered it with boughs and leaves. Burke's last words



GORGE OF THE TAMAR, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Thoughtless as imprudent, they did not examine the casket, but supposing it had remained undisturbed where they left it, they turned their faces southward to the Darling, utterly unsuspecting of the recent visit of Burke and his unfortunate comrades.

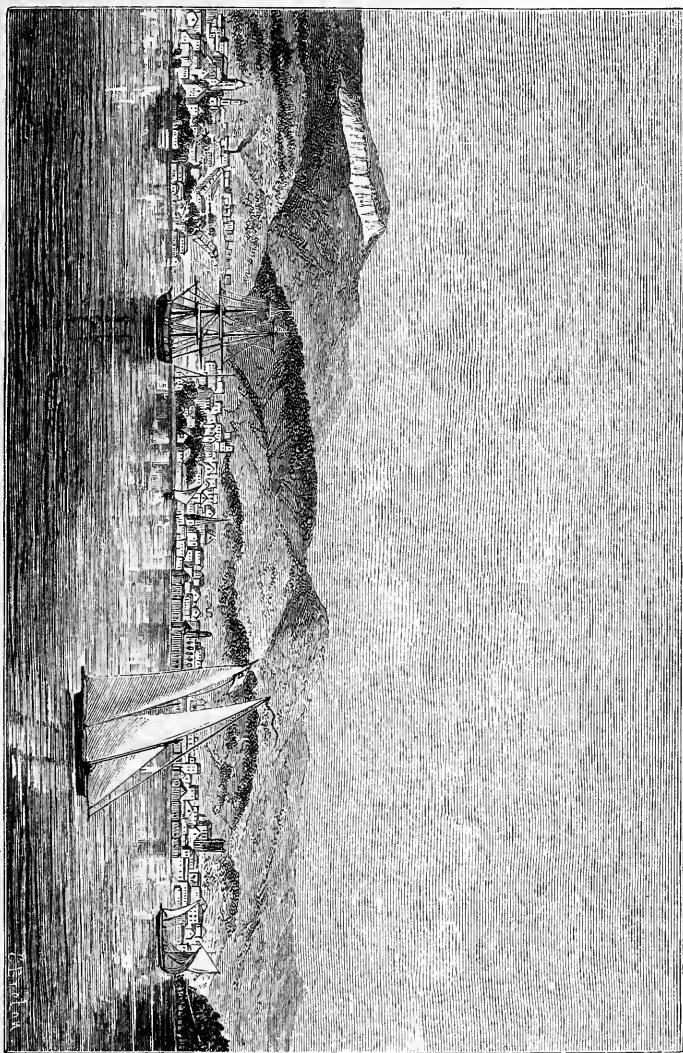
Within two days after the trio began

are dated on the 28th, one day earlier than those of Wills: "We have gained the shores of the ocean, but we have been aband—" The last word is unfinished, as if his pen had refused to make the cruel record. Burke's wasted remains too were found, covered with leaves and boughs. By his side lay his

revolver, and the record of his great exploits was in the little casket at the foot of the tree. King survived, and was found by Howitt, naked, famished and unable to speak or walk; but after long

recruiting he was able to relate the details of suffering of those last few months, unknown to all the world save himself. Howitt reverently wrapped the precious remains in the union jack, and, leaving

HOBART TOWN.



them in their lonely grave, retraced his steps to Melbourne with the precious casket of papers, the last legacy of the dead heroes. On the 6th of the following December, Howitt again visited the desolate spot, charged with the melan-

choly mission of bringing back the remains for interment in Melbourne. The chaste and elegant monument that marks the spot where the heroes sleep is a far less enduring memorial than exists in the wonderful development and unpre-

cedented prosperity which mark the colony as the fruit of the labors, sufferings and death of these martyred heroes.

A pretty romance is associated with the discovery and naming of Van Diemen's Land. A young man, Tasman by name, who had been scornfully rejected by a Dutch nabob as the suitor of his daughter, resolved to prove himself worthy of the lady of his heart. So, while his innamorata was cruelly imprisoned in the palace of her sire at Batavia, young Tasman, instead of wasting time in regrets, set forth on a voyage of adventure, seeking to win by prowess what gallantry had failed to effect. On his first voyage he so far circumnavigated the island as to be convinced of its insular character, but really saw little of the land. In subsequent voyages he made extensive explorations, calling not only the mainland, but all the little islets he discovered, by the several names and synonyms of Mademoiselle Van Diemen, his beloved. When at length he was able to lay before the Dutch government the charts of his voyages and a digest of his discoveries in the beautiful land where he had already planted the standard of Holland, the cruel sire relented and consented to receive as a son-in-law the successful adventurer. Tasman, it seems, never very fully explored the waters that surrounded his domain, and the honor was reserved to two young men, Flinders and Bass, of discovering in 1797 the deep, wide strait of two hundred and seventy miles in width that bears the name of Bass. The scenery of Van Diemen's Land is full of picturesque beauty—a sort of miniature Switzerland, with snow-clad peaks, rocks and ravines, foaming cataracts and multitudinous little lakes with their circling belt of green and dancing rivulets bordered with flowers. The Valley of Launceston is a very Arcadia of pastoral repose, while the Tamar—which in its whole course is rather a succession of beautiful lakes than an ordinary river—with its narrow defiles, basaltic rocks and sparkling cataracts,

picturesque rocks that cut off one lake and suddenly reveal another, is a very miracle of beauty, dancing, frothing, foaming, like some playful sprite possessed with the very spirit of mischief.

Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania, is a quiet, hospitable little town, but a very hotbed of aristocracy—the single spot on the Australian continent where English exclusiveness can, after the gay seasons of the large cities, retire to aristocratic country-seats, to nurse and revivify its pride of birth, without fear of coming in contact with anything parvenu or plebeian. The town is prettily laid out, with a genuine Gothic château for its government palace, and elegant private residences. It seems tame and deserted when visited from Sydney or Melbourne, but offers just the rest and refreshment one needs after a season of exhausting labor in the mines of Ballarat.

The rapid growth of the Australian colonies, their remoteness from the mother country, and the vastness of the territory over which they are spread, naturally suggest the question whether they are destined to remain in a condition of dependence or are likely to follow the example of their American prototypes. On this point the opinion of the count of Beauvoir is entitled to consideration, as that of an impartial as well as intelligent observer. He had expected, he tells us, in visiting the country, to find it preparing for its speedy emancipation; but he left it with the conviction that, far from desiring a severance of the connection, the colonists would regard it as a blow to their material interests—the one event, in fact, capable of arresting their unparalleled progress. It can only occur as the result of a European war in which the power of England shall be so crippled as to disable her from protecting these distant possessions, casting upon them the whole burden of self-defence, and forcing them to assume the responsibilities of national existence.



## TWO WEEKS IN THE CARLIST COUNTRY.

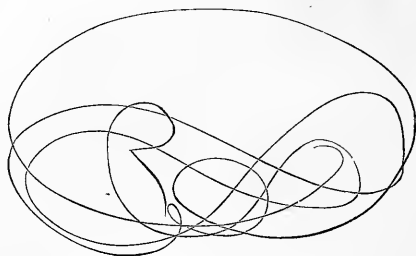


DON CARLOS.

WE reached Bayonne shortly before midnight on the second day after leaving Paris, and were detained there the whole of the next day by the absence of the Carlist agent from whom we were

to receive our passports, he being then engaged in looking after the transport of a mule-train with arms and ammunition across the French frontier—a common incident at that time, notwithstanding

ing the fact that France had recognized the Spanish republic. When we succeeded in finding the agent we met with every civility, and our passports were forthcoming almost immediately. They were curiosities in their way, and deserve a few words *en passant*. The coat-of-arms which surmounted the printed matter was as large as the top of a liqueur-glass, and the design was a most complicated one. It consisted of a huge crown, Maltese crosses, castles, lions, armor, floral wreaths, stars and stripes, billiard balls, and something that would have passed muster for a spread eagle, an "expiring frog," or a snipe on a piece of toast. There was no signature to the



THE RUBRICA.

document, but in one corner was a *rubrica*, an intricate flourish not unlike an Oriental sign-manual. The Spaniards have a custom of affixing these rubricas to their signatures, and in many cases—more especially with high military authorities—the rubrica alone is used. Subsequent experience proved to us that this sign-manual was more efficacious than a signature would have been, as many Carlists whom we met—in several instances commissioned officers—could not read.

Bayonne is at present much more Spanish than French. It is almost a frontier town, and has been adopted as a place of refuge by numerous Spanish families, who are prevented from residing in their native country in consequence of the civil war. In nine cases out of ten the language heard spoken in the streets is Spanish.

We learned that since the Carlists had threatened an attack upon the town of

Irun the terminus of the railway running from France to Spain had been at the pretty little village of Hendaye, situated immediately on the French bank of the river Bidassoa, which is here the line of demarcation between the two countries. We reached this village on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving Paris, and as we wished to learn something of the country we intended visiting before entering it, we resolved to pass the night at the little *fonda* (inn). On alighting from the cars our attention was arrested by indications that "grim-visaged war" was ravaging the country. The dépôt stood within a hundred yards of the railroad bridge which crosses the Bidassoa. The cars no longer passed the frontier, however, and the grass and weeds were growing up between the rusty rails, whilst a dozen locomotives were lying idle on a siding. At the Spanish end the bridge was fortified with huge blocks of granite, and a republican sentry was slowly pacing up and down in front of a little guard-house.

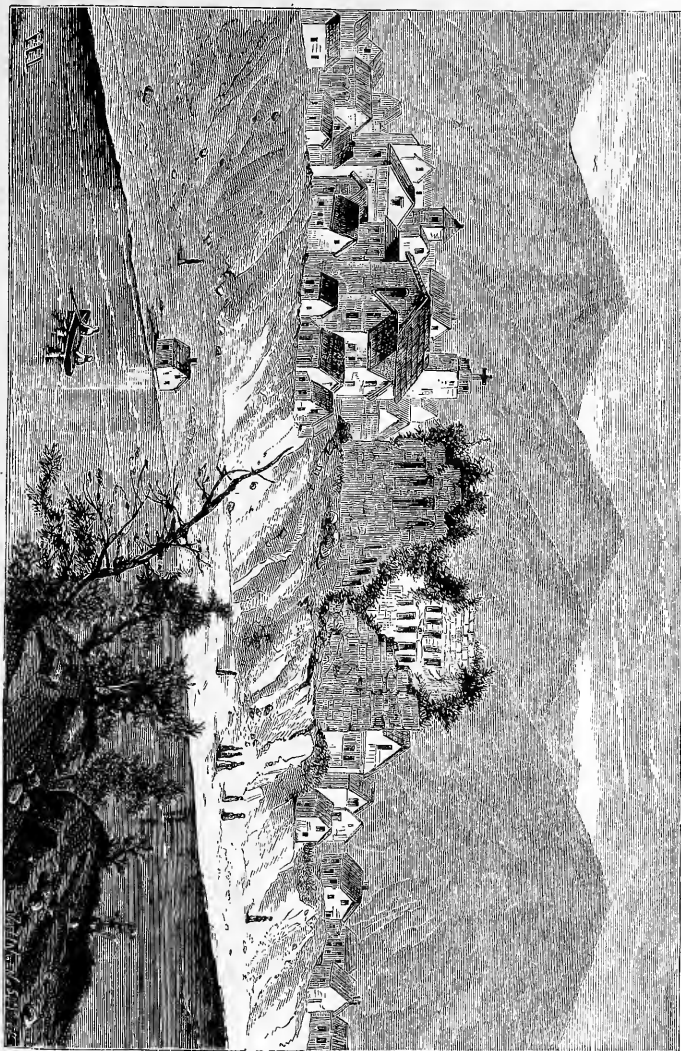
A few minutes' walk took us to the summit of the hill at the foot of which the dépôt is situated, and then a magnificent view lay extended before us. From the Bay of Biscay on our right to our extreme left stretched a crescent-shaped mountain-wall comprising the Guadalupe, Arala and Basses Pyrenean ranges, the Three Crowns towering high above the other mountains, and presenting a further contrast in the absence of verdure on its summit. It was one of those lovely autumn evenings so common in the south of Europe and so rare in other regions. During the whole day not a cloud had been visible, and the sky was of that pure cerulean tint which is noticeable in the waters of the Mediterranean at certain seasons of the year. The sun was sinking behind the lower hills in the centre of the picture, and as we watched it slowly disappear in the sea of purple glory that illumined the horizon it seemed as if a thousand rainbows had united to form a curtain, behind the folds of which the king of day retired. At our feet wound the Bidassoa,



pursuing its serpentine course toward the sea. Near the mouth of the river was the town of Fontarabia, with its ruined castle, its massive stone church, and its pretty little *casino*, which was then closed,

the owner, M. Dupressoir, no longer caring to contribute to the coffers of the military commandant of the town, who had of late become too extortionate. Immediately in front of us was the little

FONTARABIA.



town of Irun, soon to be converted into ruins by the Carlist artillery. On a low hill to the left stood the monastery of St. Marcial, occupied by the Carlists, who from this point of observation, as well as from the surrounding hills, kept a strict

watch over the movements of the republicans in Irun and Fontarabia.

Suddenly, whilst contemplating — I may almost say inhaling—the beauties of the scene, we were startled by the boom of a cannon, which awakened a

hundred echoes in the surrounding hills, as if a salvo of artillery had been discharged instead of the one solitary shell which had been fired by the republicans in Fort Mendivil at the monastery. The

missile, falling short, exploded harmlessly in the brushwood at the foot of the hill. Several more shells were fired, but with a similar result. Our landlord informed us in the evening that during the



IRUN, FROM FRANCE.

course of more than a year the republicans had been trying to hit the monastery, and had not once succeeded. Many of the shells fell short, but occasionally one would pass over the building. The conclusion was irresistible that the house

was protected from injury by its patron saint, and the garrison were prepared to affirm that on several occasions it had disappeared beneath the ground when a shot was fired, and reappeared as soon as the danger was over.

Our host and his family were thoroughly Carlist in their sympathies, and gave us much useful information. They advised us to take but little money with us, as the discriminations of the Carlist soldiers between *meum* and *tuum* are not very clear. As neither of us, unfortunately, could speak much Spanish, we hired a little Basque lad at Hendaye to act as interpreter. He spoke French tolerably well, and was thoroughly *au fait* in Spanish and Basque.

Early the following morning, with knapsacks on our shoulders, we started off on foot. Our intention was to make the best of our way to Estella, the Carlist capital, which is in Navarre. The disturbances in the country had interrupted the regular transit of the diligences between the principal towns, but occasionally one would still undertake the journey from Vera—which was to be our resting-place for the night—to Elizonda, some thirty miles in the interior. We decided to take our chances about getting places in this coach, and to walk or hire mules if there were no other way of reaching Estella.

Half an hour's brisk walking along the bank of the Bidassoa brought us to the village of Behobie (Spanish, Beyhoba), half of which is in France, and the other half in Spain, being connected by a bridge across the river, which at this point is only a few yards in width, and very shallow. The Spanish portion of the village had been the scene of an attack by the Carlists a day or two before. It was the advanced post of the republicans in Guipuzcoa, and was garrisoned by a mere handful of *Migueletes*, who had fortified themselves in the custom-house, and had strengthened their position by erecting stone walls around the village. The Carlists attacked the place

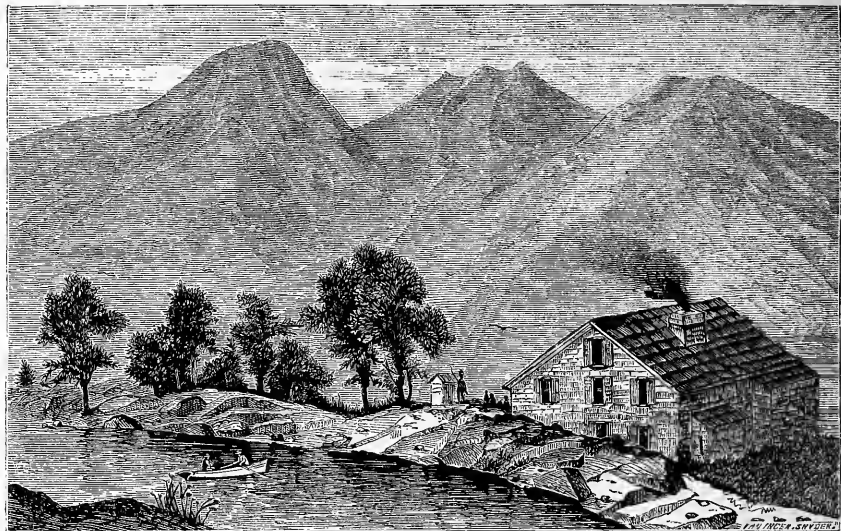
in a very novel manner—advancing under cover of a wagon which they pushed in front of them, and which was loaded with all kinds of combustible materials. The republicans intercepted the advance



DOOR OF A CHURCH IN IRUN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

of this machine by cutting a deep trench in the road. The Carlists were repulsed, and the government troops then set fire to every house in the village except the custom-house, which they fortified strongly and armed with a small howitzer. When we arrived the village was a mass of smoking ruins, and its late inhabitants were actively engaged in erecting wooden shanties on the French territory, where they had taken refuge in large numbers. A posse of soldiers on the roof of the custom-house kept up a dropping fire at some Carlists who occupied two or three farm-houses half a mile lower down the river; but both parties being ensconced behind stone walls, this desultory firing appeared to be without effect.

The line of wooden huts extended half



CARLIST OUTPOST AT LA PUNCHA.

a mile along the river-bank—some sixty or a hundred families having been rendered homeless by the conflagration—in the direction of La Puncha, a Carlist outpost guarding the main road from Irun, through Behobie, to Vera. A ferry-boat was plying between the two banks. We entered it, and a few strokes of the oars took us over into Spain. On landing we were immediately surrounded by about a dozen Carlist soldiers, the leader of whom asked us for our passports. The soldiers were dressed in old uniforms of the garde mobile, but wore the Carlist *borna*, a flat, round cap, not unlike a Highlander's bonnet. In the centre of this cap was a round brass button, bearing the words *Voluntarios de Dios, Patria y Rey* ("Volunteers of God, Country and King"), and the capital letter C, with the figure 7 through it.

Hearing that a considerable body of soldiers were encamped about halfway up the mountain-range, at the northern end of which is the hill of St. Marcial, we left the main road and followed one which the Carlists were constructing for the passage of their artillery. For three miles up a steep mountain this road had been marked out, and numbers of Navarrese and Guipuzcoan troops were en-

gaged in its completion. About halfway up the mountain we came upon the encampment of the fourth battalion of Navarrese, who were busy preparing their midday meal. Several large wood-fires were burning round a group of what were once farm-houses, but had now been hastily converted into sleeping-quarters for the men and stables for the officers' horses. The site of the camp had been well selected beneath a canopy of birch, beech and elm trees. While the fine weather lasted it must have been more comfortable sleeping on a blanket in the open air than in the buildings, which, unless exceptions to the general rule in Spain, were doubtless swarming with vermin.

These Navarrese soldiers were smart-looking fellows, with broad shoulders, brawny limbs and bronzed faces: most of them were between the ages of twenty and thirty. We afterward learned that this battalion is the flower of the Navarrese troops. Their uniform was of a somewhat nondescript character, for they were not all dressed alike. In some instances a man had nothing about him to mark him as a soldier of Don Carlos except his *borna* and *chappa*. Others had uniform trousers and a blue

or white French blouse, while others, again, wore the uniform coat of the garde mobile and the wide red pantaloons of the French soldier of the line. Many of them, however, had managed to provide themselves with a full uniform suit of gray, decorated with brass buttons — manufactured in Paris, by the way — bearing the insignia of Don Carlos. In all cases they wore a little red cloth heart or cross fastened to the left breast of the coat, which is believed, in spite of the constant proofs to the contrary, to afford protection to the wearer.

They all seemed in excellent humor, singing, laughing and talking while busily engaged in cleaning their arms, attending to the culinary department or rubbing down the horses of several officers who had just returned from St. Marcial. Nearly every man was smoking a little cigarette made of coarse Spanish tobacco twisted up in a piece of husk pulled from corn (maize), a large heap of which lay near one of the houses. Their rations consisted of one pound of meat, three pounds of bread or maize, and a quart of wine per day.

As soon as we reached the encampment our attention was called to the *curé*, who is quite as important a person in the eyes of the soldiers as their commanding officer. On noticing three strangers approaching, he at once left a group of soldiers to whom he was talking, and advanced toward us with a hearty "*Buenos dias, señores!*" We returned his salutation, and managed between the three of us to scrape up enough Spanish to ask the worthy divine if he understood French. To our surprise, he replied in that language, which he spoke with ease and fluency. We told him our object in visiting the north of Spain. He confessed he could not understand why we should run the risks of traveling in the country while it was in such a

disturbed state, but assured us that we should meet with hospitality wherever we went amongst the Carlists. He talked volubly about the cause and the rapidity with which it was gaining ground,



CARLIST SENTINEL.

assuring us that its complete success was only a question of time.

In making the tour of the encampment we passed a group of soldiers seated round a tin platter of smoking hot mutton, savoring strongly of the national vegetable, garlic. One of them, with the politeness which is characteristic of the Spaniard, said, "*Gusten ustedes comer?*" ("Will Your Graces be pleased to dine?"). The "three Graces" thus politely addressed declined the offer, but did not refuse a drink of wine from the pig-skin flask which the soldier held toward them. It is not an easy matter to drink out of these flasks. They are formed like a large pear-shaped bottle, a small wood-

en or horn stopper being fixed to the neck. This stopper is so constructed that it can be unscrewed when the flask is to be replenished. There is a smaller stopper inside the large one, and in it is

reached after about an hour's climbing. Pedro proved to be as active as a kitten, and pushed up the steep path ahead of us at a pace which tried the strength of our lungs to keep up with him. Several times we endeavored to curb his haste, but he seemed so accustomed to walking quickly that, although he slowed down for a minute or two when called upon to do so, he soon forgot the command and returned to his former gait. At last we hit upon an expedient which turned out to be a "happy thought" as far as we were concerned, but which came rather hard on poor Pedro. It was none other than to strap one of our knapsacks upon the lad's shoulders, giving him at the same a hint that there were two more behind if one did not have the desired effect. It did, however, and, the lesson once learned, Pedro never forgot it.

We found the monastery occupied as sleeping-quarters by the soldiers engaged in constructing a battery a little to the rear of St. Marcial. The seats had been removed from the interior of the building, and the stone floor was thickly strewn with fern, but the pictures of saints, etc. over the altar were still in their places. From this point we looked down upon the republican towns of



CARLIST VIVANDIÈRE.

a little orifice about as large as the bore in the stem of a tobacco-pipe. Holding the pig-skin at arm's length, the drinker squeezes it until a stream of wine runs out and falls into his open mouth. Of course we tried to follow the national custom in drinking, but met with indifferent success, for before we could get the proper range of the little jet of wine between the bottle's mouth and our own we spilled about a wineglassful of the liquor on our shirt fronts, much to our discomfiture and to the amusement of the padre and the soldiers.

Bidding adieu to our friends, we started off to complete the ascent of the mountain-road to St. Marcial, which was

Irún and Fontarabia, and through a field-glass watched the operations of the government troops at Forts Parque and Mendivil. It had taken us three hours to climb the mountain, but the descent was a much easier matter, and in an hour after leaving the monastery we again reached the high-road to Vera at a little village called La Stadilla. About halfway between this place and Anderlasse the Bidassoa ceases to mark the frontier between France and Spain, the river after that point being entirely Spanish, and the boundary being marked by a line of stones which runs off in a north-easterly direction across the mountains on the eastern side of the gorge

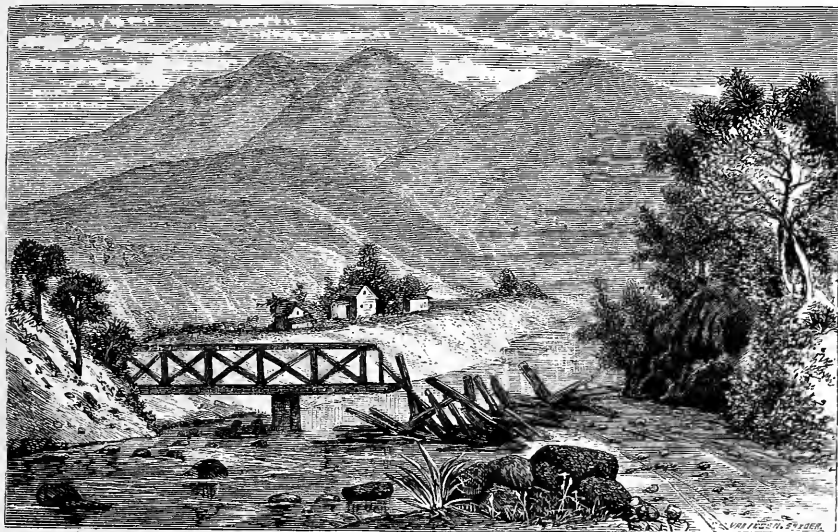


through which the river flows toward the sea.

At Anderlasse, which was taken by the Carlists under Santa Cruz in July, 1873, we spent some time examining the traces of what must have been a very severe fight. Nothing was left of the houses but bare walls, which were covered with bullet-marks. The Carlist force was far superior to that of the government troops, and after a short but decisive engagement the place was taken, the houses burned, an iron bridge which here crossed the Bidassoa blown up, and some fifteen or twenty of the garrison made prisoners. A few hours after their capture these men were led out on to the main road and were shot down in cold blood. Several Englishmen connected with the iron-mines close by were witnesses of the outrage, and one of these gentlemen told us the story, adding that Santa Cruz threatened to serve them in the same manner if they interfered. It is but fair to the Carlists to state that Santa Cruz was acting on his own responsibility, without recognition by Don

Carlos, who shortly afterward sent an armed force under Gen. Valdespenas to attack the curé's head-quarters at Vera. Valdespenas captured him, and he was banished from the country.

A short distance farther on we came to a house with an English flag floating from the roof. On inquiry we found that the house was the property of an English mining company, which, in spite of the difficulties thrown in the way by the war, still carried on its operations. After the bridge at Anderlasse was blown up a ferry was established here. The mining company's boats were requisitioned, and a charge for ferriage was made, half of the proceeds going to the Carlists. A number of soldiers were now building a pontoon bridge with these boats, the owners receiving a promissory note of His Majesty Carlos VII., payable at Madrid at the expiration of a year. Crossing the bridge, we followed the high-road running along the opposite side of the river, and a walk of five miles brought us to Vera, our destination for the night.



BRIDGE AT ANDERLASSE.

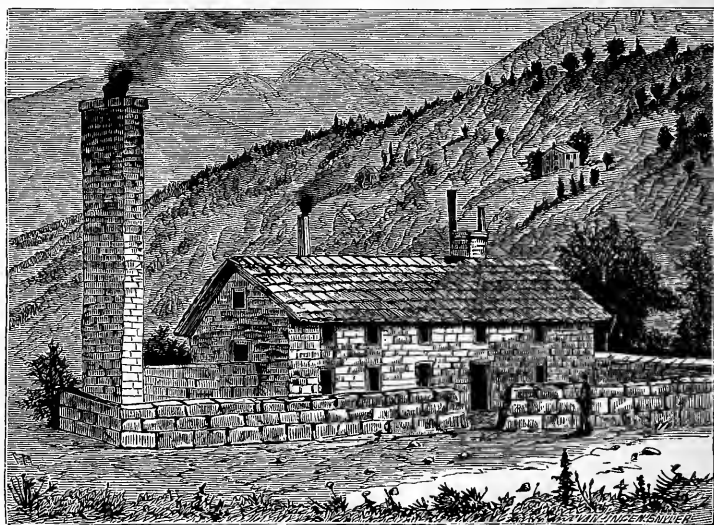
Between Anderlasse and Vera the scenery is very picturesque. On one side is the Bidassoa, now little more than

a babbling mountain-brook, while right and left rise lofty mountains, covered with box, heather and brilliant wild

flowers, interspersed with huge craggy rocks and moss-grown boulders. As we neared Vera the aspect of the scenery changed somewhat: the mountains were not so high, and were covered with birch, beech and chestnut trees, the latter loaded with fruit, that, falling to the ground in showers when the breeze shook the branches, was affording a luxuriant repast to droves of half-wild pigs which were quarreling noisily over their feast.

We found a little fonda at Vera, where we were accommodated with a couple of rooms, and furnished with dinner consisting of a bread soup, an ancient chick-

en and some minced meat, all highly flavored with garlic. The wine was palatable, but we should have starved had it not been for Pedro, who managed to procure us a dozen eggs, which we boiled, as had they been cooked in any other way garlic would certainly have been added to the dish. We determined in future to superintend personally the cooking of our meals, and see that the odious vegetable was omitted. This we could do without much inconvenience, as, after leaving Vera, we found nothing but little posadas (small roadside inns), where the best room was reserved for the mules or



ARMS AND AMMUNITION FACTORY AT VERA.

cattle, which always occupied the ground floor, the kitchen and sitting-room being combined in one, and a bedroom not unfrequently included. There were a good many soldiers at Vera, who had come up toward the frontier to participate in the attack upon Irun. On the outskirts of the town is a large arms and ammunition factory, which was turning out a number of Vavasseur shells daily.

We learned that a coach would start the next morning for Elizondo, *en route* to Estella, and lost no time in engaging places. At daybreak we found ourselves, in company with a couple of Carlist soldiers and a civilian, in one of the most

uncomfortable conveyances in which it had ever been our lot to travel, resembling a hearse with the body of a four-wheel cab on the top of it. We had to sleep three in a bed at Elizondo, and that bed was the floor, but our blankets spread on a heap of fern made a very comfortable mattress, and a sprinkling of "vermin-destroyer" kept away intruders which would otherwise have mustered in strong force.

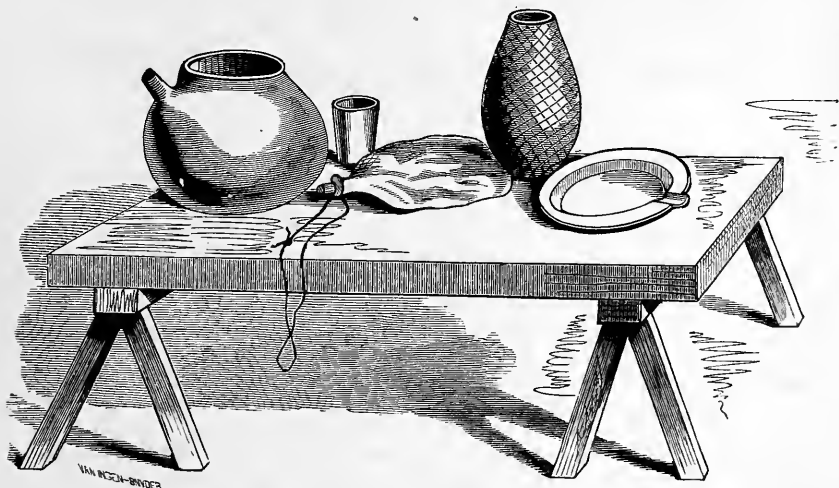
The *diligencia* did not go farther than this village, an uninteresting place, and the next morning we hired mules, and did not once regret the loss of the lumbering conveyance which had brought

us from Vera. It took us three days to get from Elizondo to Estella, each day's proceedings being the counterpart of the day before, except when we had to make a *détour* across the mountains to avoid Pampeluna, in the possession of the republicans, but held in strict siege by the Carlists. We crossed a mountain-ridge within four or five miles of the republican town, and, as at St. Marcial, distinctly saw the government troops on the ramparts. Unlike Irun, Pampeluna is strongly fortified, and the Carlists know that they will have a hard task to effect its capture. The country through which we passed was very rugged and mountainous, but every available plot of land was cultivated, and wheat, corn, turnips, garlic and other crops seemed to thrive luxuriantly. The people appeared to care but little for the disturbances caused by the civil war, and were loud in their praises of "el rey."

Ample opportunity was afforded us to observe the manner of cooking adopted by the Spaniards, for we had to eat, drink, and sometimes sleep, in the same room as that in which the cook followed her avocations in the little *posadas* at which we passed the nights. In all of these hostleries the duties of the culi-

nary department were performed by an old, shriveled-up woman, each one being the *fac simile* of the other. The rest of the family invariably addressed her as *tia* (aunt), though "great-grand-mother" would sometimes have seemed more appropriate. Somewhere toward the close of the last century these ancient dames may have indulged in the luxury of a bath, but it did not look as if their old parchment faces had come in contact with *agua pura* since that period. Our meals consisted of three or four dishes made of various kinds of meat or fowl. Each of these dishes was cooked in an earthenware jar placed close against the edge of a huge wood fire, and left to itself until the simmering and sputtering indicated that the contents were ready for the table. These jars were covered with a network of strong wire to prevent them from cracking and falling to pieces. The whole of the cooking utensils were primitive in the extreme.

We reached Estella on the afternoon of the fifth day after leaving Hendaye, and engaged a couple of rooms in a *posada* which almost aspired to the rank of a *fonda*. The stables, however, were on the ground floor, as usual, for the



COOKING UTENSILS.

Spanish landlord takes much better care of his beast than of his guest. We had now crossed the Carlist country from the extreme northern point to the southern extremity, and if we went any farther in the same direction we should

main there for two or three days before commencing our return journey through Alava and Guipuzcoa.

The day after we reached Estella was dedicated to one of the numerous saints in the Spanish calendar, consequently it was a fête-day, and everybody was dressed in holiday attire. The occasion appeared to be more than an ordinary one, as a regular fair was going on, booths having been erected in the plaza, where the whole of the inhabitants who could leave their household duties collected to make purchases or join in the dancing. The women were gayly decked out in colored skirts of silk or cotton, every shade of the rainbow being represented. Short jackets formed the upper portion of their costume, and their hair was braided in heavy masses with bright ribbons in which little steel or jet ornaments were coquettishly displayed. Nearly all had the common white canvas shoes of the country, tied with blue, pink or variegated strings. Some of them wore the picturesque Spanish mantilla, but the majority were without this becoming head-dress. We were somewhat disappointed at the appearance of the Spanish women, who, though well formed, pretty and shapely, are, almost without exception, unhealthily sallow, their complexions in some instances being rendered still more unprepossessing by the excessive use of paint and powder.

Scarcely a civilian was to be seen, for the whole of the male population except the priests appeared in the uniform of the Carlist army. Groups of officers were standing about in the large public square, smoking cigarettes, exchanging words of badinage with the dancers, and sometimes taking part in the amusement themselves. The uniform of the Carlist officers



CHURCH IN ESTELLA.

encounter the troops of the republican general Moniones, who was stopping the advance of the Carlists across the Ebro. An attack had been threatened upon Estella almost daily for three months past, but had not come off up to the time of our arrival. We decided to re-

is a very becoming one, consisting of a dark tunic over red trousers. This tunic is profusely decorated with plated buttons, and is well set off by the Carlist *borna* and *chappa*, to which is added a long silver tassel hanging down on one side.

The assortment of articles for sale in the booths was a very miscellaneous one. Here could be purchased knives, forks, hats, caps, pins, needles, boots, shoes, handkerchiefs, watches, dolls, soap, candles, cakes, pens, pencils, Carlist postage-stamps, photographs, blankets, dresses, uniforms, toys, bonbons, razors, whips, walking-sticks, pipes, cigars, stockings, hair-pads, imitation jewelry, pills, buttons, shirts, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In many of the booths the articles were not for sale, but were drawn for upon the lottery principle. Tickets bearing the names of the articles were put into a bag, together with a large number of blanks. A *peseta* (twenty cents) was charged for each chance, and roars of laughter followed if a man drew some article of female attire, or a woman became the fortunate possessor of something which would be of no use to her except as a present to a male friend.

After visiting the booths and taking our chances amongst the rest in a draw, which resulted in two blanks and a packet of bonbons, we turned our attention to the dancers. Two kinds of dances were going on, the jota and the bolero, each having its particular votaries, and each group of dancers being surrounded by an admiring crowd of spectators. The music consisted of a fiddle, flute and guitar. The moment the air struck up the dancers rushed helter-skelter into the centre of the ring of spectators, and paired off opposite each other. Apparently, no choice of partners was made before the dance commenced, and each performer took for a *vis-à-vis* the one who happened to be opposite to him or her. Frequently the man rushed forward as if he were about to embrace his fair *vis-à-vis*, and then as suddenly retired, turning his back upon his partner as she darted away to the right or left. The dancers kept time to the mu-

sic by snapping their fingers with arms raised over their heads.

A more melancholy air than that to which the jota is danced cannot be imagined, and the performers, as might be expected under such circumstances, appeared to be uninspired by the strains to which they were keeping time, their countenances being as grave as if they were attending a funeral. Not a smile was to be seen, no word was



CARLIST POSTAGE-STAMP.

spoken, and they went through the dance as if it were a severe task imposed upon them, instead of an amusement of their own seeking. The moment the music ceased, however, laughing and conversation recommenced, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell" until the next set.

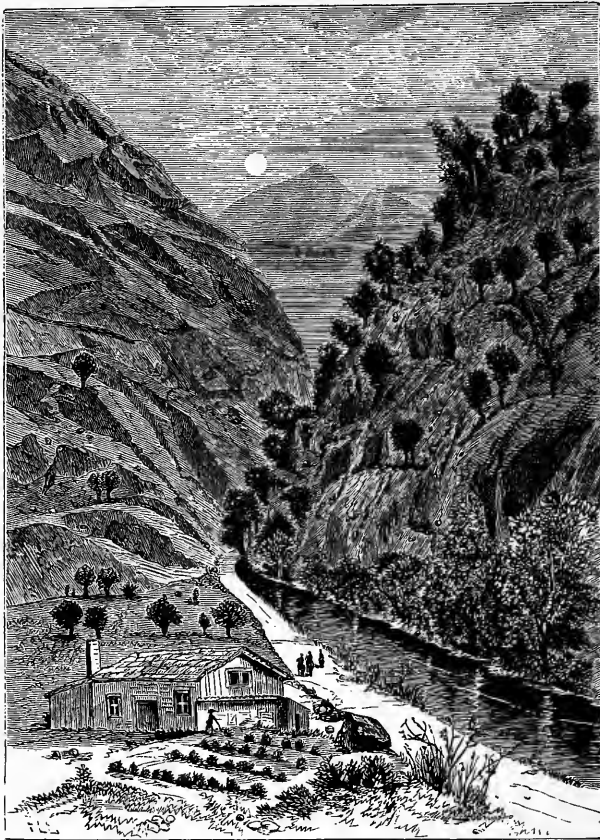
At one end of the plaza was a high wall with a pavement in front. Here a number of soldiers were playing at *pelotte*, a game not unlike tennis, the hand being, however, used instead of a bat. The ball was thrown forcibly on the ground, and as it rebounded was driven against the wall. Two sides are chosen, a member from each striking the ball alternately. On its return to terra firma it was again forced against the wall until one side missed, when their adversaries scored a point. Many of the players were very expert at this game, some of them driving the ball back to the wall with their feet when it did not bound sufficiently high or was missed by the hand.

It was at Estella that we first encountered some of the members of the Carlist cavalry troop which had recently been raised. They were mounted on very woebegone horses, some even riding upon mules. The inhabitants of the Carlist country are thorough mountaineers, and can climb the hills like chamois, but on horseback they are out of place. One of our chief amusements during our stay in the Carlist capital was to watch the gayly-attired women who came to draw water at a little fountain immediately opposite our window. This

fountain was a rendezvous for the female portion of the community. Some of these Spanish Rebekahs would remain there for

tion. "The king," as he was everywhere called, was frequently to be seen walking or riding through the streets, attended by a brilliant staff of officers. He was always greeted with shouts of "Viva el Rey! Viva Carlos Septimo!" and it was difficult for him to make his way through the crowd of people who were trying to kiss his hand.

Although "el rey" has what may be called a commanding figure, being about six feet four inches in height, he appears somewhat ungainly on foot, and is seen to much better advantage when mounted. He is a great favorite with his troops, who believe that he, and he alone, can accomplish the end they have in view—a monarchical government with the exercise of their *fueros* or national rights, which, especially in the Basque provinces, give the different districts the power of local self-government



RIVER BETWEEN TOLOSA AND BERAESTEQUI.

half an hour chatting with their friends. There were many republican prisoners in Estella. They were frequently marched out in twos and threes to this little fountain, their duty being to draw and carry water for the troops. From their appearance they were not discontented with their lot, and chatted away incessantly with their guard, who placed but little restraint on their movements. Guards and prisoners were usually smoking cigarettes, and frequently an interchange of *papillos* would be made between them.

Complete enthusiasm for the cause of Don Carlos existed amongst the popula-

tion. "The king," as he was everywhere called, was frequently to be seen walking or riding through the streets, attended by a brilliant staff of officers. He was always greeted with shouts of "Viva el Rey! Viva Carlos Septimo!" and it was difficult for him to make his way through the crowd of people who were trying to kiss his hand. Although "el rey" has what may be called a commanding figure, being about six feet four inches in height, he appears somewhat ungainly on foot, and is seen to much better advantage when mounted. He is a great favorite with his troops, who believe that he, and he alone, can accomplish the end they have in view—a monarchical government with the exercise of their *fueros* or national rights, which, especially in the Basque provinces, give the different districts the power of local self-government to a certain extent, more especially in regard to trade, taxes, and the support of their clergy. Another and very important right which these *fueros* secure is the freedom from the *quinta*, or conscription—the *contribucion de sangre* (blood-tax), as the Spaniards call it. Each district raises its own militia, who cannot be compelled to serve outside of its limits; and a very striking sign of the readiness of the Basques to fight for Don Carlos is given in the fact of their having frequently left their native provinces and fought for the Carlist cause in any part of the north of Spain or Na-



varre where their services may have been required.

We remained three days in Estella, and then started off across the mountains for Villa Franca, which place we reached on the morning of the second day after leaving the Carlist capital. The country through which we passed was mountainous in the extreme, but wherever the slopes were not covered with apple orchards or clumps of walnut or chestnut trees the land had been made use of for agricultural purposes, the patches of cultivated ground in many places reaching upward for six or eight hundred feet.

Tolosa is a very strong position for the Carlists. It is a large and well-fortified town, situated in a nest of hills on which are several batteries bristling with guns. We here heard that the bombardment of Irun had commenced, and that the republican general Loma had landed large reinforcements of troops at St. Sebastian, about twelve miles away, and not much more than half that distance from Irun. An important battle was momentarily expected, and we decided to push on at once to Berastequi, en route for Vera and the frontier, as to be caught between the lines would have been a serious matter.

Berastequi is seven miles from Tolosa, and a couple of hours' walk over a level *camina real* (royal road) took us there in time for a midday meal. From this point we had about twenty miles to traverse over range after range of mountains before reaching Vera. Pedro knew the mountain-path thoroughly, he assured us, and we therefore elected to travel on foot, and to dispense with the services of a local guide. Leaving Berastequi, we turned abruptly to the left, and commenced ascending the face of a steep cliff by a zigzag path covered with fragments of rock, which rendered walking a somewhat difficult, not to say painful, task. The first four miles wound up the side of a steep mountain, on reaching the summit of which a magnificent panorama lay stretched out on all sides of us. Far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but mountain-range be-

yond mountain-range. Even the blue horizon in the distance appeared undulating and irregular, as if for many miles in every direction the whole country consisted of hills and dales. This was indeed the case, and from the point of observation which we occupied we could well believe that the government troops will have almost insurmountable obstacles to overcome before they can drive the Carlists out of their strongholds. The mountains were covered with timber and an undergrowth of box laurel and arbutus, which appeared to flourish luxuriantly. Here and there a mottled patch of red and white, with a church-spire glistening in the sun, pointed out to us where a little village was situated. These villages were for the most part in the valleys, in which every level patch of ground was planted with maize, wheat or some other cereal.

We slept at Artecuza that night, and reached Vera the next afternoon. Here we learned that the Carlists had raised the siege of Irun, and the troops had gone over the mountains toward St. Sebastian to oppose the advance of the republican forces under General Loma. The result of this movement is a matter of history, and as this sketch does not propose to deal with the military operations of the Carlists, it will suffice to say that the Carlists were repulsed and driven from their positions at St. Marcial and round Irun, the whole of the farm-houses, etc. in that part of Guipuzcoa being burned by the republicans. At sundown the same evening we crossed the frontier-line at La Staoula, and later on reached the little fonda at Hendaye.

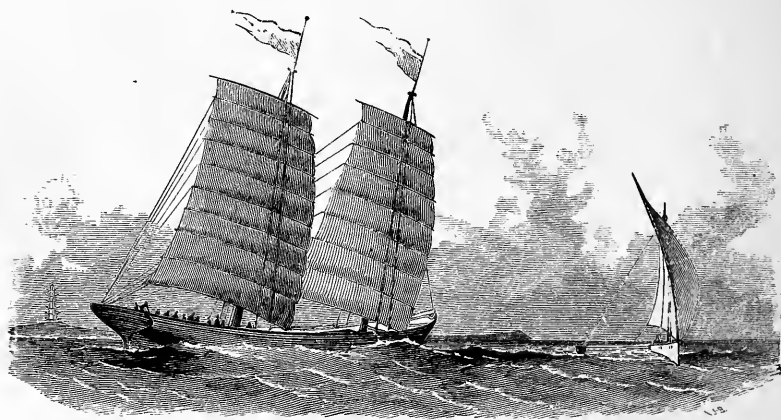
In the interior of the country through which we had passed, if it had not been for the presence of groups of soldiers wearing the Carlist uniform, it would have been difficult to realize that a civil war was raging there. Cultivation went on as usual, and the soil is so fertile that although the troops may sometimes be kept waiting for their pay, there does not seem much chance of their running short of provisions. The men, instead of finding the war irksome to them, appeared to prefer their military duties to remain-

ing at home and attending to agricultural labors. It must be remembered that the Carlist soldiers are volunteers for the most part, and when it has been necessary to make a conscription care has been taken to select men who would be least missed at home. Another reason why the agricultural productions of the country have not decreased since the war is found in the fact that the women do much of the field-labor. The food of the inhabitants is simple enough: meat is cheap, and their little farms yield them three, and sometimes four, crops in the year. Wine is their principal

beverage, and, taking all things into consideration, these hardy mountaineers can live comfortably on about a real and a half or two reals per day (seven and a half to ten cents).

Of course we had many little inconveniences to put up with in our trip through the Carlist country, but we remembered that the discomforts, whatever they were, were self-imposed, and we therefore rarely had recourse to grumbling, which was a strange feature in the case, considering that one of our party was an Englishman.

## QUAINT CRAFT.



LORCHA.

FLYING PRAHU.

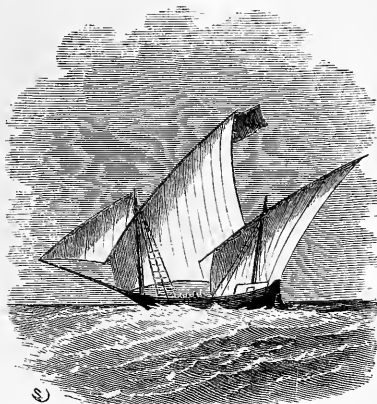
PEOPLE who live in and about any American seaport have not to travel far to see the most beautiful, stanch and swift yachts in the world. The scientific marine architects and skilled workmen of America have the finest raw material at hand for carpentry, shipbuilding, rigging, sailmaking or naval stores, and their masterpieces are unapproached by the best efforts of other countries. There are, however, fast sailers in other waters, often among vessels of very rude con-

struction, and from them hints may be picked up, leading, possibly, to material improvements in the speed of our witching walkers of the waves.

Commodore Anson, in his narrative of the famous voyage of the *Centurion* round the world, expatiates with mingled wonder and admiration on the flying *prahus* of the Ladrone Islands, which he fell in with while lying in wait for the great Spanish treasure-galleon from Acapulco in Mexico to Manila in the Philip-

pine Islands. Lineal descendants of these surprising vessels have continued ever since, with pirates on board, to vex the passing trader at every available opportunity, and leave her a wreck, rifled, scuttled, with crew discreetly silenced by the insinuating *kris* or softly suffocated with sulphurous smoke-balls. These exceedingly rapid cruisers usually carry one enormous triangular sail, are steered from either of the ends, which are alike, and are rounded on but one side, which is always kept to windward. A second smaller canoe or outrigger is attached to the weather side by a bamboo framework, by way of balance. They have no keel, and the lee side is flat, keeping the craft up to the wind, on the same principle as the leeboard of a Dutch galliot or the centreboard with the working of which we are familiar. They sail in the very teeth of the wind, and the amiable natives rarely deign to reduce their spread of canvas, or rather mat, for it is of this primitive fabric the sail is made. If the wind is fresh and the outrigger begins to skip about over the combers, betraying symptoms of a capsize, the whole crew, except the steersman, jump out on the lively float and continue to crack on. These pra-

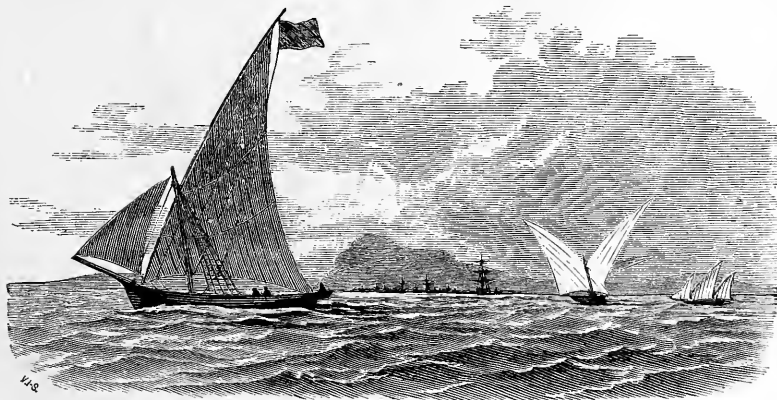
hus absolutely fly through the water, and are so light, being patched together in some rickety fashion without a nail in them, and having nothing beyond coir



ARAB DHOW.

yarn as fastenings, that the faintest cat-paw will drive them along.

The little canoes of Ceylon, which buzz like mosquitoes round each visiting steamer, and are as fragile in appearance as those slender but subtly-stinging tormentors, are of similar construction to the prahus, but have no flat lee side.



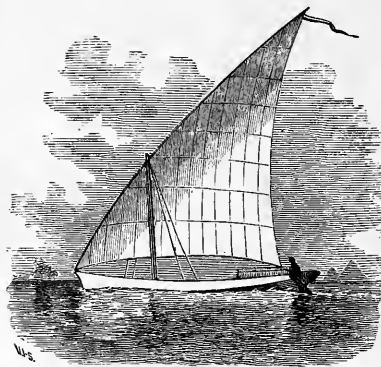
SPANISH FELUCCA.

XEBECQUE.

They have a keel instead, and, though fast, do not hold nearly so good a wind, and are altogether a long way behind the others. Their sails, too, are usually

square, and a great deal smaller in proportion. The great double canoes of Polynesia are cousins-german to these flyers, and we have adopted the idea to

some considerable extent. The famous Nonpareil life-raft, which crossed the Atlantic under sail, was perhaps an improvement on the South Sea Island con-



DAHABIEH OF THE NILE.

cerns. The safety of the raft is pretty generally conceded, and the subject was so much agitated at the time of the disaster, early last year, to the White Star steamship *Atlantic*, that considerable impetus has since been given to the manufacture. The United States navy has taken up the notion very kindly, and few of our war-vessels now go to sea unequipped with one at least of these useful, easily-stowed and economical lifesaving appliances.

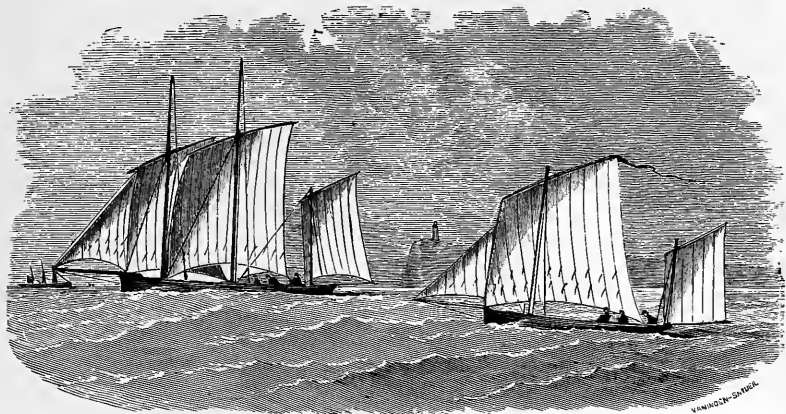
We have from our earliest infancy been familiar with the grotesque junks of the Flowery Land, with the oblique Celestial eye, never winking, painted on either side of the bruise-water stem, as delineated on ancient domestic crockery; and in these latter days we are scarcely less acquainted with the kindred absurdities navigated by our Japanese neighbors. The fans that cool our summer brows are largely adorned with masterly cartoons of the tycoon's yachts and the fishing-boats that purvey scaly provender for the two-sworded yaconins. The *lorcha*, a strange but thoroughly practical compound of modern Western ideas and Eastern traditions, now found very extensively in Chinese waters, is not so well known. The cut of the sails is an im-

provement upon that of American fore-and-aft vessels. All the world knows the supreme efficacy of our plan of cutting sails, so that they may sit as flat as a board. The *lorcha* carries considerably stiffer sails yet. They are made lug shape, of cotton canvas, not of mats, like those of the junks, but after the country fashion are slatted like Venetian blinds, having bamboo battens all the way from luff to foot, with rings on the mast. Now we know the effect of lacing a sail to a boom, and of vangs to draw in the peak and hold every zephyr. Fancy a sail with laced boom all the way. The sheets, too, are multiplied, so as to have a sheet or vang to each of several of the lower battens, with obvious utility. These *lorchas* sail like the wind, and succeed admirably as smugglers in defying the war-junks, and even the new war-steamers, of the Celestial Empire. The last Chinese war had its origin in some complication of the mandarins, notably Commissioner Yeh of Canton, with a *lorcha* carrying the British flag. The hull, by the way—and this is an important point—is commonly that of an American schooner, which is merely transmogrified as to rig. The sails are instantly brailed up, or rather roll themselves up into the topping-lifts, when required to be furled or reefed to any extent, by merely letting go the halliards, very much in the style of a window-shade—an advantage readily recognized, and recommending itself especially in squally weather or broken water. The *lorchas* generally have but two masts, stepped perpendicularly, or perhaps with a slight forward rake of the foremast, and a corresponding rake astern of the mainmast. One sail is always hoisted to starboard, and the other to port, which, it must be allowed, looks peculiar and not very pretty. With these two huge sails one man can easily manage a *lorcha* of quite extensive tonnage, but there is nothing to prevent the bending of an enormous balloon jib, topsails and any number of studing-sails. The rig is certainly very far from being as beautiful as that of our schooners, but a *lorcha* yacht would rather astonish the best of our pleasure

squadrons, and there are very few crack yachts, rigged in familiar fashion, to which she could not show a clean pair of heels in a match.

The lateen rig, known to Solomon and the Phœnician merchants of Tyre and Tarshish, to the heroes who fought at Salamis and in the Punic wars, and the cowards who fled with Cleopatra to Mark Antony's undoing, continues to this day around the old scenes of the voyages and battles of those ancient warriors and traders. The Arab *dhow*s and *buggalas* which cruisers chase on the eastern coast of Africa for the delivery of their cargoes of Somali slaves, are so rigged.

So are the rice and cotton-bearing *dhonies* of the Coromandel coast of India and the *xebecques*, *tartanes*, *feluccas*, *dahabiehs* and *scampavias* of Barbary, Malta, Italy, the Biscayan provinces of Spain, Greece, Egypt and the Levant. A huge tapering yard, fished and spliced from its ungainly foot, to which the tack is made fast, to the slender fishing-rod tip away up aloft, is slung on each short mast, of which there may be one, two or more. They sail well, and the one sail, in the place of two or three in modern rigging, holds wind in a most economical way. Their great disadvantage is that they require a very large crew, and



CHANNEL LUGGER.

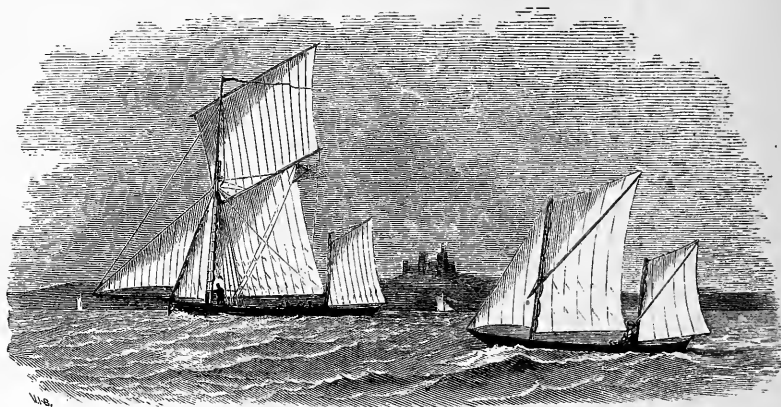
YARMOUTH YAWL.

are consequently only adapted for use where labor is very cheap, or in a war-vessel, which must have a large crew to work the guns, furnish prize crews, boat detachments, etc. or, as in the case of the galleys of the Knights of Malta, the Venetians and Turks, and the hardly obsolete *guardacostas* and *chassemarées* of the French at Toulon and the Spaniards at all their home-ports, in which convicts or slaves were employed where humane people in these days use steam. The sails are reefed and furled from the yard precisely as in a square-rigged vessel, and the yard is in just the same way provided with brails, clewlines and jackstays for Jack up aloft. In tacking the huge yard has to be brought behind the mast and shifted as the vessel is thrown

up in the wind, the tack, usually a short chain, working on a traveler, and, if on a wind, hauled taut by a tackle. Of course, the liability to be taken aback is by no means slight, especially in the Mediterranean, where it is such a favorite, the chosen "stamping-ground" of the white squall and the sirocco. Why it should so maintain its hold is inexplicable, except on the assumption that where a large crew can be cheaply provided it is better suited to the main strength and stupidity of the ignorant sailors of the great inland sea than the more complicated suit of sails we prefer. They have but one or two sails, as a rule, to look after against the dozen or more we sport on occasion. Lateen-rigged vessels are certainly most picturesque. The scene

at dawn in Bombay, where hundreds of them, laden with the fragrant coffee of Mocha and costly spices from Yemen the

Blest, wing and wing, like great sea-fowl, dash in with surprising velocity before the fresh monsoon, conned with wild emu-



DANDY-RIG.

ISLE OF WIGHT WHERRY.

lation by Arab serangs or captains absolutely dancing with excitement in all their bravery of richly-embroidered velvet jackets and snowy robes, is really very pretty. These Arab boats, which are the most antique in construction of all lateen-rigged craft, are "grab-built," with great beam and long overhanging prow and lofty stern. It was a long time before the lateen was discarded in Western Europe. The adventurous vessels of Columbus and the Conquistadores were lateen-rigged, and till almost within a century and a half the spanker in the largest men-of-war was a lateen sail. To-day, in Central and South America, at the Cape de Verde Islands, at Madeira, Goa and Zanzibar, the Spaniards and Portuguese and their descendants are very partial to the lateen rig. It is to be found on nearly all the smaller *bongoes* of Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, though the larger ones are more frequently rigged as "jackass schooners," with no booms and ridiculous little staysails, all the masts being shipped several feet more forward than with us.

Round the northern French and southern English coasts a modification of the felucca, the *lugger*, with two or three masts, is very commonly met with.

Some luggers are very large, and with their square topsails and jibs at a distance quite give one the idea of a full-rigged ship. They also require a great many men, and are liable, like square-rigged and lateen vessels, to be taken aback. When tacking the lugs have to be dipped—that is, the sails are lowered entirely, the yards shifted before the mast, not behind, as in the lateen rig, and the sails hoisted again, the tacks remaining fast. In running before the wind, as gybing is out of the question, it can easily be seen what care is needed in the steering, and how, for all this hoisting and shifting, half a dozen men at least are required to do what in our schooners the sails, shifting on travelers, do for themselves. It is a handy rig, though, where men are plenty. Everything can be stowed away and the masts taken out, if necessary, in no time. The lugger is accordingly quite a favorite with the fishermen and pilots of the English Channel, as in the old days of the perpetual wars between the French and English it used to be with the smugglers, who found another advantage in being able on a sudden to unclothe themselves, or rather their ships, and make themselves next door to invisible to pursuers. The French luggers are easily distin-



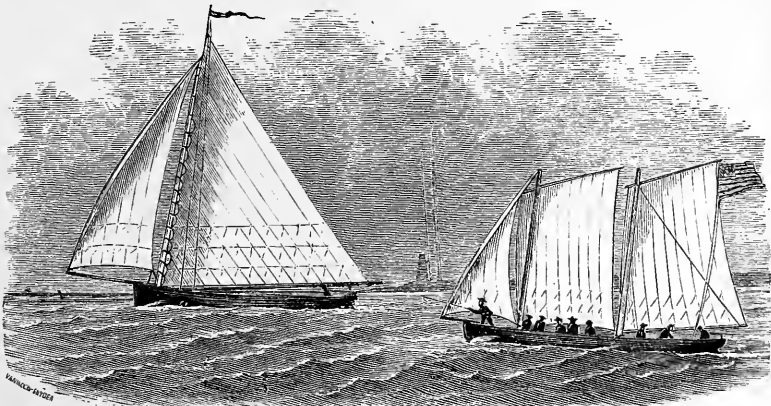
guishable by their gigantic blocks and cumbrous rigging. The standing lug is adopted in most of the navies of the world for the larger boats. This does not need to be dipped, a small fraction of the yard protruding forward of the mast, and it is worked in all respects as a fore-and-aft sail.

The Yarmouth yawl is a prevailing type farther north, especially on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk in England. It is usually a two-masted boat, with a lug and jib on the foremast, and a fore-and-aft jigger, generally stepped as far aft as possible. This is a very useful arrangement in bad weather or for cruising gently after fish, or for pilots looking out for ships. These vessels dodge along snugly under jib and jigger in almost any weather.

A very fashionable rig among English yachtsmen is the dandy-rig, which is merely an adaptation of the Yarmouth yawl to the national cutter. Most people know what that is—something like a sloop, with a shorter mast and loftier topmast, a squarer mainsail, small staysail from the stern, and an enormous jib on a sliding boom, with wonderful expanses of light racing canvas in the shape of balloon and club topsails, balloon jibs and jibheaded spinnakers from

the topmast-head, sheeted to booms stretching widely over the rail. The dandy-rig—which is also, however, quite frequently termed a yawl—is a lengthened cutter, with a snigger or jigger, the mast, however, not being stepped at the very counter, as in the yawl, but allowing a boom for the sail with the sheet at the taffrail. The little *City of Ragusa*, which three years ago crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool, was rigged in this way, and Mr. MacGregor, the canoe enthusiast, sailed all round the British Isles in a little vessel so rigged, which was barely large enough to hold him. The advantage of being able to reduce or make sail quickly recommends this rig to people who prefer to sail in Mr. MacGregor's unsocial fashion, or who do not care to incur the expense of a large crew; besides, the yawl in sailing free is ranked with a schooner, and is decidedly better for beating to windward, though not quite equal to a sloop or a cutter, which sails closer to the wind than any two-masted vessel except a lorcha.

A more humble but admirable variety of the dandy-rig is peculiar to the Isle of Wight and the neighboring port of Portsmouth. It is like a whale-boat, sharp at both ends, clinker built, and is rigged with small jib, a large spritsail,



BERMUDA RIG.

STANDING LUG.

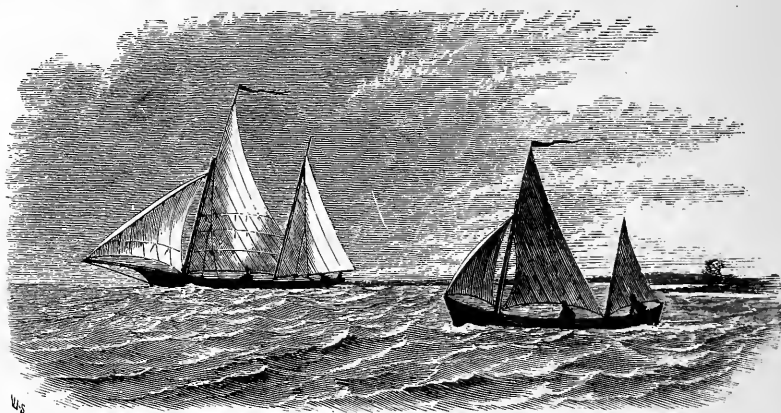
which it is hardly necessary to describe, a fore-and-aft sail, with the leach supported by a light diagonal pole, instead

of having a gaff—a handy but not very elegant rig—and a jigger, also with a sprit: the jigger mast is stepped, as in

the dandy-rig, in the stern-sheets, and not just over the rudder-head, as in the yawl proper. This is a wonderful sea-boat: it is very light and sails capitally. Some of the larger ones are decked, and stand out to sea as boldly as our pilot-boats in the most abominable weather.

In the West Indies are some singularly graceful and quite effective rigs. There is the '*Mudian*,' of "the still vexed Bermoothes," with lofty, slender spar, cracking and bending like a coach-whip, its little jib on a boom pivoting on the stern, like a little bowsprit, and a shoulder-of-mutton mainsail, with a triangle of wood,

often gilt and elaborately carved, at the head, by which to hoist it, to catch the breeze and keep the sail from fouling the mast. Nothing but a lorch can sail closer to the wind. A little bit of a thing, twenty feet long, has been known to beat, in a match dead to windward, an unusually fast-sailing bark, which, of course, with every stitch of canvas drawing, reached three to her one, but could not lay up anything like as close to the wind. The *dory* is similar, but with a short mast raking well aft, stepped one-third of the length of the boat from the bow. It carries a somewhat larger jib in pro-



HONDURAS CREER.

MOSQUITO DORY.

portion than the '*Mudian*. The equilateral triangular mainsail is hoisted with an up-and-down yard like the familiar yard gaff-topsail of our schooners, and has a light boom. From having but one main halliard, running through a sheave-hole in the masthead, it is very easy to manage, and can get under way or have all sail dowsed in a twinkling, and mast and all stowed away in the bottom of the boat if necessary.

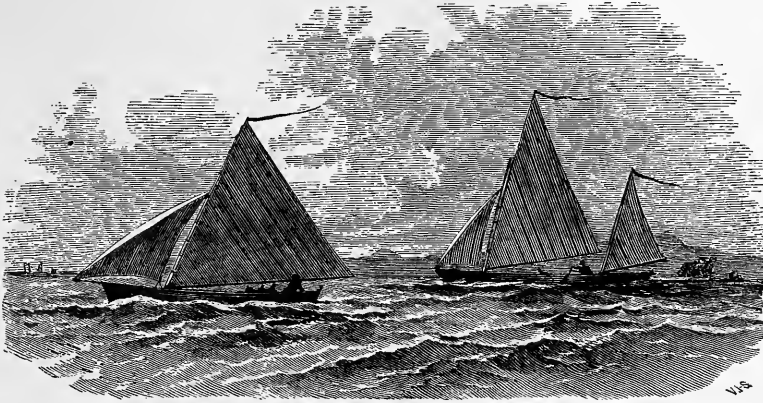
The Caribs have a sort of yawl modification of the dory, with a smaller mainsail, the mast stepped more forward, and a tolerably large jigger. They are wonderfully fond of racing, and challenge every boat they come across; the whole crew perching themselves on one gunwale, sticking their toes under the other and leaning back at the lurches till their

woolly heads touch the water, laughing and shouting with glee. Making lively ballast of themselves in this way, it takes pretty smart seamanship to make them "take water" in dory-sailing. The Mosquito Indians, who have magnificent surf-canoes, with medium clipper bows and sterns, are better boatmen than sailors, and discard the boom for the mainsail, which they keep small, like that affected by the Caribs, and they also dispense with the jigger of these latter. The dory is usually a dug-out from some gigantic log of mahogany, cedar or tobrus (the latter a durable, hard wood not known to commerce, with a dingy, purple grain). The *creer*, a much larger craft, is a two-masted amalgamation of the dory and the '*Mudian*. It carries jib, balloon flying jib, square sail, main-

staysail, lug foresail, with yard and brails, and 'Mudian mainsail. Some of these can "everlastingly make the foam fly."

The sliding gunter—which, by the way, seems thoroughly naturalized by

the Canoe Club—is a very handy sail and a great favorite in Bombay, as it was, till its dissolution, of the old East India Company's navy. It is like the 'Mudian, only, instead of a long mast, it



BELIZE DORY.

CARIB DORY.

has a short one with a sliding topmast, to which the sail is bent. This is set and lowered easily, but can have no boom, unless with a too complicated system of rings and outhaul, and when lowered has to be brailed up against the stumpy mast, which is not as good in squally weather as the dory sail—which comes down altogether in the boat and leaves the mast bare—and at any time presents a very slovenly appearance.

The *balsas* of Peru, immense rafts of light cottonwood, are chiefly remarkable for the curious plan of hoisting the sail on shears or tripod of massive spars, and for their steering arrangements of dropping keels at either end.

It would take a volume to do more than indicate the many odd varieties of sailing-gear from which our yachtsmen might glean useful hints. It is by no means improbable that some "dark horse" has been laying his head together with Captain Bunsby and plotting a perfect astonisher in the way of yachts. It is indeed whispered that a mysterious craft, like nothing else on the waters of the earth, will be produced next season—a lorcha-rigged double canoe, each canoe of the prahu form, but with the convex sides turned inward, which is something entirely novel.



## THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND HIS EYRIE.



ON THE WAY TO THE WOOD-DRIFT.

A SOMEWHAT tedious journey of thirty hours from Paris brought me one fine afternoon in the early part of July to Kutstein, an ancient fortress forming the frontier-town of the North Tyrol, toward Bavaria. While occupied in passing my portmanteau through the prying and unutterably dirty hands of the custom-house officials I was accosted by a man dressed in the garb of a Tyrolese mountaineer—short leathern breeches reaching to the knee, gray stockings, heavy hobnailed shoes, a nondescript species of jacket of the roughest frieze, and a battered hat adorned with two or three feathers of the capercailzie and a plume of the royal eagle. Old Hansel was one of the gamekeepers on a large imperial preserve close by, with whom some years previously I had on more than one occasion shared a hard couch under the stunted pines when inopportune night overtook us near the glaciers while in hot pursuit of the chamois.

This unexpected meeting proved a

source of the liveliest interest to me, inasmuch as this old veteran of the mountains was on the point of starting on an expedition of a somewhat remarkable character. A pair of golden eagles, it appeared, had made a neighboring valley the scene of their frequent ravages and depredations among the cattle and game, and Hansel was about to organize an expedition to search for, and if possible despoil, the eyrie. Of late years these birds have become very rare. Switzerland is nearly, if not quite, cleared of them, while the Tyrol, affording greater solitude and a larger stock of game, can boast of eight or at the most ten couples. They are, as is well known, the largest and most powerful of all the birds of prey inhabiting Europe, measuring from eight to eight and a half feet in the span, and possessing terrible strength of beak, talons and wings. A full-grown golden eagle can easily carry off a young chamois, a full-grown roe or a sheep, none of them weighing less

than thirty pounds; and well-attested cases have occurred of young children being thus abstracted. In the fall of 1873 a boy nearly eight years of age was carried away by one of these birds from the

very door of his parents' cottage, situated not far from the celebrated Königsee, near Salzburg.

The breeding-season falls in the month of June, and in the course of the first



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE DRIFT-KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

fortnight of the succeeding month the young offspring take wing and commence their raids in quest of pillage on their own account. The eyrie or nest is an object of the greatest care with the parent birds, the site being chosen with a view to the greatest possible security, generally in some crevice on the face of a perpendicular precipice several hundred feet in height. It is built of dry sticks of wood coated on the inside with moss. Hansel informed me of a surmise that the eyrie of this pair would be discovered in the face of the terribly steep "Falknerwand;" and although I had once before been engaged in a similar exploit, I could not resist the temp-

tation to join in this expedition, and despatched on the spot a telegram to the friend who was awaiting my arrival in Ampezzo in order to make some ascents in the Dolomites, announcing a detention of some days. This done, we re-entered the cars and proceeded a few stations farther down the line to quaint old Rattenberg, a small town on the banks of the swift Inn. Not an hour from this place the scantily-inhabited Brandenberg valley opens on the broad and sunny Innthal. The former is merely a mountain-gorge. Far up in its recesses stands a small cottage belonging to the keeper of a wood-drift, and in close proximity to this solitary habitation is a

second very wild and wellnigh inaccessible ravine, the scene of the coming adventure.

Having passed the night in the modest little inn at Rattenberg, Hansel and I set off next morning long before sunrise on our eight hours' tramp to the wood-drift

by a path which was in most places of just sufficient breadth to allow of one person passing at a time. Few of my fellow-travelers of the day before would have recognized me in the costume I had donned for the occasion—an old and much-patched coat, short leathern trou-



INTERIOR OF TOMERL'S COTTAGE.

sers, as worn and torn as the poorest woodcutter's, and a ten-seasoned hat which had been originally green, then brown, and had now become gray. My face and knees were still bronzed from the exposure attendant on a long course of Alpine climbing the year before.

The keeper of the wood-drift was an old acquaintance of mine, whose qualities as a keen sportsman had shone forth when four or five years previously I had quartered myself for a month in his secluded neighborhood, spending the day, and frequently also the night, on the peaks and passes surrounding his cottage. To the buxom Moidel, his pretty young wife, I was also no stranger, and her smile and blush assured me that she still remembered the time when, reigning supreme over her father's cattle on a neighboring alp, she had administered to

the wants of the young sportsman seeking a night's lodging in the lonesome chalet. Many a merry evening had I spent in the low, oak-paneled "general room" of Tomerl's cottage when he was still a gay young bachelor, and no change had since been made in the aspect of the apartment. In one corner stood the huge pile of pottery used for heating the room, and round it were still fixed the rows of wooden laths by means of which I had so frequently dried my soaking apparel. Running the whole length of the room was a broad bench, in front of which were placed two strong tables; and at one of these were seated, at our entrance, two woodcutters, who had heard of the intended expedition and come to offer their help. They informed us that four more men engaged in wood-felling in a forest an hour or so



distant would also be delighted to join us, as they did at the close of their day's work.

The evening was spent in discussing the details of the approaching exploit and getting our various arrangements and implements in order. At nine o'clock, leaving Tomerl and his wife their accustomed bed on the top of the stove, the rest of us retired to our common bedroom, the hayloft. We were up again by three, and an hour later were all ready to start. Tomerl led the way, but, stopped ere we lost sight of the cottage to shout a last "jodler" to his wife, who returned the greeting with a clear, bell-like voice, though her heart was doubtless beating fast under her smartly-laced bodice.

Three hours later we had reached the gorge, and after some difficult scrambling and wading through turbulent torrents we arrived at the base of the Falknerwand, which rises perpendicularly upward of nine hundred feet—an altitude diminished in appearance by the tenfold greater height of the surrounding mountains. Finding, after a few minutes' close observation, that nothing could be done from the base of the cliff, we proceeded to scale it by a circuitous route up a practicable but nevertheless terribly steep incline. Safely arrived at the top, we threw down our burdens and began to reconnoitre the terrain, which we did *ventre à terre*, bending over the cliff as far as we dared. Great was our dismay to perceive that some eighty or ninety feet below us a narrow rocky ledge, which had escaped our notice when looking up from the foot of the cliff, projected shelf-wise from the face of the precipice, shutting out all view of a crevice which we had descried from the bottom, and which, as we anticipated, contained the eyrie.

After consulting some time, we decided to lower ourselves down to this rock-band, and make it the base of our further movements, instead of operating, as we had intended, from the crest of the cliff, where everything but for this obstacle would have been tenfold easier. Posting one of the men at the top of the cliff to lower the heavy rope, three hun-

dred feet in length, by means of a cord, we descended to the ledge, which was nowhere more than three feet in width, and in several places scarcely over a foot and a half. Standing in a single row on this miniature platform, we had to manipulate the rope with a yawning gulf some eight hundred feet in depth beside us, and nothing to lay hold of for support but the smooth face of the rock.

We began operations by driving a strong iron hook into the solid rock, at a point some two or three feet above the ledge. Through this hook the rope was passed, one end pendent over the cliff; and to obviate the peril of its being frayed and speedily severed by the sharp outer edge of our platform, we rigged up a block of wood with some iron stays to serve as an immovable pulley. These preparations completed, the men were assigned to their respective positions. Hansel and Tomerl, two renowned shots, were to lie at full length, rifle in hand, one at each end of the row, to act as my guardian angels if I were surprised and attacked by the old eagles while engaged in the work of spoliation. The remaining woodcutters, with the exception of the one who had been left on the top of the cliff, were placed in file along the ledge to lower and raise the plank which was to serve as my seat, and to which the rope was securely fastened after being passed through an iron ring attached to my stout leathern girdle. A signal-line was to hang at my side, and a hunting-knife, a revolver, a strong canvas bag to hold the booty, and an ashlen pole iron-shod at one end and provided with a strong iron boathook at the other, completed my equipment, each article of which had undergone the strictest scrutiny before its adoption.

Taking the pole from the hands of Hansel, I let myself glide over the edge of the cliff, and the next moment hung in empty space. After being lowered about eighty feet, I found myself on a level with the crevice before mentioned, and gave the preconcerted signal for arresting my downward progress. Owing, however, to a beetling crag or boulder which overhung the recess, I was still at

a distance of ten or twelve feet horizontally from the goal. Fixing the boat-hook into a convenient indentation of the rock, I gradually pulled myself in till I reached the face of the wall. Then

leaving the plank, I crawled up an inclined slab of rock which led to the actual crevice, until I was stopped by a barrier of dry sticks about two feet in height. Raising myself on my knees, I peered



"FIXING THE BOAT-HOOK INTO AN INDENTATION, I PULLED MYSELF IN."

into the oval-shaped eyrie, and saw perched up at the farther side two splendid young golden eagles.

It is a very rare occurrence to find two young eagles in one eyrie. These, though only four or five weeks old, were formidable birds, measuring considerably over six feet in the span, and displaying beaks

and talons of imposing size. It took some time to capture and pinion these powerful and refractory ornithological specimens, whose loud, discordant screams caused me several times to glance involuntarily over my shoulder at the strip of horizon visible, to assure myself that the old eagles were not swooping down to

the rescue. I was in the more haste to leave the eyrie that the stench which emanated from the remains of numerous victims strewn in and about it was something terrific. These relics, which I had the curiosity to count, consisted of a half-devoured carcass of a chamois, three pairs of chamois' horns and the corresponding bones of the animals, the skeleton of a goat picked clean, the remains

of an Alpine hare, and the head and neck of a fawn.

The canvas bag being too small to contain both the eaglets, I was obliged to hang one of them to my belt, after tying my handkerchief round his beak. The game secured, I crept cautiously down the slab to the plank, and fixing the hook of my pole in the indentation of which I had made use in drawing myself in, I gave



ENTERING THE EYRIE.

the preconcerted two jerks with the signal-line. Now occurred the first of a series of accidents which came near resulting fatally to the whole party. Contrary to my strict injunctions, the men hauling the rope gave a sudden and violent pull, wrenching the pole from my grasp, and communicating to the plank a motion like that of a pendulum, which sent me flying out into space, with the immediate prospect of being dashed by

the retrograde swing against the solid wall of rock. Happily, I preserved my presence of mind, and grasped instantly the only chance of escape. Tilting myself back as far as the rope and the ring on my belt allowed, and stretching out my legs horizontally, I awaited the contact. Half a second later came a heavy blow on the soles of my feet, the pain of which ran through my whole frame like the shock of a galvanic battery. Had it

been my head, the reader would probably never have been troubled with any account of my sensations. As it was, my feet, though protected by immensely heavy iron-shod shoes, received a concussion the effects of which continued to be felt for weeks.

Almost at the moment of this incident I had noticed a dark object shooting past me, at so close a proximity that I distinctly heard the whistling sound as it cleft the air. Supposing it to be a stone, I gave it no further thought, and my attention was presently occupied by a sharp gash which the young eagle at my belt managed to inflict on my left thigh. It was not until I had stopped the hæmorrhage by strewing some grains of powder into the wound that I perceived with surprise that I was still stationary, instead of ascending, as in due course I ought to have been. The boulder of rock projecting a few feet over my head prevented any view of the ledge, and my shouts inquiring the cause of the delay received indistinct answers, the words "patience" and "wait" being the only intelligible ones. These might have had a consoling influence but for the fact that a thunderstorm—an occurrence of great frequency in the beginning of summer in the High Alps—was fast approaching, and my position was one that exposed me to its full fury without any possibility of escape. Ere long it burst over my head, drenching me to the skin in the first five minutes, while the lightning played about me in every direction, and terrific claps of thunder followed each other at intervals of scarcely a few seconds. What heightened the danger as well as the absurdity of my situation was the chance that one or both of the old eagles might return at any moment, under circumstances that must render a struggle, if any ensued, a most unequal one. Supposing my guards to be still at their post, the distance of the ledge was such as to make a shot at a flying bird, large as it might be, anything but a sure one; and the tactics of the golden eagle when defending its home do not allow of any second attempt. A speck is seen on the horizon,

and the next moment the powerful bird is down with one fell swoop: a flap with its strong wing and the unhappy victim is stunned, and immediately ripped open from the chest to his hip, while his skull is cleft or fractured by a single blow of the tremendous beak. Instances are, however, known in which the cool and self-possessed "pendant" has shot or cut down his foe at the very instant of the encounter. Happily, my own powers were not put to so severe a test: the old birds were that day far off, circling probably in majestic swoops over some distant valley or gorge.

I was forced, however, to be constantly on the alert, and my impatience and perplexity may be imagined as hours elapsed and there were still no signs of my approaching deliverance. The storm had long since passed over, and darkness was settling down when I again felt a pull at the rope, and continued my ascent, begun nearly four hours before. It was of the utmost importance that the whole party should regain the top of the cliff before night had fairly set in. I therefore deferred, on my arrival at the ledge, all questions and rebukes till we had gained a place of safety. The heavy rope, fastened to the cord, was hauled up by the man on the top, and after it had been secured to a tree-stump we swarmed up without loss of time. We had still before us a somewhat perilous scramble in the darkness down the steep incline, but the exhaustion we had undergone made it necessary that we should first recruit our strength by means of the food and bottle of "Schnapps" with which we were fortunately provided. While we were thus engaged I received from my companions an account of the causes of the perilous delay.

On receiving my signal they had begun to haul, but after the first pull had felt a sudden jerk, and perceived that the block, supposed to have been securely fastened at the edge of the platform, was gone. They imagined at first that it had struck and killed me, but my shouts soon apprised them of my safety. Fearing to continue the process of hauling lest the rope should be cut by the sharp-edged

stones, they informed the man on the cliff of the mishap, and despatched him to procure a second block. He accordingly ran down the slope to the bottom of the mountain, cut a young pine tree, shaped a block, and was in the act of carrying it up when the storm burst forth, and the lightning, playing around him in vivid flashes, cleft and splintered a rock weighing hundreds of tons that had stood within thirty paces of him. He received no injury except being thrown on the ground and partially stunned by the terrible concussion, but it was not till after a considerable time that he was able to rise and continue his ascent. Had he been killed, our situation would have been a most precarious one. There would have been no possibility of regaining the cliff without help, and as our party comprised all the working force of the neighborhood, and Tomerl's cottage was the only dwelling within fifteen or twenty miles, our chances of rescue would have been extremely slight.

We reached the bottom of the mountain as the upper part was beginning to be lit by the rays of a full moon, and a three hours' tramp brought us without further mishap to the cottage. Moidel, forewarned of our return by a series of "jodlers," a sound which may challenge competition as a joyful acclaim, had prepared an ample supper; and when Tomerl produced his well-tuned "zither," a species of guitar producing simple but soft and highly musical strains, the mirth was at its height. Then followed songs eulogistic of the life of the chamois-stalker, who, "with his gun in his hand, a chamois on his back and a girl in his heart," has no cause to envy a king. A dance called the "Schuhblatteln," in which the art consists in touching the soles of one's shoes with the palm of the hand, finished our evening's amusement, and we retired, rather worn out, just as day was breaking.

After four hours' sleep we rose refreshed and eager to examine our two captives. Attached to Tomerl's cottage was a diminutive barn, from which we removed the door, and nailing strong laths across the aperture, managed to impro-

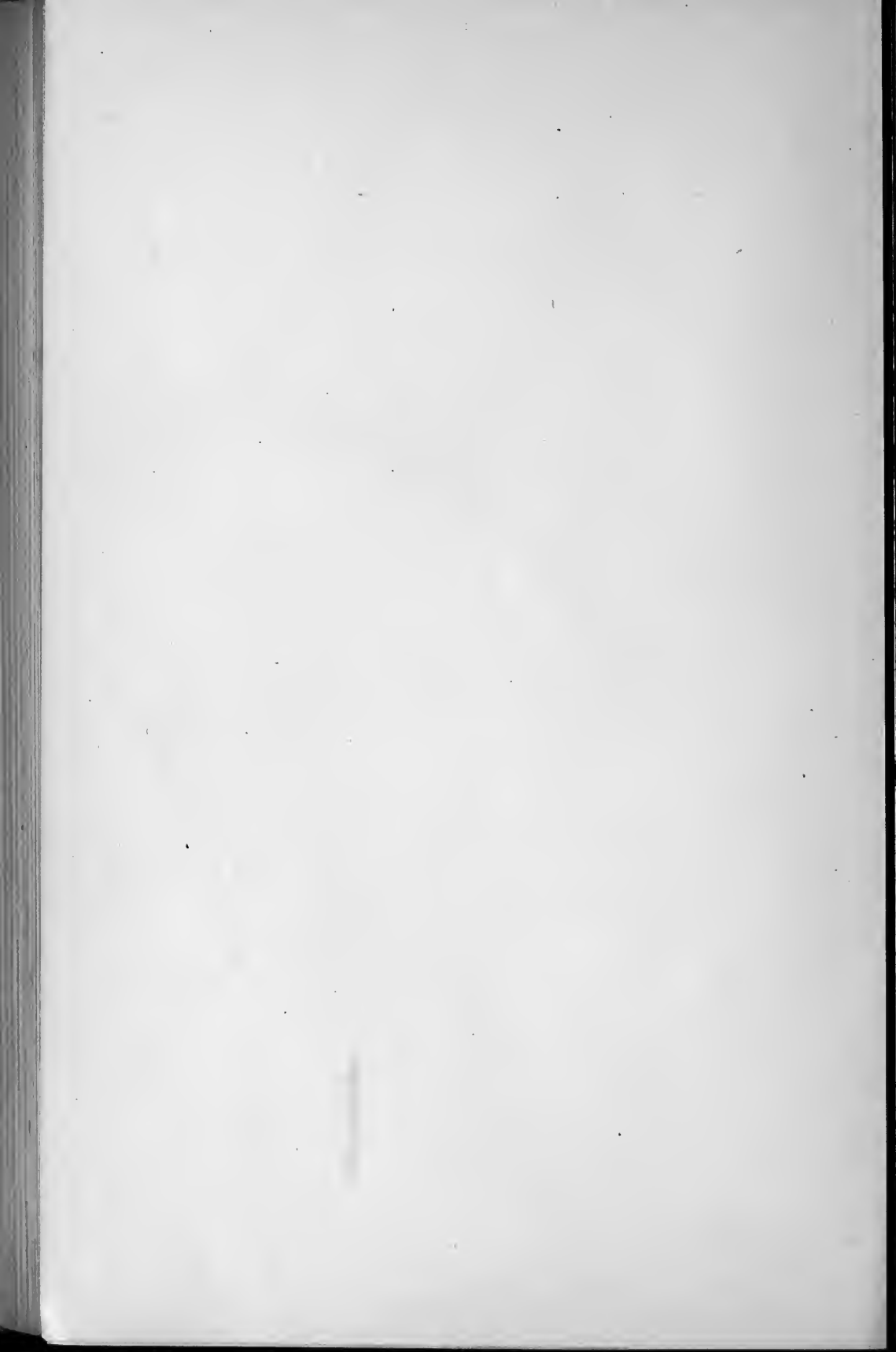
vise a large and roomy cage. A couple of rabbits furnished a luxurious breakfast, which was devoured with extraordinary voracity. The hen-bird, as is the case with all birds of prey, was considerably larger and stronger than her brother, though the latter had the finer head and eyes.

A week after their capture they were "feathered" for the first time. This process consists in pulling out the long down-like plumes situated on the under side of the strong tail-feathers. These plumes, which, if taken from a full-grown eagle, frequently measure seven or eight inches in length, are highly prized by the Tyrol-ese peasants, but still more by the inhabitants of the neighboring Bavarian Highlands, who do not hesitate to expend a month's wages in the purchase of two or three with which to adorn their hats or those of their buxom sweethearts. The value of a crop of plumes varies somewhat. Generally, however, an eagle yields about forty florins' (\$16) worth of feathers per annum.

Six weeks after this incident I again wended my steps into the secluded Brandenburg valley, and found the eagles thriving and much grown. Being curious to see if their confinement had subdued their wild and ferocious spirit, I removed one of the laths and entered the barn. An angry hiss, similar to that of a snake, warned me of danger, but too late to save my hands some severe scratches. With one bound and a flap of their gigantic wings they were on me, and had it not been for Tomerl, who was standing just behind me armed with a stout cudgel, I should have paid dearly for my incautious visit.

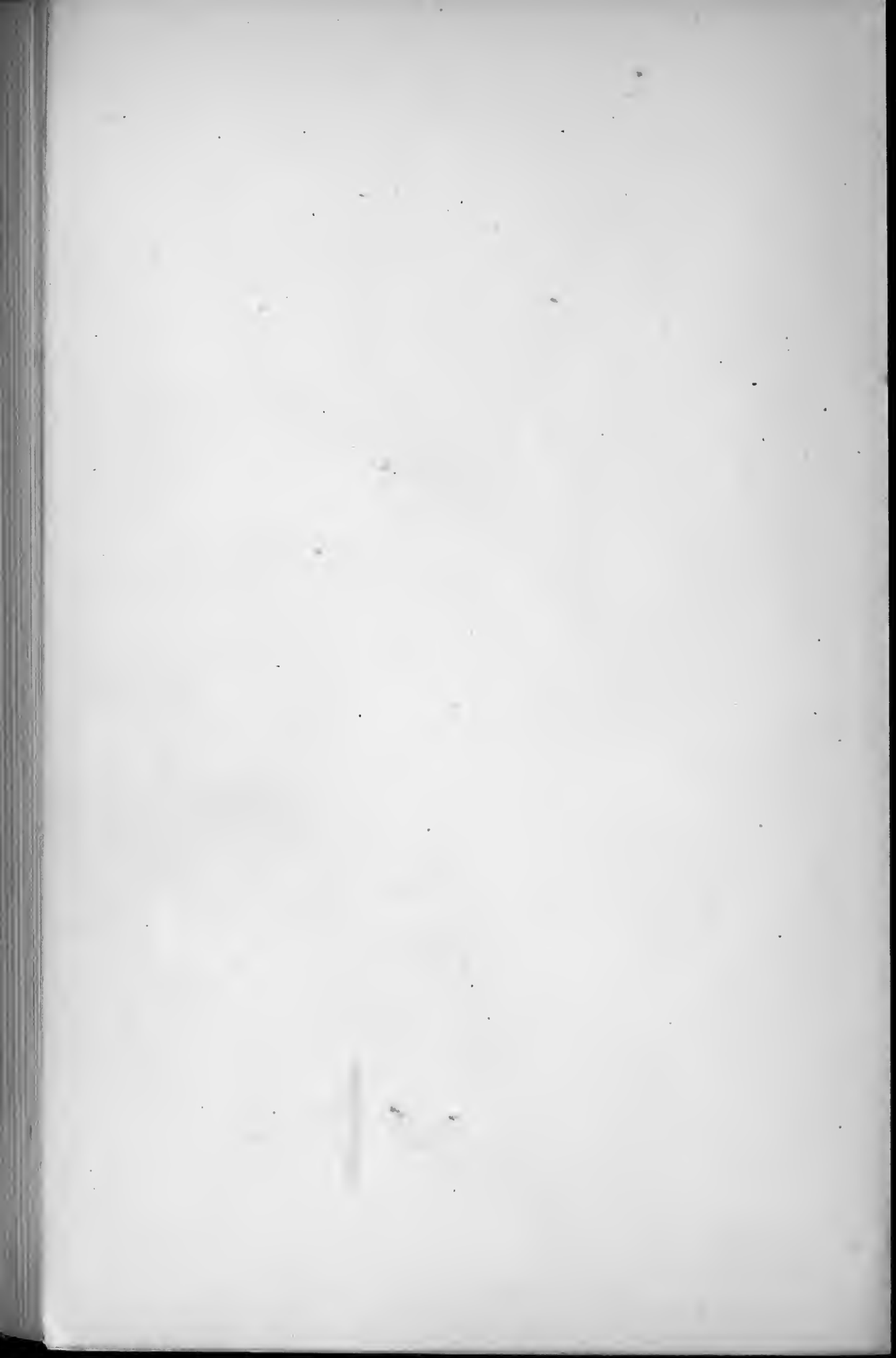
I know of no instance where human skill has subdued in the slightest degree the haughty spirit of the free-born golden eagle. An untamable ferocity is the predominating characteristic of this noble bird, more than of any other animal. Circling majestically among the fleeting clouds, he reigns lord paramount over his vast domain, avoiding the sight and resenting the approach of man.

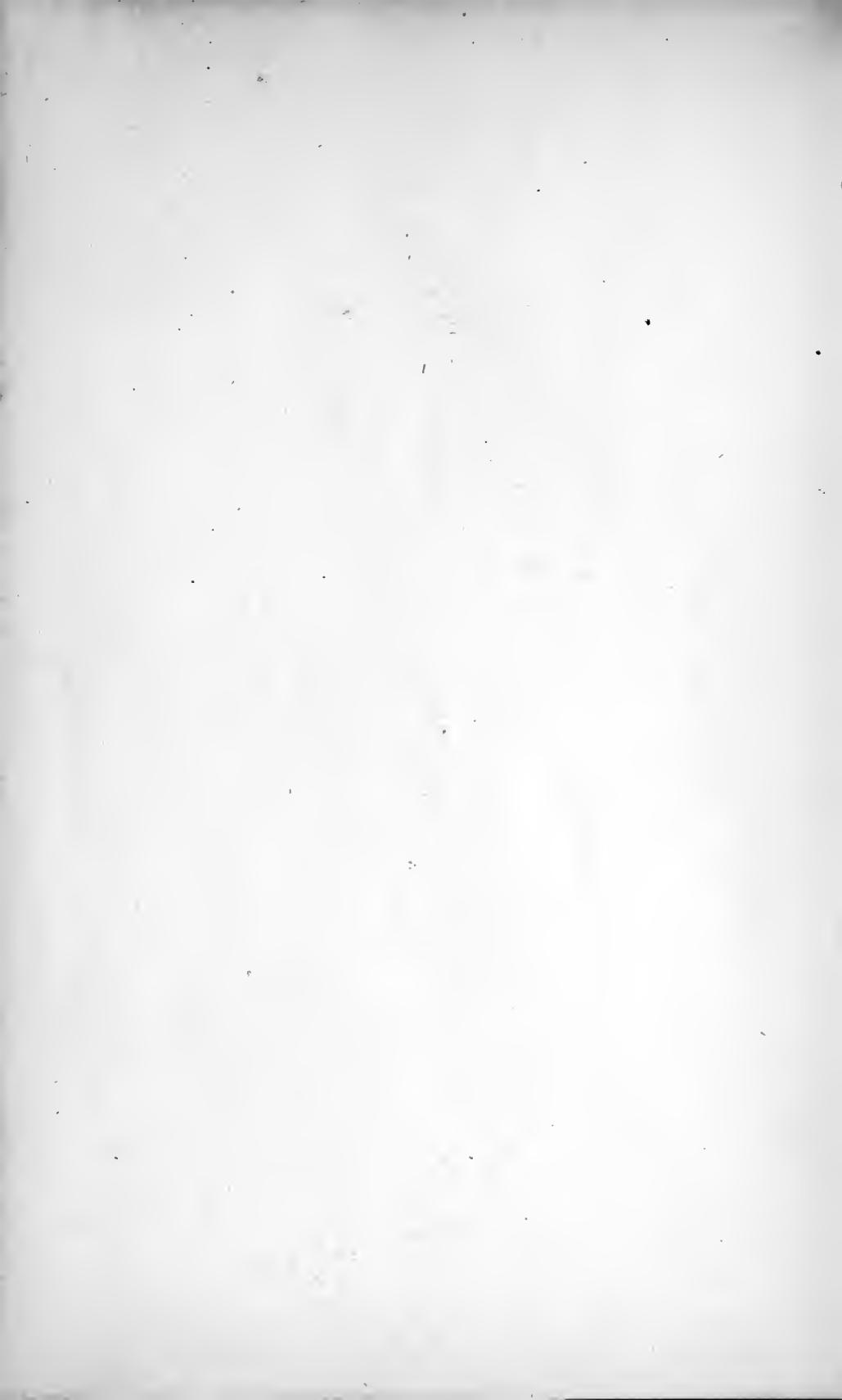
THE END.















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 648 916 0

